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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE

POEMS

OF

COWLEY.

VOLUME II.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

PINDARIC ODES,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE

STILE AND MANNER

OF THE

ODES OF PINDAR.

" Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus."

Hor. Ep. L. I. 3.

PREFACE.

IF a man ſhould undertake to tranſlate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one mad-man had tranſlated another; as may appear, when he that underſtands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin proſe, than which nothing ſeems more raving. And ſure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the ſpirit of poetry *(quod nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum)* would but make it ten times more diſtracted than it is in proſe. We muſt conſider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at leaſt the colours

of poetry; the no leſs difference betwixt the religions and cuſtoms of our countries; and a thouſand particularities of places, perſons, and manners, which do but confuſedly appear to our eyes at ſo great a diſtance. And laſtly (which were enough alone for my purpoſe) we muſt conſider that our ears are ſtrangers to the muſick of his numbers, which ſometimes (eſpecially in ſongs and odes) almoſt without any thing elſe, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and criticks have laboured to reduce his verſes into regular feet and meaſures (as they have alſo thoſe of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than proſe to our ears. And I would gladly know what applauſe our beſt pieces of Engliſh poeſy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian proſe. And when we have conſidered all this, we muſt needs confeſs, that after all theſe loſſes ſuſtained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deſerting ſtill his ſubject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in ſome meaſure to be applied to all tranſlations; and the not obſerving of it, is the cauſe that all which ever I yet ſaw, are ſo much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the ſame root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of ſervitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have ſeen originals, both in painting and poeſy, much more beautiful than their natural ob-

jects;

but I never ſaw a copy better than the original: indeed cannot be otherwiſe; for, men reſolving raſe to ſhoot beyond the mark, it is a thouſand to ? they ſhoot not ſhort of it. It does not at all e me that the grammarians perhaps will not this libertine way of rendering foreign authors called Tranſlation; for I am not ſo much ena- :d of the name Tranſlator, as not to wiſh rather ſomething better, though it want yet a name. I not ſo much all this, in defence of my manner nſlating, or imitating (or what other title they) the two enſuing Odes of Pindar; for that not deſerve half theſe words; as by this occaſion :ify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. Pſalms of David (which I believe to have been :ir original, to the Hebrews of his time, though) our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the moſt :d pieces of poeſy) are a great example of what I ſaid; all the tranſlators of which (even Mr. Sands lf; for in deſpite of popular error, I will be bold) except him) for this very reaſon, that they have ught to ſupply the loſt excellencies of another age with new ones in their own, are ſo far from honour, or at leaſt juſtice, to that divine poet, methinks they revile him worſe than Shimei. Buchanan himſelf (though much the beſt of them nd indeed a great perſon) comes in my opinion ſs ſhort of David, than his country does of Judea. this ground I have, in theſe two Odes of Pindar, , left out, and added, what I pleaſe; nor make it

ſo much my aim to let the reader know preciſel
he ſpoke, as what was his way and manner of ſpe
which has not been yet (that I know of) intr
into Engliſh, though it be the nobleſt and high
of writing in verſe; and which might, perhaps,
into the liſt of Pancirolus, among the loſt inv
of antiquity. This eſſay is but to try how it w
in an Engliſh habit: for which experiment, I ha
ſen one of his Olympic, and another of his N
Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

Written in praiſe of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his anceſtors) who, in the ſeventy-ſeventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race (whoſe ſtory is often touchꝛt on); from his great riches (an ordinary common-place in Pindar); from his hoſpitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the conſtant cuſtom of the Poet) conſiſts more in digreſſions, than in the main ſubject: and the Reader muſt not be choqued to hear him ſpeak ſo often of his own Muſe; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and ſpeaking ſtrings!
What God, what Hero, wilt thou ſing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Piſa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Piſa claim thy ſong.
The fair firſt-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;
Alcides too thy ſtrings may move;
But, oh! what man to join with theſe can worthy prove!

Erynnis ſaw 't, and made in her own ſeed
The innocent Parricide to bleed;
She ſlew his wrathful ſons with mutual blows:
But better things did then ſucceed,
And brave Therſander, in amends for what was paſt, aroſe.
Brave Therſander was by none,
In war, or warlike ſports, out-done.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues doſt revive;
He in my verſe and thee again does live.
Loud Olympus happy thee,
Iſthmus and Nemæa does twice happy ſee;
For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didſt ſhare,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And thoſe kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatneſs of mind and fortune too
Th' Olympic trophies ſhew:
Both their ſeveral parts muſt do
In the noble chace of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair Virtue's picture ſeen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on ſhort man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the beſt,
And put them out to Fame for intereſt;

With

With a frail good they wiſely buy
The ſolid purchaſe of eternity:
They, whilſt life's air they breathe, conſider well, and know
Th' account they muſt hereafter give below;
Whereas th' unjuſt and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the juſt decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy neceſſary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilſt in the lands of unexhauſted light,
O'er which the god-like ſun's unwearied ſight
Ne'er winks in clouds, or ſleeps in night,
An endleſs ſpring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:
There neither earth nor ſea they plow,
Nor aught to labour owe
For food, that whilſt it nouriſhes does decay,
And in the lamp of life conſumes away.
Thrice had theſe men through mortal bodies paſt,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little droſs was purg'd at laſt,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful ſtate
Were they for ſacred treaſures plac'd,
The Muſe-diſcovered world of Iſlands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air:

There

But in this thankleſs world the givers
Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal faſhion,
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worſe than ſo;
It now an artifice does grow,
Wrongs and outrages to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we owe.
Such monſters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
But all the malice they profeſs,
Thy ſecure honour cannot wound;
For thy vaſt bounties are ſo numberleſs,
That them or to conceal, or elſe to tell,
Is equally impoſſible!

THE FIRST NEMEÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the ſon of Ageſidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games (a ſolemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large deſcribed by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exerciſes there practiſed) upon which occaſion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an iſland belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuſe, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps becauſe he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praiſe of Chromius's perſon, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and moſt eſpecially from his hoſpitality, and the worthy uſe of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his uſual manner of being tranſported with any good hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a digreſſion of Hercules, and his ſlaying the two ſerpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that hiſtory.

BEauteous Ortygia! the firſt breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' cloſe and amorous race!
Fair Delos' ſiſter, the child-bed
Of bright Latona, where ſhe bred

Th' original new-moon!
Who ſaw'ſt her tender forehead ere the horns
grown!
Who, like a gentle ſcion newly ſtarted out,
From Syracuſa's ſide doſt ſprout!
Thee firſt my ſong does greet,
With numbers ſmooth and fleet
As thine own horſes' airy feet,
When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my ſong and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.

With Jove my ſong; this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his ſucceſs,
Nor ought he therefore like it leſs,
Since the beſt fame is that of happineſs;
For whom ſhould we eſteem above
The men whom Gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muſe too does approve.
Lo! how it makes this victory ſhine
O'er all the fruitful iſle of Proſerpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the raviſh'd maid ſhe ſought,
Appear'd not half ſo bright,
But caſt a weaker light,
Through earth, and air, and ſeas, and up to th' heav
vault.

" To thee, O Proſerpine! this iſle I give,"
Said Jove, and, as he ſaid,
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
" And thou, O iſle!" ſaid he, " for ever thrive,
" And keep the value of our gift alive!
" As Heaven with ſtars, ſo let
" The country thick with towns be ſet,
" And numberleſs as ſtars!
" Let all the towns be then
" Repleniſh'd thick with men,
" Wiſe in peace, and bold in wars!
" Of thouſand glorious towns the nation,
" Of thouſand glorious men each town a conſtellation!
" Nor let their warlike laurel ſcorn,
" With the Olympic olive to be worn,
" Whoſe gentler honours do ſo well the brows of peace
" adorn!"

Go to great Syracuſe, my Muſe, and wait
At Chromius' hoſpitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice ſhall but begin;
Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou ſhalt find ready dreſt,
The ivory table crowded with a feaſt:
The table which is free for every gueſt,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feaſt more upon thee, than thou on it.
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For, as by nature thou doſt write,
So he by nature loves, and does by nature fight.

Nature herſelf, whilſt in the womb he was,
Sow'd ſtrength and beauty through the forming m
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
And a vaſt bounty, apt and fit
For the great dower which Fortune made to it.
'Tis madneſs ſure treaſures to hoard,
And make them uſeleſs, as in mines, remain,
To loſe th' occaſion Fortune does afford
Fame and public love to gain:
Ev'n for ſelf-concerning ends,
'Tis wiſer much to hoard-up friends.
Though happy men the preſent goods poſſeſs,
Th' unhappy have their ſhare in future hopes no

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how ſwiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilſt other youths yet at the barriers ſtay!
None but Alcides e'er ſet earlier forth than he:
The God, his father's, blood nought could reſtrai
'Twas ripe at firſt, and did diſdain
The ſlow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurſe's hands,
Wrapt in purple ſwadling-bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
Two dreadful ſerpents come,
Rolling and hiſſing loud, into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went,
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like thunder-
bolts, preſent.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead
With fear, ſome wildly fled
About the room, ſome into corners crept,
Where ſilently they ſhook and wept:
All naked from her bed the paſſionate mother leap'd,
To ſave or periſh with her child;
She trembled, and ſhe cry'd; the mighty infant ſmil'd:
The mighty infant ſeem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes;
And, as their ſpotted necks up to the cradle roſe,
With his young warlike hands on both he ſeiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiſs'd,
In vain their armed tails they twiſt,
And angry circles caſt about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poiſonous ſoul, he
ſqueezes out!

With their drawn ſwords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords;
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They ſaw the conquering boy
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they fold-
ing lay.
When wiſe Tireſias this beginning knew,
He told with eaſe the things t' enſue;

From what monſters he ſhould free
The earth, the air, and ſea;
What mighty tyrants he ſhould ſlay,
Greater monſters far than they;
How much at Phlægra's field the diſtreſt Gods ſhould
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club ſhould there outdo
Apollo's ſilver bow, and his own father's thunder
And that the grateful Gods, at laſt,
The race of his laborious virtue paſt,
Heaven, which he ſav'd, ſhould to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he ſhould for e
live;
Drink nectar with the Gods, and all his ſenſes ple
In their harmonious, golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The lion and the bear,
Bull, centaur, ſcorpion, all the radiant monſters the

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

In imitation of HORACE's ſecond Ode, B. I
"Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c."

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The Phœnix Pindar is a vaſt ſpecies alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly
And neither ſink too low nor ſoar too high?

W

What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a ſea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable ſong
Like a ſwoln flood from ſome ſteep mountain pours along;
The ocean meets with ſuch a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noiſe.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control;
Whether th' immortal Gods he ſings,
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain,
Or the great acts of God-deſcended kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign;
Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his ſacred hand is bound,
Does all their ſtarry diadems outſhine.

Whether at Piſa's race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd verſe the conqueror's images;
Whether the ſwift, the ſkilful, or the ſtrong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous ſong;
Whether ſome brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and ſuch pleaſing words,
As joy to' his mother's and his miſtreſs' grief affords—

He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the ſtars he ſticks his name:
The grave can but the droſs of him devour,
So ſmall is Death's, ſo great the Poet's, power!

Lo, how th' obſequious wind, and ſwelling air,
The Theban ſwan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilſt, alas! my timorous Muſe
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does with weak, unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings,
About the trees' new-bloſſom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtr

THE RESURRECTION.

NOT winds to voyagers at ſea,
Nor ſhowers to earth, more neceſſary be
(Heaven's vital ſeed caſt on the womb of earth
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than Verſe to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurſe's too;

If feeds it ſtrongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heaven itſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre;
Lo! how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance!
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My muſic's voice ſhall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound:
That to the ſpheres themſelves ſhall ſilence bring,
Untune the univerſal ſtring:
Then all the wide-extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's ſacred work, ſhall die;
And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one fire ſhine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's diſmal noiſe,
And all that prophets and apoſtles louder ſpake,
And all the creatures' plain conſpiring voice,
Could not, whilſt they liv'd, awake,
This mightier ſound ſhall make.

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beaſt,
The paſſage preſs'd;
Where never fiſh did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver wings cut the low liquid ſky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackleſs ocean of the air;
Where never yet did pry
The buſy morning's curious eye;
The wheels of thy bold coach paſs quick and free,
And all 's an open road to thee!
Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and ſmooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known,
Thou 'haſt thouſand worlds too of thine own.
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great Queen! in the ſame ſtyle as He;
And a new world leaps forth when thou ſay'ſt, "Let
"it be."

Thou fathom'ſt the deep gulf of ages paſt,
And canſt pluck up with eaſe
The years which thou doſt pleaſe;
Like ſhipwreck'd treaſures, by rude tempeſts caſt
Long ſince into the ſea,
Brought up again to light and public uſe by thee.
Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
Where Fates among the ſtars do grow;

There

There into the cloſe neſts of Time doſt peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm ſhell and the thick white, doſt ſpy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred ſecundine aſleep,
Till, hatch'd by the ſun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſet,
They life and motion get,
And, ripe at laſt, with vigorous might
Break through the ſhell, and take their everlaſting flight!

And ſure we may
The ſame too of the preſent ſay,
If paſt and future times do thee obey.
Thou ſtop'ſt this current, and doſt make
This running river ſettle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds faſt this ſlippery ſnake!
The fruit which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou comfiteſt in ſweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining piece of ice,
Which melts ſo ſoon away
With the ſun's ray,
Thy verſe does ſolidate and cryſtallize,
Till it a laſting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one ſhort point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

VAST bodies of philoſophy
I oft have ſeen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art faſhioned;
I never yet the living ſoul could ſee,
But in thy books and thee!
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou doſt ſhow
Agree intirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo like truth, 'twill ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre reſt,
And all ſo ſolid are, that they, at leaſt
As much as Nature, emptineſs deteſt.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
The univerſal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's ſhort-liv'd leopard ſlain;
The ſtronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and ſaw that die.
Mecca itſelf, in ſpite of Mahomet, poſſeſt,
And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the Eaſt,
His monarchy, new planted in the Weſt.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place:

So did this noble empire waſte,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſt,
And in the ſchool-men's hands it periſh'd quite at laſt;
Then nought but words it grew,
And thoſe all barbarous too:
It periſh'd, and it vaniſh'd there,
The life and ſoul, breath'd out, became but empty air!

The fields, which anſwer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harveſt now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of paſt fertility,
The poor relief of preſent poverty.
Food and fruit we now muſt want,
Unleſs new lands we plant.
We break-up tombs with ſacrilegious hands;
Old rubbiſh we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghoſts, we love,
And with fond divining wands
We ſearch among the dead
For treaſures buried;
Whilſt ſtill the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiſcover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caſpian,
And ſlender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fiſher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler veſſel the vaſt ocean tries,
And nothing ſees but ſeas and ſkies,

Till

Till unknown regions it deſcries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philoſophies!
Thy taſk was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found-out firſt by thee,
And rudely left to future induſtry;
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd, it.

I little thought before
(Nor, being my own ſelf ſo poor,
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a ſtore)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and laſting ſtuff,
To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic ſenſe.
Thy ſolid reaſon, like the ſhield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art
A ſhield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' ſight,
Then, when they 're ſure to loſe the combat by 't.

Nor can the ſnow, which now cold Age does ſhed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou haſt been,

An

And all that Youth can be, thou 'rt yet!
So fully ſtill doſt thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
So contraries on Ætna's top conſpire;
Here hoary froſts, and by them breaks-out fire!
A ſecure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
Th' embolden'd ſnow next to the flame does ſleep!
And, if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and Cauſes, we ſhall ſee
That thus it needs muſt be—
To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever muſt be young.

DESTINY.

"Hoc quoque Fatale eſt ſic ipſum expendere Fatum."
MANIL.

STrange and unnatural! let 's ſtay and ſee
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themſelves th' enliven'd Cheſs-men move!
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd pieces prove
As full of art and induſtry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourſelves, who think there's nothing wiſe but we!
Here a proud Pawn I admire,
That, ſtill advancing higher,

At

At top of all became
Another thing and name;
Here I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight;
Here I the loſing party blame,
For thoſe falſe Moves that break the Game,
That to their Grave, the Bag, the conquer'd Pieces bring,
And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated King.

"Whate'er theſe ſeem, whate'er philoſophy
"And ſenſe or reaſon tell," ſaid I,
"Theſe things have life, election, liberty;
"'Tis their own wiſdom moulds their ſtate,
"Their faults and virtues make their fate.
"They do, they do," ſaid I; but ſtrait
Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the miſts and ſhadows fell,
That hinder ſpirits from being viſible;
And lo! I ſaw two angels play'd the Mate.
With man, alas! no otherwiſe it proves;
An unſeen hand makes all their Moves;
And ſome are great, and ſome are ſmall,
Some climb to good, ſome from good-fortune fall;
Some wiſe-men, and ſome fools, we call;
Figures, alas! of ſpeech, for Deſtiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the midwife Muſe did take:
She cut my navel, waſh'd me, and mine head
With her own hands ſhe faſhioned;
She did a covenant with me make,
And circumcis'd my tender ſoul, and thus ſhe ſpake:

"Thou

"Thou of my church shalt be;
"Hate and renounce" said she,
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.
"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
"Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
"Content thyself with the small barren praise,
"That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

EXcellent Brutus! of all human race
The beſt, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
Till men above themſelves Faith raiſed more
Than Reaſon above beaſts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did ſilently and conſtantly diſpenſe
The gentle, vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference;
And all the parts upon it lean'd ſo eaſily,
Obey'd the mighty force ſo willingly,
That none could diſcord or diſorder ſee
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world could be.

From thy ſtrict rule ſome think that thou didſt ſwerve
(Miſtaken, honeſt men!) in Cæſar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deſerve,
From him who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve?
Th' heroic exaltations of Good
Are ſo far from underſtood,
We count them Vice: alas! our ſight 's ſo ill,
That things which ſwifteſt move ſeem to ſtand ſtill;
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her ſupreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;

But as her beams reflected paſs
Through our own Nature or Ill-cuſtom's glaſs:
And 'tis no wonder, ſo,
If with dejected eye
In ſtanding pools we ſeek the ſky,
That ſtars, ſo high above, ſhould ſeem to us below.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and raviſh'd be,
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?
Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancel'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar, who could Rome enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his ſucceſſor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould wiſh to ſerve,
And Cæſar's uſurp'd place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve 't but he who would refuſe the offer.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrap'd itſelf i' th' terrors of the night:
"I 'll meet thee at Philippi," ſaid the ſprite;
"I 'll meet thee there," ſaidſt thou,
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a brow,
As put the trembling ghoſt to ſudden flight;
It vaniſh'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when ſpirits appear in ſight.

One would have thought 't heard the morning crow,
Or ſeen her well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the Eaſtern hill afar.
Nor durſt it in Philippi's field appear,
But unſeen attack'd thee there:
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou would'ſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
Or ſlain 't, like Cæſar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The beſt cauſe and beſt man that ever drew a ſword!
When we ſee
The falſe Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we ſay, but thine own tragic word—
That Virtue, which had worſhip'd been by thee
As the moſt ſolid Good, and greateſt Deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.
Hold, noble Brutus! and reſtrain
The bold voice of thy generous diſdain:
Theſe mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time 's ſet forth already which ſhall quell
Stiff Reaſon, when it offers to rebel;
Which theſe great ſecrets ſhall unſeal,
And new philoſophies reveal;

A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
And ſhew'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

HOW long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic ſcene,
When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd like its ſea, embracing round the iſle,
With tempeſts, and red waves, noiſe, and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it ſpare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, deſert, and naked ſtand,
Had God's all-mighty hand
At the ſame time let looſe Diſeaſes' rage
Their civil wars in man to wage.
But thou by Heaven wert ſent
This deſolation to prevent,
A medicine, and a counter-poiſon, to the age.
Scarce could the ſword diſpatch more to the grave
Than thou didſt ſave;
By wondrous art, and by ſucceſsful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou doſt alone repair!
The inundations of all liquid Pain,
And deluge Dropſy, thou doſt drain.

Fevers, ſo hot that one would ſay
Thou might'ſt as ſoon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd ſcarce more incurable than they)
Thou doſt ſo temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful droſs behind.
The ſubtle Ague, that for fureneſs' ſake,
Takes its own times th' aſſault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does ſhake,
When thy ſtrong guards, and works, it ſpies,
Trembles for itſelf, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that reſtleſs pain,
That 's ſometimes roll'd away in vain,
But ſtill, like Syſiphus's ſtone, returns again,
Thou break'ſt and melteſt by learn'd juices' force
(A greater work, though ſhort the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppreſſed Nature's neceſſary courſe
It ſtops in vain; like Moſes, thou
Strik'ſt but the rock, and ſtrait the waters freely flow

The Indian ſon of Luſt (that foul diſeaſe
Which did on this his new-found world but late
ſeize,
Yet ſince a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is ſo quite rooted-out by thee,
That thy patients ſeem to be
Reſtor'd not to health only, but virginity.

The Plague itſelf, that proud imperial ill,
Which deſtroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but ſuccour the beſieged heart,
Calls all its poiſons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no leſs thy art,
Than Aaron's incenſe, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy ſtrong charms it muſt be gone
Though a diſeaſe, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moſs to ſoaring cedar thou
Doſt all the powers and ſeveral portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here beſtow:
Canſt all thoſe magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Diſeaſe and Death in awe;
Who, whilſt thy wondrous ſkill in plants they ſee,
Fear leſt the tree of life ſhould be found out by thee.
And thy well-travel'd knowledge, too, does give
No leſs account of th' empire ſenſitive;
Chiefly of man, whoſe body is
That active ſoul's metropolis.
As the great artiſt in his ſphere of glaſs
Saw the whole ſcene of heavenly motions paſs;
So thou know'ſt all ſo well that 's done within,
As if ſome living cryſtal man thou 'dſt ſeen.

Wiſe, ſubtle arts, and ſuch as well befit
That Nothing Man's no wit!—
Some with vaſt coſtly tombs would purchaſe it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—falſe marble! where?
Nothing but ſmall and ſordid duſt lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to pleaſe;
A laſting life in well-hewn ſtone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian ſhore
Was ſlain ſo many hundred years before,
Lives ſtill (oh Life! moſt happy and moſt dear!
Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the ſeraphic entity of fame;
He, ſince that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal ſyllables remain;
But oh, ye learned men! explain
What eſſence, what exiſtence, this,
What ſubſtance, what ſubſiſtence, what hypoſtaſis,
In ſix poor letters is!
In thoſe alone does the great Cæſar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantaſtic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I ſee that prodigal,

Who

Who his to-morrow would beſtow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er ſince he dy'd, till now!

THE EXTASY.

I Leave mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waſte;
Farewell to' ye all in haſte,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears-up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How ſmall the biggeſt parts of earth's proud title ſhow!

Where ſhall I find the noble Britiſh land?
Lo! I at laſt a northern ſpeck eſpy,
Which in the ſea does lie,
And ſeems a grain o' th' ſand!
For this will any ſin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I paſs by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal ſtores of froſt, and rain, and ſnow;
Dry and ſecure I go,
Nor ſhake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmleſs lambent fires about my temples play.

Now

Now into' a gentle ſea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and ſtill mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet ſo tame,
So great, ſo pure, ſo bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate deſire,
My faithful breaſt did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lov

Through ſeveral orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold diſtinctly as I paſs
The hints of Galileo's glaſs,
I touch at laſt the ſpangled ſphere:
Here all th' extended ſky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all ſo bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect d

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhauſted ocean of delight
Swallows my ſenſes quite,
And drowns all What, or How, or Whe
Not Paul, who firſt did thither paſs,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleaſure could expreſs.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be le

The mighty' Elijah mounted ſo on high,
That ſecond man who leap'd the ditch where all
The reſt of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the ſky!

With much of pomp and ſhow
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to heaven approach, [coach.
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of eſſences, of gems; and ſpirit of gold
Was its ſubſtantial mould,
Drawn forth by chemic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas ſilver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the ſun's light;
And myſtic ſhapes cut round in it,
Figures that did tranſcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horſes were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous paſtures feed
The nobleſt ſprightful'ſt breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were ſhod with diamond,
Not ſuch as here are found,
But ſuch light ſolid ones as ſhine
On the tranſparent rocks o' th' Heaven-cryſtalline.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the ſkies;
Aſtoniſh'd men, who oft had ſeen ſtars fall,
Or that which ſo they call,
Wonder'd from hence to ſee one riſe.
The ſoft clouds melted him a way;
The ſnow and froſts which in it lay
Awhile the ſacred footſteps bore;
The wheels and horſes' hoofs hizz'd as they paſt them o'er!

He

He paſt by th' moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their aſtrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled ſight.
But where he ſtopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till Phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To' a better being do aſpire,
And mount herſelf, like him, to' eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GREAT Janus! (who doſt ſure my miſtreſs ſee
With all thine eyes, yet think'ſt them all too few
If thy fore-face do ſee
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind;
If ſtill her breaſt muſt ſhut againſt me be
(For 'tis not Peace that temple's gate does bind);
Oh, let my life, if thou ſo many deaths a-coming find,
With thine old year its voyage take,
Borne down that ſtream of Time which no return can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At leaſt a part of me away:

I

His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and hours,
Though never any-where they ſtay,
Make in their paſſage all their prey;
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear can find
Nought of value left behind.
All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
Sourneſs and lees, which to the bottom ſink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, ſome one offended with the taſte,
The veſſel breaks, and out the wretched relics run at laſt.

If then, young Year! thou needſt muſt come
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miſcarry);
Chuſe thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company:
Let neither Loſs of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor piming Sickneſs, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadneſs, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be ſeen among thy train:
Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle Year!
Let not ſo much as Love be there;
Vain fruitleſs Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Although I fear,
There 's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed

How

How thou doſt make
Such a miſtake:
Such Love I mean, alone,
As by thy cruel predeceſſors has been ſhown;
For, though I have too much cauſe to doubt it
I fain would try for once if Life can live without

Into the future times why do we pry,
And ſeek to antedate our miſery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing ſtill
To ſee the thing which only ſeeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a ſight
That would ev'n happieſt men affright;
And ſomething ſtill they 'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The paſt and preſent joy.
In whatſoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we underſtand not it;
We ſhould grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foreſee,
Undecently and fooliſhly
We ſhould ſtand ſhivering, and but ſlowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt cold and pain who plunge at once in

L I F E.

" Naſcentes Morimur." MANIL.

WE 're ill by theſe grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, groſsly abus'd:
From the maternal tomb,
To the grave's fruitful womb,
We call here Life; but Life 's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we ſcarce ſtay to bait,
We call our dwelling-place;
We call one ſtep a race:
But angels, in their full enlighten'd ſtate,
Angels, who Live, and know what 'tis to Be;
Who all the nonſenſe of our language ſee;
Who ſpeak Things, and our words, their ill-drawn pictures, ſcorn;
When we, by' a fooliſh figure, ſay,
" Behold an old man dead!" then they
Speak properly, and cry, " Behold a man-child born!"

My eyes are open'd, and I ſee
Through the tranſparent fallacy:
Becauſe we ſeem wiſely to talk
Like men of buſineſs; and for buſineſs walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journeys ſeem to make,
O'er ſea and land, the little point that has no ſpace:

Becauſe we fight, and battles gain;
Some captives call, and ſay "the reſt are ſlain:"
Becauſe we heap up yellow earth, and ſo
Rich, valiant, wiſe, and virtuous, ſeem to grow:
Becauſe we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a poſterity,
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thouſand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That ſingle time might to a ſum amount:
We grow at laſt by cuſtom to believe,
That really we Live:
Whilſt all theſe Shadows, that for Things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in Death's ſleep we make.

But theſe fantaſtic errors of our dream
Lead us to ſolid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wiſh uncharitably for them
To be as long a dying as Methuſalem.
The ripen'd ſoul longs from his priſon to come;
But we would ſeal, and ſow up, if we could, the womb:
We ſeek to cloſe and plaiſter up by art
The cracks and breaches of th' extended ſhell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE

THE XXXIVth CHAPTER OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

AWake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowſy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.
Bid both the poles ſuppreſs their ſtormy noiſe,
And bid the roaring ſea contain its voice.
Be ſtill, thou ſea; be ſtill, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful hoſt of judgments is gone out,
In ſtrength and number more
Then e'er was rais'd by God before,
To ſcourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I ſee the ſword of God brandiſh'd above,
And from it ſtreams a diſmal ray;
I ſee the ſcabbard caſt away;
How red anon with ſlaughter will it prove!
How will it ſweat and reek in blood!
How will the ſcarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feaſt!
Nothing ſoon but bones will reſt.
God does a ſolemn ſacrifice prepare;

But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,
Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.
The wide-stretch'd scroll of heaven, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense By God's own hand were writ
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire:
Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

And

And thou, O curſed land!
Which wilt not ſee the precipice where thou doſt ſtand
(Though thou ſtand'ſt juſt upon the brink)
Thou of this poiſon'd bowl the bitter dregs ſhalt drink.
Thy rivers and thy lakes ſhall ſo
With human blood o'erflow,
That they ſhall fetch the ſlaughter'd corpſe away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beaſts and birds to give the fiſh their prey:
The rotting corpſe ſhall ſo infect the air,
Beget ſuch plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead ſhall be ſlain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, ſurveys, a ground,
So the deſtroying-angel meaſures it around;
So careful and ſo ſtrict he is,
Left any nook or corner he ſhould miſs:
He walks about the periſhing nation,
Ruin behind him ſtalks and empty Deſolation.

Then ſhall the market and the pleading-place
Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with graſs:
The ſerpents through thy ſtreets ſhall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves ſhall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then ſhall to the leopard ſay,
"Brother leopard, come away;
"Behold a land which God has given us in prey!

" Behold a land from whence we ſee
" Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!"
The brother leopard ſhakes himſelf, and does not ſtay

The glutted vultures ſhall expect in vain
New armies to be ſlain;
Shall find at laſt the buſineſs done,
Leave their conſumed quarters, and be gone:
Th' unburied ghoſts ſhall ſadly moan,
The ſatyrs laugh to hear them groan:
The evil ſpirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the maſk of night,
The moon and ſtars, their ſole ſpectators, ſhall affright

And, if of loſt mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relics but remain;
They in the dens ſhall lurk, beaſts in the palaces ſhall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

IS this thy bravery, Man, is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and ſlave to all beſide!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures, the Creator ſaid, were thine;
No creature but might ſince ſay, " Man is mine."
In black Egyptian ſlavery we lie;
And ſweat and toil in the vile drudgery

Of tyrant Sin;
To which we trophies raiſe, and wear out all our breath
In building up the monuments of Death;
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apoſtles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above,
Which does with nouriſhing milk and pleaſant honey flow;
And even i' th' way to which we ſhould be fed
With angels' taſteful bread:
But we, alas! the fleſh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and ſordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders ſee!
In vain did God to deſcend hither deign;
He was his own ambaſſador in vain,
Our Moſes and our guide himſelf to be!
We will not let ourſelves to go,
And with worſe harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs grow.
Ah! left at laſt we periſh ſo,
Think, ſtubborn Man, think of th' Egyptian Prince
(Hard of belief and will, but not ſo hard as thou);
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human power could ſhow;
Think what plagues attend on thee,
Who Moſes' God doſt now refuſe, more oft than Moſes he.

" If from ſome god you come" (ſaid the proud king
With half a ſmile and half a frown;
" But what god can to Egypt be unknown?)
" What ſign, what powers, what credence, do you bring?"
" Behold his ſeal! behold his hand!"
Cries Moſes, and caſts down th' all-mighty wand.
Th' all-mighty wand ſcarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiſcerned birth,
Th' all-mighty wand a ſerpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
Upwards he caſt his threatening head:
He gap'd and hiſs'd aloud,
With flaming eyes ſurvey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a baſiliſk, almoſt look'd th' aſſembly dead;
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

Jannes and Jambres ſtopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.
" The God of ſlaves," ſaid they, " how can he be
" More powerful than their maſters' deity?"
And down they caſt their rods,
And mutter'd ſecret ſounds that charm the ſervile gods.
The evil ſpirits their charms obey,
And in a ſubtle cloud they ſnatch the rods away,
And ſerpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monſtrous land
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at the Old Serpent's firſt command.

And

And they too gap'd, and they too hiſs'd,
And they their threatening tails did twiſt;
But ſtrait on both the Hebrew-ſerpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd,
By God's miraculous creation,
His ſervant's, Nature's, ſlightly-wrought and feeble generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets ſtood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
The helpleſs fiſh were found
In their ſtrange current drown'd:
The herbs and trees waſh'd by the mortal tide
About it bluſh'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haſte to ground;
From their vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
Nor all thy prieſts, nor thou
Oh king! could'ſt ever ſhow
From whence thy wandering Nile begins his courſe—
Of this new Nile thou ſeeſt the ſacred ſource;
And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed leſt this do ſo!
What plague more juſt could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder ſtains them all:
The kind, inſtructing puniſhment enjoy;
Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-ſea ſhall deſtroy.

The river yet gave one inſtruction more;
And, from the rotting fiſh and unconcocted gore
(Which was but water juſt before),
A loathſome hoſt was quickly made,
That ſcal'd the banks, and with loud noiſe did all the country' invade.
As Nilus when he quits his ſacred bed
(But like a friend he viſits all the land
With welcome preſents in his hand)
So did this Living Tide the fields o'erſpread:
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noiſome enemies;
From th' unexhauſted ſource ſtill new recruits ariſe.
Nor does the earth theſe greedy troops ſuffice,
The towns and houſes they poſſeſs,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unſatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never ſun-born Frog durſt to aſpire,
And in the ſilken beds their ſlimy members place;
A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
But both were to no uſe;
As yet the ſorcerers' mimic power ſerv'd for excuſe.
"Try what the earth will do," ſaid God, and lo!
They ſtrook the earth a fertile blow,

And all the duſt did ſtrait to ſtir begin;
One would have thought ſome ſudden wind 'thad been;
But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
And all the little ſprings did move,
And every duſt did an arm'd vermin prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor find.
The wretched ſhameful Foe allow'd no reſt
Either to man or beaſt.
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themſelves confeſs'd
This was God's hand; and 'twas but juſt,
To puniſh thus man's pride, to puniſh duſt with duſt.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And ſwarming clouds of inſects fill the air;
With ſullen noiſe they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis ſtill beneath them night.
Of harmful Flies the nations numberleſs
Compos'd this mighty army's ſpacious boaſt;
Of different manners, different languages;
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And ſome, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And ſome on green, and ſome on flowery food;
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various hoſt.
Houſes ſecure not men, the populous ill
Did all the houſes fill:

The country all around
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle ſound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wiſh'd the plague that was t' enſue.

From poiſonous ſtars a mortal influence came
(The mingled malice of their flame);
A ſkilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with juſt hands the ſad compoſure make,
And over all the land did the full vial ſhake.
Thirſt, giddineſs, faintneſs, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and ſhivering ſweats,
On all the cattle, all the beaſts, did fall;
With deform'd death the country 's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plow;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
The generous horſe from the full manger turns his h
Does his lov'd floods and paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs noſtril pleaſe
With the once-raviſhing ſmell of all his dappled miſt
The ſtarving ſheep refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent ſouls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gaſping by them there; [1
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſhepherd weeps, and breaks his tur

Thus did the beaſts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a Diſeaſe, for Phyſic, did apply.

Warm aſhes from the furnace Moſes took;
The ſorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And ſmil'd at th' unaccuſtom'd ſpell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
He flings the pregnant aſhes through the air,
And ſpeaks a mighty prayer;
Both which the miniſtering winds around all Egypt bear.
As gentle weſtern blaſts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender ſprings,
To th' unborn buds with vital whiſpers ſay,
"Ye living buds, why do ye ſtay?"
The paſſionate buds break through the bark their way:
So, whereſoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;
It from the body call'd all ſleeping poiſons out,
And to them added new;
A noiſome ſpring of ſores, as thick as leaves, did ſprout.

Heaven itſelf is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext!)
With ſullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd firſt in an imperfect ſound:
Till Moſes, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected ſignal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged ſquadrons move,
And fill the ſpacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder firſt does play,
And opens wide the tempeſt's noiſy way.

And

And ſtrait a ſtony ſhower
Of monſtrous Hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er winter yet brought forth,
From all her ſtormy magazines of the north.
It all the beaſts and men abroad did ſlay,
O'er the defaced corpſe, like monuments, lay;
The houſes and ſtrong-body'd trees it broke,
Nor aſk'd aid from the thunder's ſtroke;
The thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The diſmal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, ſome running on the grou
Some ſwimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place:
One would have thought, their dreadful day to have ſ
The very hail and rain itſelf, had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcap'd this general maſſacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-ſtor'd Egyptian year
Began to cloathe her fields and trees anew. [ble
When lo! a ſcorching wind from the burnt countr
And endleſs legions with it drew
Of greedy Locuſts; who, where'er
With ſounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itſelf had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful ſoil,

The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moſes with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent weſtern wind,
Which all theſe living clouds did headlong bear
(No ſtragglers left behind)
Into the purple ſea, and there beſtow
On the luxurious fiſh a feaſt they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his ſo near.

What blindneſs or what darkneſs did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does repreſent
And paint the crime out in the puniſhment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaim
Privation's empty name—
Through ſecret conduits monſtrous ſhapes aroſe,
Such as the ſun's whole force could not oppoſe:
They with a ſolid cloud
All heaven's eclipſed face did ſhroud;
Seem'd, with large wings ſpread o'er the ſea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did at the dreadful fight wink and expire,
To th' Empyrean ſource all ſtreams of light ſeem'd to retire.

The

The living men were in their ſtanding-houſes buried
But the long Night no ſlumber knows,
But the ſhort Death finds no repoſe!
Ten thouſand terrors through the darkneſs fled,
And ghoſts complain'd, and ſpirits murmured;
And Fancy's multiplying ſight
View'd all the ſcenes inviſible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger theſe
Were but the firſt light ſkirmiſhes;
The ſhock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harveſt of full-ripen'd ſins.
It was the time when the ſtill moon
Was mounted ſoftly to her noon,
And dewy Sleep, which from Night's ſecret ſprings aroſe
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Whoſe droſs, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the ſun's adulterate ray—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journies of the ſight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts through the yielding ſky.
He paſs'd through many a ſtar, and, as he paſt,
Shone (like a ſtar in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their ſphere.
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he ſtopp'd at laſt,
And a mild look of ſacred pity caſt

Dow

Down on the ſinful land where he was ſent,
T' inflict the tardy puniſhment.
" Ah! yet," ſaid he, " yet, ſtubborn king! repent,
" Whilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand,
" Ere the keen ſword of God fill my commanded hand;
" Suffer but yet thyſelf, and thine to live:
" Who would, alas! believe
" That it for man," ſaid he,
" So hard to be forgiven ſhould be,
" And yet for God ſo eaſy to forgive!"

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his ſhining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackeſt fleece of Night,
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought ſo fine it hinder'd not his flight;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And through the narrow'ſt walks of crooked pores,
He paſt more ſwift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton ſwallows flee.
He took a pointed Peſtilence in his hand;
The ſpirits of thouſand mortal poiſons made
The ſtrongly-temper'd blade,
The ſharpeſt ſword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to ſcourge a wicked land:
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the ſacred firſt-born ſtrook
Of every womb; none did he ſpare,
None, from the meaneſt beaſt to Cenchre's purple heir.

The ſwift approach of endleſs night
Breaks ope the wounded ſleepers' rolling eyes;
They' awake the reſt with dying cries,
And darkneſs doubles the affright;
The mixed ſounds of ſcatter'd deaths they hear,
And loſe their parted ſouls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the ſhrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confuſed noiſe;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and diſtinguiſh'd through the day.
With leſs complaints the Zoan temples ſound,
When the adored heifer 's drown'd,
And no true-mark'd ſucceſſor to be found.
Whilſt health and ſtrength, and gladneſs, does p
The feſtal Hebrew cottages;
The bleſt Deſtroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the ſacred chear
That new begins their well-reformed year:
Upon their doors he read and underſtood,
God's protection, writ in blood;
Well was he ſkill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he paſs'd by it in haſte,
He bow'd and worſhip'd, as he paſt,
The mighty myſtery through its humble ſign.

The ſword ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No diligence or coſt they ſpare
To haſte the Hebrews now away,

Pharaoh himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is Fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire ſtruck out of ſtone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce out-lives the blow.
Sorrow and fear ſoon quit the tyrant's breaſt;
Rage and revenge their place poſſeſs'd;
With a vaſt hoſt of chariots and of horſe,
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he purſues;
Ten times o'ercome, he ſtill th' unequal war renews.
Fill'd with proud hopes, "At leaſt," ſaid he,
"Th' Egyptian Gods, from Syrian magic free,
"Will now revenge themſelves and me;
"Behold what paſsleſs rocks on either hand,
"Like priſon-walls, about them ſtand,
"Whilſt the ſea bounds their flight before!
"And in our injur'd juſtice they muſt find
"A far worſe ſtop than rocks and ſeas behind;
"Which ſhall with crimſon gore
"New paint the water's name, and double dye the ſhore."

He ſpoke; and all his hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts th' unhappy boaſt;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring ſea.
No means t' eſcape the faithleſs travellers ſpy,
And, with degenerous fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten liberty.

But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a path hid yet from human ſight:
He ſtrikes the raging waves, the waves on either ſi
Unlooſe their cloſe embraces, and divide;
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhow
The crowding people do
(Though juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)
To let the admired triumph paſs between.
The wondering army ſaw on either hand
The no-leſs-wondering waves like rocks of cr
ſtand:
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The ſecret paths of God.
And here and there all ſcatter'd in their way
The ſea's old ſpoils, and gaping ſhells, lay
Deſerted on the ſandy plain:
The ſun did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatſoe'er of old
By his own prieſts the poets has been ſaid,
He never ſunk till then into the ocean's bed.

Led chearfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other ſhore at morning-dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th' unguided foe
March diſorderly and ſlow.
The prophet ſtraight from th' Idumean ſtrand
Shakes his imperious wand:
The upper waves, that higheſt crowded lie,
The beckoning wand eſpy;

Strait their firſt right-hand files begin to move,
And, with a murmuring wind,
Give the word "March" to all behind.
The left-hand ſquadrons no leſs ready prove,
But, with a joyful, louder noiſe,
Anſwer their diſtant fellows' voice,
And haſte to meet them make,
As ſeveral troops do all at once a common ſignal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
Which on the Chamian army fell,
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring main
Broke looſe from his inviſible chain!
They ſaw the monſtrous death and watery war
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar!
In vain ſome backward and ſome forwards fly
With helpleſs haſte; in vain they cry
To their cœleſtial Beaſts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid;
In vain on Moſes he, and Moſes' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They 're compaſs'd round with a devouring fate,
That draws, like a ſtrong net, the mighty ſea upon them all.

DAVIDEIS

A SACRED POEM
OF THE TROUBLES OF DAV

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
" Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
" Accipiant, Cœlique vias ac Sidera monſtrent.
VIRG. Geo

BOOK I.

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cape to his own houſe, from whence being

by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal he eſcapes and flies to Naioth, the Prophets' college at Ramah. Saul's ſpeech, and rage at his eſcape. A long digreſſion deſcribing the Prophets' college, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary ſubjects of their Poetry. Saul's guards purſue David thither, and propheſy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whoſe ſong concludes the book.

I Sing the man who Judah's ſceptre bore
In that right-hand which held the crook before;
Who from beſt poet, beſt of kings did grow;
The two chief gifts Heaven could on man beſtow.
Much danger firſt, much toil, did he ſuſtain,
Whilſt Saul and Hell croſs'd his ſtrong fate in vain.
Nor did his crown leſs painful work afford,
Leſs exerciſe his patience, or his ſword;
So long her conqueror, Fortune's ſpite purſued;
Till with unwearied virtue he ſubdued
All home-bred malice, and all foreign boaſts;
Their ſtrength was Armies, his the Lord of Hoſts.
Thou, who didſt David's royal ſtem adorn,
And gav'ſt him birth from whom thyſelf waſt born;
Who didſt in triumph at Death's court appear,
And ſlew'ſt him with thy nails, thy croſs, and ſpear,
Whilſt Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old;
Who, heaven's glad burden now, and juſteſt pride,
Sitt'ſt high enthron'd next thy great Father's ſide

(Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head
Which once the bluſhing thorns environed,
Till crimſon drops of precious blood hung dow
Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown)
Ev'n thou my breaſt with ſuch bleſt rage inſpire,
As mov'd the tuneful ſtrings of David's lyre;
Guide my bold ſteps with thine own travelling fl
In theſe untrodden paths to ſacred fame!
Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,
My well-chang'd Muſe I a chaſte Veſtal make!
From Earth's vain joys, and Love's ſoft witchcraft
I conſecrate my Magdalene to thee!
Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praiſe,
On poliſh'd pillars of ſtrong verſe I raiſe!
A temple, where, if thou vouchſafe to dwell,
It Solomon's and Herod's ſhall excel.
Too long the Muſes' land hath heathen been;
Their gods too long were Devils, and virtues Sin
But thou, Eternal Word! has call'd forth me,
Th' apoſtle to convert that world to thee;
T' unbind the charms that in ſlight fables lie,
And teach, that Truth is trueſt poeſy.

The malice now of jealous Saul grew leſs,
O'ercome by conſtant virtue and ſucceſs;
He grew at laſt more weary to command
New dangers, than young David to withſtand
Or conquer them; he fear'd his maſtering fate,
And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.
Well did he know how palms by' oppreſſion ſpeed
Victorious, and the victor's ſacred meed!

The burden lifts them higher. Well did he know
How a tame ſtream does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force; he now with wanton play
Kiſſes the ſmiling banks, and glides away;
But, his known channel ſtopp'd, begins to roar,
And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore;
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent courſe.
This knew the tyrant, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here, does there new buſineſs make.
Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the ſun's fruitful beams give metals birth—
Where he the growth of fatal gold does ſee,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;—
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempeſts lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vaſt court the mother-waters keep,
And, undiſturb'd by moons, in ſilence ſleep;

There

There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied ſpace, but hell
Endleſs as thoſe dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the ſun's lovely face
Strikes through the ſolid darkneſs of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds diſplay;
One ſlight weak beam would here be thought the day:
No gentle ſtars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unqueſtion'd night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns;
Proud 'midſt his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded hoſt of ſprites,
Like Heſper, leading forth the ſpangled nights;
But down like lightning, which him ſtruck, he came;
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the flame:
Myriads of ſpirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick ſhone the ſinged air;
Since when, the diſmal ſolace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt themſelves they' excite,
(Their deareſt conqueſt and moſt proud delight)
And, if thoſe mines of ſecret treaſon fail,
With open force man's virtue they aſſail;
Unable to corrupt, ſeek to deſtroy,
And, where their poiſons miſs, the ſword employ.
Thus ſought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainſt him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul:
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace:

w the nobler wonders of his mind,
: gifts! which for great works he knew deſign'd:
w (t' aſhame the ſtrength of man and hell)
by 's young hands their Gathite champion fel
w the reverend prophet boldly ſhed
royal drops round his enlarged head;
well he knew what legacy did place
ſacred ſceptre in bleſt Judah's race,
1 which th' eternal Shilo was to ſpring;
iowledge which new hells to hell did bring!
, though no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
ſmalleſt link of ſtrong-wrought Fate to break,
would he rage and ſtruggle with the chain;
d to rebel, though ſure that 'twas in vain.
, now it broke his form'd deſign, to find
gentle change of Saul's recovering mind;
ruſted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd
e great Deceiver!) to be himſelf deceiv'd.
ice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
into frowns his wrathful forehead roll;
eyes dart forth red flames, which ſcare the night,
with worſe fires the trembling ghoſts affright;
oop of gaſtly fiends compaſs him round,
greedily catch at his lips' fear'd ſound.
Are we ſuch Nothings then!" ſaid he, "our will
roſt by a ſhepherd's boy! and you yet ſtill
lay with your idle ſerpents here? dares none
ttempt what becomes Furies? are ye grown
enumb'd with fear, or Virtue's ſpiritleſs cold,
ou, who were once (I 'm ſure) ſo brave and bold?

"Oh!

" Oh! my ill-chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
" Did I loſe heaven for this?"
With that, with his long tail he laſh'd his breaſt,
And horribly ſpoke out in looks the reſt.
The quaking powers of night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze;
A dreadful ſilence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimſtone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept ſoftly by the ſhore;
No hiſs of ſnakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The ſouls, amidſt their tortures, durſt not groan.

Envy at laſt crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'ſt; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling ſerpents; her pale ſkin
Was almoſt dropp'd from the ſharp bones within;
And at her breaſt ſtuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left freſh poiſons there.
Her garments were deep-ſtain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which ſhe bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood ſwim;
With which, when ſhe was drunk, ſhe furious grew,
And laſh'd herſelf: thus from th' accurſed crew
Envy, the worſt of fiends, herſelf preſents,
Envy, good only when ſhe 'herſelf torments.

" Spend not, great king! thy precious rage," ſaid ſhe,
" Upon ſo poor a cauſe; ſhall mighty we

" The

" The glory of our wrath to him afford?
" Are we not Furies ſtill, and you our lord?
" At thy dread anger the fix'd world ſhall ſhake,
" And frighted Nature her own laws forſake:
" Do thou but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make reply,
" And thunder echo 't to the trembling ſky;
" Whilſt raging ſeas ſwell to ſo bold an height,
" As ſhall the fire's proud element affright:
" Th' old dradging ſun from his long-beaten way
" Shall at thy voice ſtart, and miſguide the day;
" The jocund orbs ſhall break their meaſur'd pace,
" And ſtubborn poles change their allotted place;
" Heaven's gilded troops ſhall flutter here and there,
" Leaving their boaſting ſongs tun'd to a ſphere;
" Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we
" Took noble arms againſt his tyranny,
" So noble arms, and in a cauſe ſo great,
" That triumphs they deſerve for their defeat.
" There was a day! oh might I ſee 't again,
" Though he had fiercer flames to thruſt us in!
" And can ſuch powers be by a child withſtood?
" Will ſlings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
" What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
" And giants, could not, that my word ſhall do:
" I 'll ſoon diſſolve this peace; were Saul's new love
" (But Saul we know) great as my hate ſhall prove,
" Before their ſun twice more be gone about,
" I and my faithful ſnakes would drive it out.
" By me, Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
" A ſacrifice far worſe than that before;

" I ſaw

" I ſaw him fling the ſtone, as if he meant
" At once his murder and his monument,
" And laugh'd to ſee (for 'twas a goodly ſhow)
" The earth by her firſt tiller fatten'd ſo:
" I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted ſea;
" He and his hoſt drank up cold death by me:
" By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
" And Moſes (curſe upon that name!) forſook;
" Hither (ye know) almoſt alive he came
" Through the cleft earth; ours was his funeral flame
" By me——but I loſe time, methinks, and ſhould
" Perform new acts whilſt I relate the old.
" David 's the next our fury muſt enjoy:
" 'Tis not thy God himſelf ſhall ſave thee, boy!
" No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;
" May all ill actions, all ill fortune, ceaſe,
" And, baniſh'd from this potent court below,
" May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow!"
She ſpoke; all ſtar'd at firſt, and made a pauſe;
But ſtrait the general murmur of applauſe
Ran through Death's courts; ſhe frown'd ſtill, and begui
To envy at the praiſe herſelf had won.
Great Beelzebub ſtarts from his burning throne
To 'embrace the Fiend, but ſhe, now furious grown
To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence ſhe fled;
The ſnakes all hiſs'd, the fiends all murmured.
It was the time when ſilent night began
T' enchain with ſleep the buſy ſpirits of man;
And Saul himſelf, though in his troubled breaſt
The weight of empire lay, took gentle reſt:

So did not Envy; but with haſte aroſe;
And, as through Iſrael's ſtately towns ſhe goes,
She frowns, and ſhakes her head; "Shine on" ſays ſhe,
"Ruins ere long ſhall your ſole monuments be."
The ſilver moon with terror paler grew,
And neighbouring Hermon ſweated flowery dew;
Swift Jordan ſtarted, and ſtrait backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:
Lo, at her entrance Saul's ſtrong palace ſhook;
And nimbly there the reverend ſhape ſhe took
Of Father Benjamin; ſo long her beard,
So large her limbs, ſo grave her looks, appear'd,
Juſt like his ſtatue, which beſtrid Saul's gate,
And ſeem'd to guard the race it did create.
In this known form ſhe' approach'd the tyrant's ſide;
And thus her words the ſacred form bely'd:
"Ariſe, loſt king of Iſrael! canſt thou lie
"Dead in this ſleep, and yet thy laſt ſo nigh?
"If king thou be'ſt, if Jeſſe's race as yet
"Sit not on Iſrael's throne! and ſhall he ſit?
"Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
"From the mild brickhill's nobler ſlavery?
"For this, did ſeas your powerful rod obey?
"Did wonders guide, and feed, you on your way?
"Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
"You who can ſerve a boy, and minſtrel, here?
"Forbid it, God! if thou be'ſt juſt; this ſhame
"Caſt not on Saul's, on mine, and Iſrael's, name!
"Why was I elſe from Canaan's famine led?
"Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,

"Ere

" Ere my full loins diſcharg'd this numerous race,
" This luckleſs tribe, ev'n crown'd to their diſgrace!
" Ah, Saul! thy ſervant's vaſſal muſt thou live?
" Place to his harp muſt thy dread ſceptre give?
" What wants he now but that? canſt thou forget
" (If thou be'ſt man thou canſt not) how they met
" The youth with ſongs? alas! poor monarch! you
" Your thouſand only, he ten thouſand, ſlew!
" Him Iſrael loves, him neighbouring countries fear;
" You but the name and empty title bear.
" And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court;
" The court that muſt be his; where he ſhall ſport
" Himſelf with all thy concubines, thy gold,
" Thy coſtly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told
" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he
" With bold falſe threats from God affronted thee?
" The dotard ly'd; God ſaid it not, I know;
" Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee ſo.
" Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
" Exact the royal lot, and call it forth?
" Haſt thou not ſince (my beſt and greateſt ſon!)
" To him, and to his periſhing nation, done
" Such laſting benefits as may juſtly claim
" A ſceptre as eternal as thy fame?
" Poor prince! whom madmen, prieſts, and boys, invade;
" By thine own fleſh, thy ungrateful ſon, betray'd!
" Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
" By friendſhip's name, againſt a crown and thee!
" Betray not too thyſelf; take courage, call
" Thy' enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.

! this great cauſe makes thy dead fathers riſe,
aks the firm ſeals of their clos'd tombs and eyes.
: can their jealous aſhes, whilſt this boy
vives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.
e quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath,
iich troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death:
ll him, and thou 'rt ſecure; 'tis only he
at 's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,
earth's low globe robs the high moon of light;
hen this eclipſe is paſt, thy fate 's all bright.
uſt me, dear ſon! and credit what I tell;
ve ſeen thy royal ſtars, and know them well.
nce, fears and dull delays! is not thy breaſt
es, Saul, it is) with noble thoughts poſſeſt?
ay they beget like acts!" With that ſhe takes
of her worſt, her beſt-beloved ſnakes:
ftly, dear worm! ſoft and unſeen," ſaid ſhe,
to his boſom ſteal, and in it be
y viceroy." At that word ſhe took her flight,
her looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the night.
h' infected king leapt from his bed amaz'd,
:e knew himſelf at firſt, but round him gaz'd;
ſtarted back at piec'd-up ſhapes, which fear
his diſtracted fancy painted there:
or froze up his hair, and on his face
vers of cold ſweat roll'd trembling down apace.
n knocking with his angry hands his breaſt,
h with his feet, he cries, "Oh! 'tis confeſt;
've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
Vrong'd by a ſeer, a boy, every thing.

" Eight hundred years of death is not ſo deep,
" So unconcern'd, as my lethargic ſleep.
" My patience even a ſacrilege becomes,
" Diſturbs the dead, and opes their ſacred tombs.
" Ah! Benjamin, kind father! who for me
" This curſed world endur'ſt again to ſee!
" All thou haſt ſaid, great viſion! is ſo true,
" That all which thou command'ſt, and more, I 'll
" Kill him! yes, mighty ghoſt! the wretch ſhall di
" Though every ſtar in heaven ſhould it deny;
" Nor mock th' aſſault of our juſt wrath again,
" Had he ten times his fam'd ten thouſand ſlain.
" Should that bold popular madman, whoſe deſign
" Is to revenge his own diſgrace by mine,
" Should my ungrateful ſon oppoſe th' intent,
" Should mine own heart grow ſcrupulous and rel
" Curſe me, juſt Heaven! (by which this truth I ſ
" If I that ſeer, my ſon, or ſelf, do ſpare.
" No, gentle ghoſt! return to thy ſtill home;
" Thither, this day, mine and thy foe ſhall come.
" If that curſt object longer vex my ſight,
" It muſt have learnt t' appear as thou to-night."

Whilſt thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fe
The threaten'd youth ſlept fearleſs on his bed;
Sleep on, reſt quiet as thy conſcience take,
For, though thou ſleep'ſt thyſelf, thy God 's awak
Above the ſubtle foldings of the ſky;
Above the well-ſet orbs' ſoft harmony;
Above thoſe petty lamps that gild the night;
There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light;

W

: heaven, as if it left itſelf behind,
ch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find :
eaceful flames ſwell up the ſacred place,
in the glory contain itſelf in th' endleſs ſpace ;
ere no twilight of the ſun's dull ray
ners upon the pure and native day ;
le-fac'd moon does in ſtol'n beams appear,
th dim taper ſcatters darkneſs there;
) ſmooth ſphere the reſtleſs ſeaſons ſlide,
rcling motion doth ſwift time divide ;
ng is there to come, and nothing paſt,
n eternal Now does always laſt.
: ſits th' Almighty, Firſt of all, and End ;
m nothing but himſelf can comprehend ;
with his word commanded all to be,
all obey'd him, for that word was He :
he ſpoke, and every thing that is
out the womb of fertile nothing ris'.
who ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy throne,
1 great Three-One !
e thou thyſelf doſt in full preſence ſhow,
ibſent from theſe meaner worlds below ;
if thou wert, the elements' league would ceaſe,
all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace ;
ſun would ſtop his courſe, or gallop back,
ſtars drop out, the poles themſelves would crack ;
h's ſtrong foundations would be torn in twain,
this vaſt work all ravel out again
ts firſt nothing : for his ſpirit contains
well-knit maſs ; from him each creature gains

Being and motion, which he ſtill beſtows;
From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
Round him vaſt armies of ſwift angels ſtand,
Which ſeven triumphant generals command;
They ſing loud anthems of his endleſs praiſe,
And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays:
Of theſe he call'd-out one; all heaven did ſhake,
And ſilence kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.

" Are we forgotten then ſo ſoon? can he
" Look on his crown, and not remember me
" That gave it? can he think we did not hear
" (Fond man!) his threats? and have we made the
" To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard;
" And it will coſt thee dear: the ills thou'ſt fear'd,
" Practis'd, or thought on, I 'll all double ſend;
" Have we not ſpoke it, and dares man contend?
" Alas, poor duſt! didſt thou but know the day
" When thou muſt lie in blood at Gilboa,
" Thou, and thy ſons, thou would'ſt not threaten ſi
" Thy trembling tongue would ſtop againſt thy will.
" Then ſhall thine head fix'd in curſt temples be,
" And all their fooliſh gods ſhall laugh at thee.
" That hand which now on David's life would prey
" Shall then turn juſt, and its own maſter ſlay;
" He whom thou hat'ſt, on thy lov'd throne ſhall ſit,
" And expiate the diſgrace thou doſt to it.
" Haſte then; tell David what his king has ſworn,
" Tell him whoſe blood muſt paint this riſing morn
" Yet bid him go ſecurely, when he ſends;
" 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and We his friends:

" T

"The man who has his God, no aid can lack,
"And We, who bid him go, will bring him back."
He ſpoke; the heavens ſeem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now
The jocund ſpheres began again to play,
Again each Spirit ſung Halleluia;
Only that Angel was ſtrait gone; even ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the morning-glories flow
At once from the bright ſun, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged lightning the ſoft air does wound.
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account ſo ſmall.
So flew this Angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his ſacred meſſage ſaid:
"Awake, young man, hear what thy king has ſworn;
"He ſwore thy blood ſhould paint this riſing morn:
"Yet to him go ſecurely, when he ſends;
"'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:
"The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
"And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jeſſides, and did round him ſtare,
But could ſee nought; for nought was left but air:
Whilſt this great viſion labours in his thought,
Lo! the ſhort prophecy t' effect is brought:
In treacherous haſte he 's ſent for to the king,
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The king, they ſay, lies raging in a fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit;
And true it was, ſoft muſic did appeaſe
Th' obſcure fantaſtic rage of Saul's diſeaſe.

Tell me, oh Muſe! (for thou, or none, canſt tell,
The myſtic powers that in bleſt numbers dwell;
Thou their great nature know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence theſe heavenly charms ariſe;
Teach the dull world t' admire what they deſpiſe!
As firſt a various unform'd hint we find
Riſe in ſome godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches verſe and muſic make;
Such was God's poem, this world's new eſſay;
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correſpondence knew,
An artleſs war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.
Water and Air he for the tenor choſe,
Earth made the baſs, the treble Flame aroſe:
To th' active moon a quick briſk ſtroke he gave,
To Saturn's ſtring, a touch more ſoft and grave.
The motions ſtrait, and round, and ſwift, and ſlow,
And ſhort, and long, were mix'd and woven ſo—
Did in ſuch artful figures ſmoothly fall—
As made this decent-meaſur'd Dance of All.
And this is muſic: ſounds that charms our ears,
Are but one dreſſing that rich ſcience wears.
Though no man hear 't, though no man it rehearſe,
Yet will there ſtill be muſic in my verſe;
In this great world ſo much of it we ſee,
The leſſer, Man, is all o'er harmony;

Storehouſe of all proportions! ſingle quire!
Which firſt God's breath did tunefully inſpire!
From hence bleſt muſic's heavenly charms ariſe,
From ſympathy, which them and man allies.
Thus they our ſouls, thus they our bodies, win,
Not by their force, but party that 's within:
Thus the ſtrange cure, on our ſpilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant wound does guide:
Thus, when two brethren-ſtrings are ſet alike,
To move them both, but one of them we ſtrike:
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his ſoul.

WHEN Iſrael was from bondage led,
Led by th' Almighty's hand
From out a foreign land,
The great ſea beheld, and fled.
As men purſued, when that fear paſt they find,
Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind;
So, whilſt through wondrous ways
The ſacred army went,
The waves afar ſtood up to gaze,
And their own rocks did repreſent,
Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their ſpring
Start back with ſudden fright;
The ſpring, amaz'd at ſight,
Aſks what news from ſea they bring.
The mountains ſhook; and to the mountains' ſide
The little hills leap'd round, themſelves to hide;

As young affrighted lambs,
When they aught dreadful ſpy,
Run trembling to their helpleſs dams:
The mighty ſea and river, by,
Were glad, for their excuſe, to ſee the hills too fly.

What ail'd the mighty ſea to flee?
Or why did Jordan's tide
Back to his fountain glide?
Jordan's tide, what ailed thee?
Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains ſhake?
What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forſake?
Fly where thou wilt, O ſea!
And Jordan's current ceaſe!
Jordan, there is no need of thee;
For at God's word, whene'er he pleaſe,
The rocks ſhall weep new waters forth inſtead of theſe.

THUS ſung the great Muſician to his lyre;
And Saul's black rage grew ſoftly to retire;
But Envy's ſerpent ſtill with him remain'd,
And the wiſe charmer's healthful voice diſdain'd.
Th' unthankful king, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buried ſtill in it;
From his paſt madneſs draws this wicked uſe,
To ſin diſguis'd, and murder with excuſe:
For, whilſt the fearleſs youth his cure purſues,
And the ſoft medicine with kind art renews,
The barbarous patient caſts at him his ſpear
(The uſual ſceptre that rough hand did bear)

Caſts

Caſts it with violent ſtrength; but into th' room
An arm more ſtrong and ſure than his was come;
An Angel, whoſe unſeen and eaſy might
Put-by the weapon, and miſled it right.
How vain man's power is! unleſs God command,
The weapon diſobeys his maſter's hand;
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At Gilboa it will not ſerve him ſo.
One would have thought, Saul's ſudden rage t' have ſeen,
He had himſelf by David wounded been:
He ſcorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' ſin;
A bloody troop of his own guards he ſends
(Slaves to his will, and falſely call'd his friends)
To mend his error by a ſurer blow;
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not ſo.
Home flies the Prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-paſt hazard of his life;
Which ſhe with decent paſſion hears him tell;
For not her own fair eyes ſhe lov'd ſo well.
Upon their palace'-top, beneath a row
Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,
And with bright ſtores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the ſun's neighbouring ray,—
(A ſmall, but artful Paradiſe) they walk'd,
And hand in hand ſad gentle things they talk'd.
Here Michal firſt an armed troop eſpies
(So faithful and ſo quick are loving eyes!)

Which

Which march'd, and often glifter'd, through a wood,
That on right-hand of her fair palace ſtood;
She ſaw them; and cry'd out, "They 're come to kill
"My deareſt lord; Saul's ſpear purſues thee ſtill.
"Behold his wicked guards! haſte quickly, fly!
"For Heaven's ſake, haſte! my dear lord, do not die!
"Ah, cruel father! whoſe ill-natur'd rage
"Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can aſſuage!
"Will he part thoſe he join'd ſo late before?
"Were the two-hundred foreſkins worth no more?
"He ſhall not part us;" (then ſhe wept between).
"At yonder window thou may'ſt 'ſcape unſeen;
"This hand ſhall let thee down! ſtay not, but haſte;
"'Tis not my uſe to ſend thee hence ſo faſt."
"Beſt of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce ſpoke, ſhe ſtops his anſwer with a kiſs;
"Throw not away," ſaid ſhe, "thy precious breath;
"Thou ſtay'ſt too long within the reach of death."
Timely he' obeys her wiſe advice; and ſtrait
To unjuſt force ſhe' oppoſes juſt deceit:
She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,
And good diſſembling tears; "May he not die
"In quiet then?" ſaid ſhe, "will they not give
"That freedom, who ſo fear leſt he ſhould live?
"Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
"And ſpares your guilt, yet does what you deſire.
"Muſt he not live? for that ye need not ſin;
"My much-wrong'd huſband ſpeechleſs lies within,
"And has too little left of vital breath
"To know his murderers, or to feel his death.

"One

" One hour will do your work———"
Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
Beauty and ſorrow mingled in one face
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms, that they believe,
And an unwilling aptneſs find to grieve
At what they came for. A pale ſtatue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two ſervants mournful ſtand, and ſilent, by,
And on the table medicinal relics lie;
In the cloſe room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horror to the ſight:
And for th' impreſſion God prepar'd their ſenſe;
They ſaw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unbleſt anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and ſervants' eyes!
" It cannot be," ſaid he, " no, can it? ſhall
" Our great ten-thouſand-ſlayer idly fall?
" The ſilly rout thinks God protects him ſtill;
" But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
" Oh may he guard him! may his members be
" In as full ſtrength and well-ſet harmony
" As the freſh body of the firſt-made man
" Ere ſin, or ſin's juſt meed, Diſeaſe, began!
" He will be elſe too ſmall for our vaſt hate;
" And we muſt ſhare in our revenge with Fate.
" No; let us have him whole; we elſe may ſe em
" To 'ave ſnatch'd away but ſome few days from him,
" And cut that thread which would have dropp'd in
" two;
" Will our great anger learn to ſtoop ſo low?
" I know

" I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
" Of our juſt wrath the ſolemn ſacrifice,
" That muſt not blemiſh'd be; let him remain
" Secure, and grow up to our ſtroke again.
" 'Twill be ſome pleaſure then to take his breath,
" When he ſhall ſtrive and wreſtle with his death;
" Go, let him live——And yet——ſhall I then ſtay
" So long? good and great actions hate delay.
" Some fooliſh piety perhaps, or he
" That has been ſtill mine honour's enemy,
" Samuel, may change or croſs my juſt intent,
" And I this formal pity ſoon repent:
" Beſides, Fate gives him me, and whiſpers this,
" That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs;
" Miſs! can we miſs again? Go bring him ſtrait,
" Though gaſping out his ſoul; if the wiſh'd date
" Of his accurſed life be almoſt paſt,
" Some joy 'twill be to ſee him breathe his laſt."
The troop return'd, of their ſhort virtue' aſham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakneſs blam
But when the pious fraud they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to Saul's ſacred blood,
Due to the ſacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michal's murder their wild rage reſtrain'd.
She 'alleg'd the holieſt chains that bind a wife,
Duty and love; ſhe alleg'd that her own life,
Had ſhe refus'd that ſafety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his ſword.
Now was Saul's wrath full-grown; he takes no reſt
A violent flame rolls in his troubled breaſt,

And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own favourites and beſt friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but, mute and trembling all,
Fear where this cloud will burſt, and thunder fall.
So, when the pride and terror of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And bruſtles up, preparing for his feaſt;
If that by ſwiftneſs 'ſcape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beaſts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.

Midſt a large wood, that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A college ſtands, where at great Prophets' feet
The Prophets' Sons with ſilent diligence meet;
By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd,
Yet more to' his liberal tongue than hands they ow'd;
There himſelf taught, and, his bleſs'd voice to hear,
Teachers themſelves lay proud beneath him there.
The houſe was a large ſquare, but plain and low;
Wiſe Nature's uſe Art ſtrove not to outgo:
An inward ſquare by well-rang'd trees was made;
And, midſt the friendly cover of their ſhade,
A pure, well-taſted, wholeſome fountain roſe;
Which no vain coſt of marble did encloſe;

Nor through carv'd ſhapes did the forc'd waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i' th' liquid glaſs;
Yet the chaſte ſtream, that 'mong looſe pebbles fell,
For cleanneſs, thirſt, religion, ſerv'd as well.
The ſcholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat ſmall chambers were,
Well-furniſh'd chambers; for in each there ſtood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where uſe does bound delight;
And thoſe are rich whoſe wealth 's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burden to them, and contract their room.
A ſecond court, more ſacred, ſtood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler uſe deſign'd:
The hall and ſchools one ſide of it poſſeſt;
The library and ſynagogue the reſt.
Tables of plain-cut fir, adorn'd the hall;
And with beaſts' ſkins the beds were cover'd all.
The reverend doctors take their ſeats on high,
Th' elect companions in their boſoms lie;
The ſcholars far below, upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd ruſhes, place themſelves around.
With more reſpect the wife and ancient lay;
But eat not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their conſtant feaſt;
But by great days, and ſacrifice encreas'd.
The ſchools, built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this ſide extend;
To which their ſynagogue, on th' other ſide,
And to the hall their library reply'd.

dſt towards their large gardens open lay,
mit the joys of ſpring and early day.
brary a few choice authors ſtood;
vas well-ſtor'd, for that ſmall ſtore was good;
g, man's ſpiritual phyſic, was not then
as now, grown a diſeaſe of men.
ig, young Virgin! but few ſuitors knew;
ommon Proſtitute ſhe lately grew,
ith her ſpurious brood loads now the preſs;
ous effects of idleneſs!
l the various forms one might behold
tters ſav'd themſelves from death of old;
ainfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates;
ut in wood, ſome lightlier trac'd on ſlates;
lrawn on fair palm-leaves, with ſhort-liv'd toil,
ot their friend the cedar lent his oil:
wrought in ſilks, ſome writ in tender barks;
he ſharp ſtyle in waxen tables marks;
in beaſts' ſkins, and ſome in Biblos' reed;
iew rude arts, which age and growth did need.
hools were painted well with uſeful ſkill;
maps, and ſtories, the learn'd wall did fill.
wholeſome proverbs mix'd around the room,
writ, and in Egyptian figures ſome.
ll the nobleſt Wits of men inſpir'd,
earth's ſlight joys, and worthleſs toils, retir'd
m Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead)
lay by turns their ſolid knowledge read.
ourſe and power of ſtars great Nathan taught,
ome to man thoſe diſtant wonders brought;

How

How tow'rd both Poles the ſun's fix'd journey bends
And how the year his crooked walk attends;
By what juſt ſteps the wandering lights advance,
And what eternal meaſures guide their dance:
Himſelf a prophet; but his lectures ſhow'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol, th' inferior world's fantaſtic face,
Through all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace;
Great Natu-e's well-ſet clock in pieces took;
On all the ſprings and ſmalleſt wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of every part.
The prophet Gad in learned duſt deſigns
Th' immortal ſolid rules of fancy'd Lines:
Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he ſhows,
And with them far their endleſs journey goes;
Numbers, which ſtill increaſe more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
Of Men and Ages paſt Seraiah read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd hiſtory the dead;
Show'd the ſteep falls and ſlow aſcent of ſtates;
What wiſdom and what follies make their fates.
Samuel himſelf did God's rich Law diſplay;
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft his raviſh'd ſoul, with ſudden flight,
Soar'd above preſent times and human ſight.
Thoſe Arts but welcome ſtrangers might appear,
Muſic and Verſe ſeem'd born and bred-up here;
Scarce the bleſt heaven, that rings with Angels' voic
Does with more conſtant Harmony rejoice:

ſacred Muſe does here each breaſt inſpire;
an, and ſweet-mouth'd Aſaph, rule their quire;
charming poets; and all ſtrains they play'd,
rtful breath or nimble fingers made.
ſynagogue was dreſs'd with care and coſt
: only place where that they'eſteem'd not loſt);
glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
ſides refreſh'd with ſilks of ſacred blue.
thrice each day they read their perfect law,
ce prayers from willing Heaven a bleſſing draw;
ce in glad hymns, ſwell'd with the Great One's praiſe,
pliant voice on her ſeven ſteps they raiſe,
lſt all th' enliven'd inſtruments around
he juſt feet with various concord ſound;
i things were Muſes then, contemn'd low earth;
ntly proud, and mindful of their birth.
as God himſelf that here tun'd every tongue;
gratefully of him alone they ſung:
y ſung how God ſpoke-out the world's vaſt ball;
n nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.
Nature yet, or place for 't to poſſeſs,
an unbottom'd gulph of emptineſs:
of Himſelf, th' Almighty ſate, his own
ce, and without ſolitude alone.
he was goodneſs whole, and all things will'd;
ich, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd;
l their aſtoniſh'd heads o' th' ſudden rear'd;
unſhap'd kind of ſomething firſt appear'd,
feeling its new being, and undreſt,
if it ſtepp'd in haſte before the reſt.

Yet, buried in this Matter's darkſome womb,
Lay the rich ſeeds of every thing to come:
From hence the chearful Flame leap'd up ſo high;
Cloſe at its heels the nimble Air did fly;
Dull Earth with his own weight did downwards pier
To the fix'd navel of the univerſe,
And was quite loſt in waters; till God ſaid
To the proud Sea, "Shrink-in your inſolent head,
"See how the gaping Earth has made you place!"
That durſt not murmur, but ſhrunk in apace:
Since when, his bounds are ſet; at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bade Heaven's fabric ſhine,
And from him a quick ſpring of light divine
Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cheriſhing flam
Fills the whole world, like Him from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt Moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with ſacred gold;
"Be thou," ſaid he, "queen of the mournful night,"
And as he ſpoke, ſhe 'aroſe clad o'er in light,
With thouſand ſtars attending on her train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling Flowers painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of Birds through the glad air did flee,
Joyful, and ſafe before man's luxury,
Singing their maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute Fiſh witneſs no leſs his praiſe;
For thoſe he made, and cloath'd with ſilver ſcales,
From minnows, to thoſe living iſlands, whales.

Beaſt

)o were his command: what could he more?
an he could, the bond of all before;
he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;
that full abridgment of the world.
and much more of God's great works they told;
cies, and ſome judgments too, of old:
'hen all earth was deeply ſtain'd in ſin,
i impetuous noiſe the waves came ruſhing in:
)irds erewhile dwelt and ſecurely ſung,
ſh (an unknown net) entangled hung:
e of ſhipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
peep'd forth, and beheld nought but ſea.
:n forgot, and burnt in luſt again;
wers, ſtrange as their ſin, of fiery rain
lding brimſtone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
hey felt thoſe flames they fry in dead.
:r end raſh Pharaoh's pride befel,
/ind and ſea wag'd war for Iſrael:
ilt chariots amaz'd fiſhes ſat,
:w with corpſe of wretched princes fat;
ves and rocks half-eaten bodies ſtain;
: it ſince call'd the Red-ſea in vain.
)o they told of faithful Abram's fame,
ſe bleſt paſſage they owe ſtill their name:
ès much, and the great ſeed of Nun,
'onders they perform'd, what lands they won;
iny kings they ſlew, or captive brought;
:ld the ſwords, but God and angels fought.
gain'd they the wiſe-ſpending of their days;
:ir whole life was their dear Maker's praiſe.

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No minute's reſt, no ſwifteſt thought, they ſold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds hell, then thoſe who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it; which more
They valued than rich fools the ſhining ore.
The ſilk-worms' precious death they ſcorn'd to w
And Tyrian dye appear'd but ſordid there.
Honour, which ſince the price of ſouls became,
Seem'd to theſe great-ones a low idle name.
Inſtead of down, hard beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board diſpeopled no full element,
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they ſpent,
And ſpar'd the ſtock; nor could their bodies ſay
We owe this crudeneſs t' exceſs yeſterday.
Thus ſouls live cleanly, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there;
The ſenſes perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And honeſtly, nor are by Reaſon chid;
And, when the down of ſleep does ſoftly fall,
Their dreams are heavenly then, and myſtical;
With haſty wings time preſent they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of deſtiny;
There walk, and ſport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce every cauſe's womb.
Thus theſe wiſe ſaints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the ſpite of much-miſtaken Saul:
For, if man's life we in juſt balance weigh,
David deſerv'd his envy leſs than they.

Of this retreat the hunted Prince makes choice,
Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice.
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;
So bright his luſtre, ſo quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he eſcap'd before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more:
Belov'd revenge freſh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promiſe to their ſwords.
They came, but a new ſpirit their hearts poſſeſt,
Scattering a ſacred calm through every breaſt:
The furrows of their brow, ſo rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a ſmile;
Their cooler veins ſwell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaſte ſtreams with even current glide;
A ſudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning-bluſhes in their cheeks ariſe:
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther, ceaſe;
In peaceful tunes they' adore the God of peace!
New meſſengers twice more the tyrant ſent,
And was twice more mock'd with the ſame event:
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It ſends him there himſelf: but on the way
His fooliſh anger a wiſe fury grew,
And bleſſings from his mouth unbidden flew:
His kingly robes he laid at Naioth down,
Began to underſtand, and ſcorn, his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more ſolid joys than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wondering ſon, and on his head,
The balm of all paſt wounds, kind tears, he ſhed.

So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of curſing the bleſt ſeed, to Moab went:
But as he went, his fatal tongue to ſell,
His aſs taught him to ſpeak, God to ſpeak well.
" How comely are thy tents, oh Iſrael!"
(Thus he began) " what conqueſts they foretel!
" Leſs fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
" Adorn'd with trees on ſome fair river's ſide;
" Leſs fair are vallies, their green mantles ſpread
" Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
" 'Twas God himſelf (thy God who muſt not fea
" Brought thee from bondage to be maſter here.
" Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe, new weapons ge
" And death in triumph on thy darts ſhall ſit.
" When Judah's lion ſtarts up to his prey,
" The beaſts ſhall hang their ears, and creep awa
" When he lies down, the woods ſhall ſilence kee
" And dreadful tigers tremble at his ſleep.
" Thy curſers, Jacob! ſhall twice curſed be;
" And he ſhall bleſs himſelf that bleſſes thee!"

A V I D E I S.

B O O K II.

C O N T E N T S.

ndſhip betwixt Jonathan and David; and up-
it occaſion a digreſſion concerning the nature of

A diſcourſe between Jonathan and David; which the latter abſents himſelf from court, he former goes thither, to inform himſelf of reſolution. The feaſt of the New-Moon; the er of the celebration of it; and therein a di-on of the hiſtory of Abraham. Saul's ſpeech David's abſence from the feaſt, and his anger ſt Jonathan. David's reſolution to fly away; rts with Jonathan, and falls aſleep under a tree. ſcription of Phanſy; an angel makes up a vi-n David's head; the viſion itſelf, which is, a ecy of all the ſucceſſion of his race till Chriſt's with their moſt remarkable actions. At his ing, Gabriel aſſumes an human ſhape, and con-to him the truth of his viſion.

now the early birds began to call
ie morning forth; up roſe the ſun and Saul;
men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
h, alas! from reſtleſs labours roſe;

For in Saul's breaſt, envy, the toilſome ſin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She expell'd all forms of kindneſs, virtue, grace;
Of the paſt day no footſtep left or trace;
The new-blown ſparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a ſtorm wiſe David would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glittering of a faithleſs day;
He ſaw the ſun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place;
The ſea itſelf ſmooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy merchant with a ſmile;
But he, whoſe ſhipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the ſea, and ſuch was Saul.
But Jonathan, his ſon, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's uſeful flood;
Whoſe innocent ſtream, as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh honours and a ſudden ſpring beſtows,
On both his banks, to every flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we ſee.
But more than all, more than himſelf, he lov'd
The man whoſe worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For, when the noble youth at Dammin ſtood,
Adorn'd with ſweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy eye,
And underſtood the future majeſty
Then deſtin'd in the glories of his look;
He ſaw, and ſtrait was with amazement ſtrook,

the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace
young limbs: he ſaw his comely face,
love and reverence ſo well mingled were;
ad, already crown'd with golden hair:
what mildneſs his bold ſpirit did tame,
than light, yet powerful as a flame:
his valour, by their ſafety prov'd;
all this, and as he ſaw, he lov'd.
t art thou, Love! thou great myſterious thing!
hat hid ſtock does thy ſtrange nature ſpring?
ou that mov'ſt the world through every part,
ld'ſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart
he due place and office firſt ordain'd;
were all things made, and are ſuſtain'd.
nes we ſee thee fully, and can ſay
ence thou took'ſt thy riſe, and went'ſt that way;
ener the ſhort beams of Reaſon's eye
y There thou art, not How, nor Why.
the loadſtone, Nature's ſubtle pride,
rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
as the weapon wounded? what hid flame
ong and conquering metal overcame?
his world's grace) exalts his natural ſtate;
s thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
ned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
oes that twining plant the oak embrace?
k, for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
ugh as are the winds that fight with it?
oes the abſent pole the needle move?
oes his cold and ice beget hot love? . . . . .

Which

Which are the wings of lightneſs to aſcend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And ſeldom we, they never, know the cauſe.
In thy large ſtate, Life gives the next degree,
Where Senſe, and Good Apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone,
Here are thy triumphs and full glories ſhown;
Handſome Deſires, and Reſt, about thee flee,
Union, Inherence, Zeal, and Extaſy.
Thouſand with joys cluſter around thine head,
O'er which a gall-leſs dove her wings does ſpread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than conſciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold
The myſtic ſceptre of a croſs of gold.
Thus doſt thou ſit (like men ere ſin had fram'd
A guilty bluſh) naked, but not aſham'd.
What cauſe then did the fabulous ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that monſter Luſt for thee.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming flame;
Such in th' amazed buſh to Moſes came;
When that ſecure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needleſs fear.
Thy darts of healthful gold, and downwards fall,
Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret darts,
Which ſweetly touch'd this nobleſt pair of hearts;

one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
teous doves together yok'd would do:
ht of birth did on one ſide prevail,
ins leſs even lie in Nature's ſcale;
ingled fates, and both in each did ſhare,
th were ſervants, they both princes were.
y to one of them was ſent,
oft his, to whom it leaſt was meant;
rtune's malice betwixt both was croſt,
king one, it wounded th' other moſt.
d marriage ſuch true union find,
s deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
re is ſtill ſome tincture left of ſin,
l the ſex will needs be ſtealing-in.
ys are full of droſs, and thicker far;
vithout matter, clear and liquid are.
red love does heaven's bright Spirits fill,
ove is but to underſtand and will
ift and unſeen motions; ſuch as we
at expreſs in heighten'd charity.
ſt One! whoſe love on earth became
that ſtill in heaven 'tis but the ſame!
ow ye ſit, and with mixt ſouls embrace,
upon great Love's myſterious face;
r this baſe world, where friendſhip 's made
or ſin, or elſe at beſt a trade.
drous Prince! who a true friend could'ſt be,
crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
d'ſt him dear, whoſe ſtars thy birth did croſs!
ght'ſt him nobly at a kingdom's loſs!

Iſrael's

Iſrael's bright ſceptre far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.
To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As ſwift as love and danger could perſwade:
As ſafe in Jonathan's truſt his thoughts remain
As when himſelf but dreams them o'er again.
" My deareſt lord, farewell!" ſaid he, " farewe
" Heaven bleſs the king! may no misfortune tell
" Th' injuſtice of his hate when I am dead!
" They 're coming now, perhaps; my guiltleſs he
" Here in your ſight, perhaps, muſt bleeding lie,
" And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
" Think me not ſcar'd with death, howe'er 't appe
" I know thou canſt not think ſo: 'tis a fear
" From which thy love and Dammin ſpeaks me fre
" I 've met him face to face, and ne'er could ſee
" One terror in his looks to make me fly
" When Virtue bids me ſtand; but I would die
" So as becomes my life, ſo as may prove
" Saul's malice, and at leaſt excuſe your love."
He ſtopt, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes;
" Exeellent friend!" the gallant Prince replies,
" Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy virtues, that they 're k
" To all good men, more than to each his own.
" Who lives in Iſrael, that can doubtful be
" Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
" Such is thy valour, and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
" That all things but thy loyalty are leſs.
" I

ould my father at thy ruin aim,
ld wound as much his ſafety as his fame:
them not coming, then, to ſlay thee here,
ubt miſhaps, as little as you fear;
y thy loving God, whoe'er deſign
t thy life, muſt ſtrike at it through mine.
my royal father muſt acquit
uch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
on his ſoftneſs when from death he freed
ithleſs king of Amalek's curſed ſeed;
: to' a friend, to' a ſon, ſo bloody grow,
o ev'n ſinn'd but now to ſpare a foe?
he could; but with what ſtrength or art
he ſo long cloſe and ſeal up his heart?
ounſels jealous of themſelves become,
are not fix without conſent of ſome;
en ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
cens'd and approv'd by others too.
re (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
I, had he diſcover'd it, from thee."
ey embraces join, and almoſt tears;
le David thus new prov'd his fears:
aiſe you pleas'd (great Prince!) on me to ſpend,
ll out-ſpoken when you ſtil'd me Friend;
ame alone does dangerous glories bring,
ives excuſe to th' envy of a king.
did his ſpear, force, and dark plots, impart,
me eternal rancour in his heart?
oes he glance the fortune of that day
drown'd in his own blood Goliah lay,

" And

" And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſounc
" How that vaſt monſter fell, and ſtruck the groun
" The dance, and ' David his ten thouſands ſlew,'
" Still wound his ſickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
" Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treaſons grow,
" So much they hate that ſafety which they owe.
" Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place,
" From the Good, danger; from the Bad, diſgrac
" They doubt the lords, miſtruſt the people's hate,
" Till blood become a principle of ſtate:
" Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,
" But ſtill they fear ev'n more than they affright.
" Pardon me, Sir! your father 's rough and ſtern;
" His will too ſtrong to bend, too proud to learn:
" Remember, Sir! the honey's deadly ſting;
" Think on that ſavage juſtice of the king;
" When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
" Things above man, ſhould ſee you man no more
" 'Tis true th' accurſed Agag mov'd his ruth,
" He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth:
" Had ſeen, alas! the proof of heaven's fierce hate,
" And fear'd no miſchief from his powerleſs fate:
" Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
" And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his crown;
" Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's r
" Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
" Hence his deep rage and trembling envy ſprings
" (Nothing ſo wild as jealouſy of kings!)
" Whom ſhould he counſel aſk, with whom adviſe
" Who Reaſon and God's counſel does deſpiſe?

" W.

ſe headſtrong will no law or conſcience daunt,
s he not ſin, do' you think, without your grant?
if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
ould not doubt, believ 't, to kill ev'n you."
Prince is mov'd, and ſtrait prepares to find
ep reſolves of his griev'd father's mind:
nger now appears, Love can ſoon ſhow 't,
rce his ſtubborn piety to know 't.
agree that David ſhould conceal'd abide,
; great friend had the Court's temper try'd;
had Saul's moſt ſecret purpoſe found,
arch'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
is the year's ſeventh-born moon, the ſolemn feaſt
ith moſt noiſe its ſacred mirth expreſs'd.
pening morn till night ſhuts in the day,
mpets and ſhrill horns the Levites play.
er by this in myſtic type we ſee
ew-year's-day of great eternity,
the chang'd moon ſhall no more changes make,
atter'd deaths by trumpets' ſound awake;
t the Law be kept in memory ſtill,
with like noiſe on Sinai's ſhining hill;
t (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
aithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice,
whilſt the Ram on Iſaac's fire did fry,
rn with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by.
e the cauſe; but God his will declar'd,
ll nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'd.
third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
a large train of prieſts and courtiers, went;

The ſacred herd march'd proud and ſoftly by;
Too fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of beaſts, more innocent than we!
Prey to our luxury, and our piety!
Whoſe guiltleſs blood, on boards and altars ſpilt,
Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,
Two well-waſh'd goats, and fourteen ſpotleſs lambs,
With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
(Small fees to Heaven of all by which we 're fed!)
Are offer'd up; the hallow'd flames ariſe,
And faithful prayers mount with them to the ſkies.
From thence the king to th' outmoſt court is brought,
Where heavenly things an inſpir'd prophet taught;
And from the ſacred tent to' his palace gates,
With glad kind ſhouts th' aſſembly on him waits;
The chearful horns before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.
Thus in ſlow ſtate to th' palace-hall they go,
Rich dreſt for ſolemn luxury and ſhow:
Ten pieces of bright tapeſtry hung the room,
The nobleſt work e'er ſtretch'd on Syrian loom,
For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
And given to Saul when Saul's beſt gift he fought,
The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
No ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.
There all old Abram's ſtory you might ſee;
And ſtill ſome angel bore him company.
His painful, but well-guided, travels ſhow
The fate of all his ſons, the Church below.

Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,
He bluſh'd with ſudden paſſion, ſhe with ſhame;
Troubled ſhe ſeem'd, and labouring in the ſtrife
'Twixt her own honour and her huſband's life.
Here on a conquering hoſt, that careleſs lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The Patriarch falls; well-mingled might you ſee
The confus'd marks of death and luxury.
In the next piece, bleſt Salem's myſtic king
Does ſacred preſents to the victor bring;
Like him whoſe type he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives;
Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
The mild and great, the prieſt and prince, had place.
Here all their ſtarry hoſt the heavens diſplay;
And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,
Leads Abram forth; points upwards; "Such," ſaid he,
"So bright and numberleſs, thy ſeed ſhall be."
Here he with God a new alliance makes,
And in his fleſh the marks of homage takes:
And here he three myſterious perſons feaſts,
Well paid with joyful tidings by his gueſts:
Here for the wicked town he prays, and near
Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear;
And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.
But none 'mongſt all the forms drew then their eyes
Like faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice:
The ſad old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With Nature's power triumphant in his face

O'er the Mind's courage; for, in ſpite of all,
From his ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.
The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before,
And ſometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
The Hope of mankind; patiently he lay,
And did his ſire, as he his God, obey.
The mournful ſire lifts up at laſt the knife,
And on one moment's ſtring depends his life,
In whoſe young loins ſuch brooding wonders lie.
A thouſand Spirits peep'd from th' affrighted ſky,
Amaz'd at this ſtrange ſcene; and almoſt fear'd
For all thoſe joyful prophecies they 'd heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and ſtopp'd his hand.
The gentle Spirit ſmil'd kindly as he ſpoke,
New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke;
The Angel points t' a tuft of buſhes near,
Where an entangled ram does half appear,
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which, though but ſlightly wrought, was firmly ſet.
For, lo! anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful beaſt on Iſaac's pile conſum'd;
Whilſt on his horns the ranſom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this hall's end a ſhittim-table ſtood;
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.

Wel

Well might that beauteous ore the grape expreſs,
Which does weak man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich ſhop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations ſoon are taught.
Behold ſeven comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands ſeven ſilver waſh-pots bear,
Curl'd, and gay clad; the choiceſt ſons that be
Of Gibeon's race, and ſlaves of high degree!
Seven beauteous maids march'd ſoftly in behind;
Bright ſcarfs their cloaths, their hair freſh garlands, bind;
And, whilſt the princes waſh, they on them ſhed
Rich ointments, which their coſtly odours ſpread
O'er the whole room; from their ſmall priſons free,
With ſuch glad haſte through the wide air they flee.
The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heaven of ſilk and gold was ſpread,
Azure the ground, the ſun in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wandering clouds with ſilver light.
The right-hand bed the king's three ſons did grace,
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place;
And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men Saul's court and camp could ſhow;
The palace did with mirth and muſic ſound,
And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around;
But, though bright joy in every gueſt did ſhine,
The plenty, ſtate, muſic, and ſpriteful wine,
Were loſt on Saul; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breaſt, and all gay forms expel.

David's unuſual abſence from the feaſt
To his ſick ſpirit did jealous thoughts ſuggeſt;
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor eat, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke:
" Where can he be?" ſaid he: " it muſt be ſo:"
With that he paus'd a while. " Too well we know
" His boundleſs pride: he grieves, and hates to ſee
" The ſolemn triumphs of my court and me.
" Believe me, friends, and truſt what I can ſhow
" From thouſand proofs; th' ambitious David now
" Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign
" That too much buſineſs give for mirth or wine.
" He 's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
" Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conſpire
" Againſt my crown, and all our lives; whilſt we
" Are loth ev'n to ſuſpect, what we might ſee.
" By the Great Name, 'tis true."
With that he ſtrook the board; and no man there
But Jonathan durſt undertake to clear
The blameleſs Prince; and ſcarce ten words he ſpoke,
When thus his ſpeech th' enraged tyrant broke:
" Diſloyal wretch! thy gentle mother's ſhame!
" Whoſe cold pale ghoſt ev'n bluſhes at thy name!
" Who fears, leſt her chaſte bed ſhould doubted be,
" And her white fame ſtain'd by black deeds of thee!
" Canſt thou be mine? a crown ſometimes does hire
" Ev'n ſons againſt their parents to conſpire;
" But ne'er did ſtory yet, or fable, tell
" Of one ſo wild, who, merely to rebel,

" Quitted

th' unqueſtion'd birthright of a throne,
ught his father's ruin with his own.
ed'ſt not plead th' ambitious youth's defence;
me clears his, and makes that innocence:
his foul ingratitude appear,
hy unnatural guilt is plac'd ſo near.
hat noble friendſhip you pretend?
ine own, foe—and thy worſt enemy's friend?
w ſpirit can thy great birthright quit,
g 's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'ſt thou it.
hy brethren here, have no ſuch mind;
a prodigious worth in David find,
to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
God's choice not made ſo well as thine.
f thy houſe and tribe! hence, from mine eye,
alſe friend, and ſervile maſter, fly;
this time in arms expecting thee;
r thoſe arms are rais'd to ruin me!
that way will nobler much appear,
remain his ſpy and agent here.
think this, Nature, by thee forſook,
me too." With that his ſpear he took
t him; the mirth and muſic ceaſe;
all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t' appeaſe:
his danger, and his duty, knew;
e bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
d ſtrait, who in a foreſt nigh
advice, the royal friend does fly.
lvice now, like the danger, clear,
me foreign land this ſtorm t' outwear.

All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen ;
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſs'd between.
Now generous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again :
A reverent oath of conſtant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witneſs make ;
Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove ;
But 'twas the tedious zeal of endleſs love.
Thus, ere they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp friendſhip and grief could ſhow:
And David now, with doubtful cares oppreſs'd,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt ;
When, by command divine, thick miſts ariſe,
And ſtop the ſenſe, and cloſe the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man moſt high doth rear,
The Small World's heaven, where Reaſon moves the ſphere :
Here, in a robe which does all colours ſhow
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
Phanſy, wild dame, with much laſcivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride ;
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of ſhapes and airy forms an endleſs rout :
A ſea rolls on with harmleſs fury here ;
Strait 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear :
Here in a moment are vaſt armies made,
And a quick ſcene of war and blood diſplay'd :
Here ſparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
The bawds for Senſe and lying baits of Sin :

Some

ings drife of ſtrange and quarreling kind,
epart lion, and a ſnake behind:
lden mountains ſwell the covetous place,
ntaurs ride themſelves, a painted race.
: ſlight wonders Nature ſees the ſtore,
ly then accounts herſelf but poor.
r an Angel comes, in David's trance,
ds them mingled in an antique dance;
he numerous forms fit choice he takes,
ns them wiſely, and this viſion makes:—
David there appears in kingly ſtate,
he twelve tribes his dread commands await;
the wars with his join'd ſtrength he goes,
ew friends, and frights his ancient foes.
ma, Canaan's old head, they came
igh in note, then not unknown to fame);
d and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
new wounds or dangers apprehend:
y image of great Joab there
the mock, and teaches them to fear:
bs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
nted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the town:
rſe the guards their mirth and bravery choſe;
hem now are ſlain, or made like thoſe.
ugh an inward ſcene an army lay,
with full banners a fair Fiſh diſplay:
don plains to happy Egypt's coaſt
em all met; a vaſt and warlike hoſt!
haſtes David, to his deſtin'd prey,
and noble danger lead the way;

The conſcious trees ſhook with a reverent fear
Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there
Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' boſom fills;
Dead corpſe emboſs the vale with little hills.
On th' other ſide, Sophenes' mighty king
Numberleſs troops of the bleſt Eaſt does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damaſcus and rich Adad help in vain.
Here Nabathæan troops in battle ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of Syrian land;
Undaunted Joab ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or poſſeſs dead, the ground.
On th' other wing does brave Abiſhai ride,
Reeking in blood and duſt; on every ſide
The perjur'd ſons of Ammon quit the field;
Some baſely die, and ſome more baſely yield.
Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more juſtly then fears Hebrew ſpies.
Moloch, their bloody God, thruſts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud: him they 'd long
In his ſeven chambers; and he ſtill did eat
New-roaſted babes, his dear, delicious meat.
Again they 'ariſe, more anger'd than diſmay'd;
Euphrates and ſwift Tygris ſends them aid:
In vain they ſend it, for again they 're ſlain,
And feaſt the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the ſky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie:

Th

They force the walls, and ſack the helpleſs town;
On David's head ſhines Ammon's maſſy crown.
Midſt various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
Next upon Iſrael's throne does bravely ſit
A comely youth endow'd with wondrous wit.
Far from the parched Line a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundleſs wiſdom, came:
She carried back in her triumphant womb
The glorious ſtock of thouſand kings to come.
Here brighteſt forms his pomp and wealth diſplay,
Here they a temple's vaſt foundations lay;
A mighty work! and with fit glories fill'd
For God t' enhabit, and that king to build.
Some from the quarries hew out maſſy ſtone,
Some draw it up with cranes; ſome breathe and groan
In order o'er the anvil; ſome cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown;
Some carve the trunks, and breathing ſhapes beſtow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow:
But, oh, alas! what ſudden cloud is ſpread
About this glorious king's eclipſed head?
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round; and now he 's ſeen no more!
When ſtrait his ſon appears, at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedleſs council circled round;
Unſeemly object! but a falling ſtate
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten tribes at once forſake the Jeſſian throne,
And bold Adoram at his meſſage ſtone;

"Brethren

" Brethren of Iſrael !"—more he fain would
But a flint ſtopp'd his mouth, and ſpeech, i
Here this fond king's diſaſters but begin,
He 's deſtin'd to more ſhame by' his father's
Suſack comes up, and under his command
A dreadful army from ſcorch'd Afric's ſan
As numberleſs as that: all is his prey,
The temple's ſacred wealth they bear away
Adrazar's ſhields and golden loſs they take
Ev'n David in his dream does ſweat and ſha
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins a
Of leſs weight now than Solomon's fingers
Abijah next ſeeks Iſrael to regain,
And waſh in ſeas of blood his father's ſtain
Ne'er ſaw the aged ſun ſo cruel fight;
Scarce ſaw he this, but hid his baſhful ligh
Nebat's curs'd ſon fled with not half his me
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel the
Yet could not this the fatal ſtrife decide;
God puniſh'd one, but bleſs'd not th' other
Aſan, a juſt and virtuous prince, ſucceeds
High-rais'd by fame for great and godly dee
He cut the ſolemn groves where idols ſtood,
And ſacrific'd the gods with their own wood
He vanquiſh'd thus the proud weak powers of
Before him next their doating ſervants fell:
So huge an hoſt of Zerah's men he ſlew,
As made ev'n that Arabia Deſert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baaſha's figl
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrians' mig

Conqueſt, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be ſold;
Alas! what weakneſs truſts he? Man and gold.
Next Joſaphat poſſeſs'd the royal ſtate
(An happy prince, well worthy of his fate);
His oft oblations, on God's altar made,
With thouſand flocks and thouſand herds are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are thoſe,
Thoſe mighty troops that dare to be his foes!
He prays them dead: with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury ſlays, them all.
Thus ſits he ſtill, and ſees himſelf to win;
Never o'ercome but by 's friend Ahab's ſin;
On whoſe diſguiſe Fates then did only look;
And had almoſt their God's command miſtook:
Him from whoſe danger Heaven ſecurely brings,
And for his ſake two ripely wicked kings.
Their armies languiſh, burnt with thirſt at Seir;
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moiſture, there;
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty ſky,
And fancy clouds, and ſo become more dry:
Eliſha calls for waters from afar
To come; Eliſha calls, and here they are:
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And the decreaſe repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng
For Judah's ſceptre; both ſhort-liv'd too long.
A Woman too from murther title claims;
Both with her ſins and ſex the crown ſhe ſhames:
Proud, curſed woman! but her fall, at laſt,
To doubting men clears Heaven for what was paſt.

Yet from this root a goodly cyon ſprings;
Joſiah, beſt of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves, with all their gold and coſt
The prieſts then truly griev'd Oſiris loſt;
Theſe mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worſer thraldom ſtill retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to aſhes fell,
And no more flames muſt have beſides his hell;
Like end Aſtarte's horned image found,
And Baal's ſpired ſtone to duſt was ground:
No more were men in female habit ſeen,
Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen:
No luſtful maids at Benos' temple ſit,
And, with their bodies' ſhame, their marriage get:
The double Dagon neither nature ſaves,
Nor flies ſhe back to th' Erythræan waves.
The traveling ſun ſees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie;
The king's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baâl.
Here David's joy unruly grows, and bold,
Nor could ſleep's ſilken chain its violence hold,
Had not the Angel, to ſeal faſt his eyes,
The humours ſtirr'd, and bade more miſts ariſe:
When ſtrait a chariot hurries ſwift away,
And in it good Joſiah bleeding lay;
One hand 's held up, one ſtops the wound; in vai
They both are us'd: alas! he 's ſlain, he 's ſlain.
Jehoias and Jehoi'chim next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was near:

/ptian fetters captive dies,
more courteous anger murder'd lies.
id brother next do bonds ſuſtain,
)w ſolemn and imperial chain.
e laſt ſcene of this proud city's ſtate;
:e met ty'd in one knot of Fate.
lleſs ſlavery in this trial lay;
d had heap'd-up ages in one day:
)rks around the wall the Chaldees build,
with grief and dreadful buſineſs fill'd;
:arv'd gods the frantic women pray,
iich as near their ruin were as they.
ruſhes the prevailing foe,
he miſchief of proud conqueſt ſhow:
dring babes from mothers' breaſts are rent,
r ills they neither fear'd nor meant;
reverence guards the ſtooping age,
r method ties their boundleſs rage:
ious temple ſhines in flame all o'er,
) bright as in its gold before:
but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes;
:he ear but groans and diſmal cries.
s and towers are level'd with the ground,
:e aught now of that vaſt city 's found,
s and rubbiſh, which weak ſigns might keep
ſt glory, and bid travellers weep.
triumphant Aſſur homewards paſs,
Jeruſalem left, Jeruſalem that was!
:edechiah ſaw, and this not all;
s face his friends and children fall,

The

The ſport of inſolent victors; this he views,
A king and father once! ill Fate could uſe
His eyes no more to do their maſter ſpite;
All to be ſeen ſhe took, and next his ſight.
Thus a long death in priſon he outwears;
Bereft of grief's laſt ſolace, ev'n his tears.
Then Jeconiah's ſon did foremoſt come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home:
A row of worthies in long order paſs'd
O'er the ſhort ſtage; of all old Joſeph laſt.
Fair angels paſs'd by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſkets in their hands:
Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violets ſtrew,
Some, ſpotleſs lilies in looſe order threw;
Some, did the way with full-blown roſes ſpread;
Their ſmell divine, and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kiſſes tear:
Such, I believe, was the firſt roſe's hue,
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard gay!
The morning bluſhes of the ſpring's new day.
With ſober pace an heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no ſign of native ſin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It caſts a duſky gloom o'er all the flowers;
And with full beams their mingled light devours!
An Angel ſtrait broke from a ſhining cloud,
And preſs'd his wings, and with much reverence bow

Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
"Hail, full of Grace! thee the whole world ſhall call
"Above all bleſt; Thee, who ſhalt bleſs them all.
"Thy virgin womb in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhroud
'Jeſus the God (and then again he bow'd);
'Conception the great Spirit ſhall breathe on thee;
'Hail thou! who muſt God's wife, God's mother, be!
'With that, his ſeeming form to heaven he rear'd;
'She low obeiſance made, and diſappear'd.
Lo! a new ſtar three eaſtern ſages ſee
(For why ſhould only earth a gainer be?)
They ſaw this Phoſphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a Sun as new:
They haſted all this Riſing Sun t' adore;
With them rich myrrh and early ſpices bore:
Wiſe men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You 'll in a noiſome ſtable find your King.
Anon a thouſand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'dly grin;
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown, and tear
The gaping ſnakes from their black-knotted hair;
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell,
Were doubled now, or that juſt now they fell:
But, when the dreaded maid they entering ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent awe.
In her chaſte arms th' eternal infant lies,
Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.
Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;
Never did virgin contain Heaven before.

" Angels peep round to view this myſtic thing,
" And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah ſing."
No longer could good David quiet bear
Th' unwieldy pleaſure which o'erflow'd him here:
It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his eye;
Away the timorous forms together fly:
Fix'd with amaze he ſtood; and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this viſion ſent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Phanſy's play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd relics of the day.
When Gabriel (no bleſt ſpirit more kind or fair)
Bodies and cloaths himſelf with thicken'd air;
All like a comely youth in life's freſh bloom;
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That ere the mid-day ſun pierc'd through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread,
Waſh'd from the morning beauties' deepeſt red;
An harmleſs flaming meteor ſhone for hair,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care;
He cuts out a ſilk mantle from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſpritely azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall:
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choiceſt piece took out, a ſcarf is made:
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not virtuous lovers' ſighs more ſoft than they;

he gilds o'er with the ſun's richeſt rays,
t gliding o'er pure ſtreams on which he plays.
is dreſt, the joyful Gabriel poſts away,
arries with him his own glorious day,
gh the thick woods: the gloomy ſhades awhile
freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile;
embling ſerpents cloſe and ſilent lie;
irds obſcene far from his paſſage fly;
den ſpring waits on him as he goes,
n as that which by creation roſe:
he appears to David; at firſt ſight
rth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight.
hes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
ed calm ſhines through his peaceful breaſt.
l, man belov'd! from higheſt heaven," ſaid he;
mighty maſter ſends thee health by me.
: things thou ſaw'ſt are full of truth and light,
p'd in the glaſs of the divine foreſight:
n now old Time is harneſſing the years
go in order thus. Hence, empty fears!
y fate 's all white; from thy bleſt ſeed ſhall ſpring
e promis'd Shilo, the great myſtic King:
ınd the whole earth his dreaded name ſhall ſound,
d reach to worlds that muſt not yet be found:
e Southern clime him her ſole lord ſhall ſtyle,
n all the North, ev'n Albion's ſtubborn iſle.
r fellow-ſervant, credit what I tell.
air into ſhapeleſs air unſeen he fell."

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK III.

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hi

ſong at her window; his expedition againſt the liſtines, and the dowry of two hundred foreſkins Michal, with whom he is married. The ſolemes of the wedding. Saul's relapſe, and the cauſes David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

.is'd with the news he from high Heaven receives,
Strait to his diligent God juſt thanks he gives;
vine Nobe directs then his flight,
ll town, great in fame, by Levi's right;
re, with ſpritely wines and hallow'd bread,
what 's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.
ood old prieſt welcomes his fatal gueſt,
with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt:
ids him vain Goliah's ſacred ſword
fitteſt help juſt Fortune could afford);
rd whoſe weight without a blow might flay,
unblunted to cut hoſts away;
rd ſo great, that it was only fit
ke-off his great head who came with it.
he arms David: "I your own reſtore,
:e it," ſaid he, "and uſe it as before;
w you then, and 'twas the braveſt ſight
it ere theſe eyes ow'd the diſcovering light:
en you ſtep'd forth, how did the monſter rage,
corn of your ſoft looks and tender age!
ie your high ſpirit did mad preſumption call,
ie pitied that ſuch youth ſhould idly fall;
uncircumcis'd ſmil'd grimly with diſdain;
iew the day was yours: I ſaw it plain."

Much more the reverend ſire prepar'd to ſay
(Rapt with his joy); how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,
All that his hearer better knew than he:
But David's haſte denies all needleſs ſtay;
To Gath, an enemy's land, he haſtes away:
Not there ſecure; but, where one danger 's near,
The more remote, though greater, diſappear:—
So, from the hawk, birds to man's ſuccour flee;
So, from fir'd ſhips, man leaps into the ſea.—
There in diſguiſe he hopes unknown t' abide;
Alas! in vain! what can ſuch greatneſs hide?
Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by day,
But night itſelf does the rich gem betray.
Tagal firſt ſpy'd him, a Philiſtian knight,
Who erſt from David's wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of envy mix'd with rage.
Strait, with a band of ſoldiers tall and rough,
Trembling—for ſcarce he thought that band enough
On him he ſeizes; whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own ſhape appear'd.
And now this wiſh'd-for, but yet dreadful, prey
To Achis' court they led in haſte away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs lie,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſual try:
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;

Someti

es a violent laughter ſcrew'd his face,
etimes ready tears drop'd down apace;
es he fix'd his ſtaring eyes on ground,
ietimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
l revenge Philiſtians could not wiſh:
't the juſtice of their mighty Fiſh.
w in height of anger let him live;
dom too, t' encreaſe his ſcorn, they give;
iſe madneſs freed, does homeward flee,
e makes them all that he ſeem'd to be.
o Adullam, in an aged wood,
part earth, part rocky ſtone, there ſtood,
ınd vaſt within, which Nature wrought,
' her ſcholar Art ſhe had been taught.
oung David with his kindred came,
and friends; many his ſpreading fame,
ieir wants or diſcontents, did call:
en in war, and almoſt armies, all!
ame wiſe and valiant Joab down
whom David's ſelf muſt owe his crown);
y man, had not ſome cunning ſin,
ſo many virtues crowded in.
m Abiſhai came, by whom there fell
three hundred: with him Aſahel;
ſwifter than the northern wind;
ould the nimble motions of his mind
is feet; ſo ſtrangely would he run,
ne itſelf perceiv'd not what was done:
the lawns and meadows would he paſs,
ght unknown, and harmleſs to the graſs;

Oft o'er the ſands and hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy youth! whoſe end ſo near I ſee!
There 's nought but thy ill fate ſo ſwift as thee.
Hither Jeſſides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vaſt exceeding monſter ſlew;
Th' Egyptian like an hill himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear;
But by Benaiah's ſtaff he fell, o'erthrown;
The earth, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
Such was Benaiah: in a narrow pit
He ſaw a lion, and leapt down to it;
As eaſily there the royal beaſt he tore,
As that itſelf did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of ſpirit, and arms was all his joy;
Oft, when a child, he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft would he ſhoot young birds, and, as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them Philiſtians all:
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Though yet the face did ſcarce his ſex betray.
Dodos' great ſon came next, whoſe dreadful hand
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band;
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody harveſt yield?
Many beſides did this new troop encreaſe; —
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace;
Eliel, whoſe full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were;

None

m his hand did vain or innocent flee,
ove or Fate could aim ſo well as he.
Judah took wrong'd David's ſide,
ıy of old Jacob's youngeſt tribe;
hief ſtrength the Gathite ſoldiers are,
;le man able t' o'ercome a war!
the darts they fling through yielding air,
ly all as the ſtrong ſteel they bear:
noble rage ſits in their face,
comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!
daunted Prince, though thus well-guarded here,
out ſoul durſt for his parents fear;
for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat,
s his fortune with a pledge ſo great.
in hoſtile fire rich Aſia's pride
ears' ſiege had fully ſatisfy'd,
ole an act of higher fame,
Anchiſes through the wondering flame;
burden, and a richer prey,
the Grecian forces bore away!
s Prince! in peace, in triumph go;
e conqueſt of thine overthrow;
ſav'd thy Troy would far leſs glorious be;
hou overcom'ſt their victory.
ct Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
ıeir touch, and his curs'd ſea denies:
North-ſtars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
d Petra their South part does bound:
s the lands of Cuſh and Ammon lie,
ıing's happy beams they firſt eſpy;

The

The region with fat ſoil and plenty 's bleſt,
A ſoil too good to be of old poſſeſt
By monſtrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,
And conquer'd both the people and the name;
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,
And their ſad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood
In Heſbon, his triumphant court he plac'd,
Heſbon, by Men and Nature ſtrangely grac'd;
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for fight.
But this proud city, and her prouder lord,
Felt the keen rage of Iſrael's ſacred ſword;
Whilſt Moab triumph'd in her torn eſtate,
To ſee her own become her conqueror's fate:
Yet that ſmall remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Iſrael's ſins, pluck Iſrael down:
Full thrice ſix years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,
Till Ehud's ſword God's vengeful meſſage ſpoke;
Since then their kings in quiet held their own,
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!
And now a wiſe old prince the ſceptre ſway'd,
Well by his ſubjects and himſelf obey'd;
Only before his father's gods he fell;
Poor wretched man! almoſt too good for hell!
Hither does David his bleſt parents bring;
With humble greatneſs begs of Moab's king
A ſafe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from thoſe ſtorms with which himſelf muſt ſtriv

ş with chearful grace his ſuit approv'd,
:o Saul, and love to Virtue, mov'd.
me great Knight, and your fair Troop," ſaid
ıe,
name found welcome long before with me;
to rich Ophir's riſing morn is known,
:retch'd-out far to the burnt ſwarthy zone:
Fame, when her round journey ſhe does make,
not ſometimes us in her way to take.
ɔu the man did that huge giant kill,
Baâl of Phegor? and how young he 's ſtill!
Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born here,
lah ſojourn'd, and (they ſay) match'd there
e of Bethlem; which I hope is true:
er, your virtues here entitle you:
have the beſt alliance always been;
ds as well as men they make us kin."
ıke, and ſtrait led in his thankful gueſts,
:ly room prepar'd for ſhows and feaſts:
n with golden tapeſtry gliſter'd bright,
to pleaſe, and to confound, the ſight,
llent work of Babylonian hands!
a table of rich ivory ſtands,
fierce tigers, and three lions borne,
:rin, and fearfully the place adorn;
:hey gape, and to the eye they roar,
:y hunger'd for the food they bore.
beds of Libyan citron ſtood,
verings dy'd in Tyrian fiſhes' blood

(They

(They ſay, th' Herculean art): but moſt delight
Some Pictures gave to David's learned fight.
Here ſeveral ways Lot and great Abram go,
Their too-much wealth vaſt and unkind does grow;
Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as Want, can ſeparate friends.
Here Sodom's towers raiſe their proud tops on high
(The towers, as well as men, outbrave the ſky);
By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the ſun;
Hither Lot's houſehold comes, a numerous train,
And all with various buſineſs fill the plain:
Some drive the crowding ſheep with rural hooks;
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:
Some drive the herds; here a fierce bullock ſcorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs ſtand off afar, and bark in vain:
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With ſtuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair ſiſters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either ſide.
Another picture to curſt Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three ſervant-kings:
They ſack the town, and bear Lot bound away;
Whilſt in a pit the vanquiſh'd Bera lay,
Buried almoſt alive, for fear of death;
But Heaven's juſt vengeance ſav'd as yet his breath:
Abraham purſues, and ſlays the victor's hoſt,
Scarce had their conqueſt leiſure for a boaſt.

is was drawn the reckleſs city's flame,
a ſtrange hell pour'd down from heaven there came.
e two angels from Lot's window look
niling anger; the lewd wretches, ſtrook
idden blindneſs, ſeek in vain the door;
yes, firſt cauſe of luſt, firſt vengeance bore.
h liquid air Heaven's buſy ſoldiers fly,
ive-on clouds where ſeeds of thunder lie:
e ſad ſky glows red with diſmal ſtreaks,
ghtning from it with ſhort trembling breaks;
e blue flames of ſcalding brimſtone fall,
ng ſwiftly in one ruin all:
e of trees and houſes mounts on high,
eets half-way new fires that ſhower from ſky.
i their arms ſnatch their dear babes away;
e drop down the fathers' arms and they:
ito waters leap with kindled hair,
iore to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
ought (ſo much a flame by art was ſhown)
ture's ſelf would fall in aſhes down.
d Lot toward little Zoar hies,
res not move (good man!) his weeping eyes:
his wife ſtood, ever fix'd alone;
e a woman, not yet quite a ſtone:
g death ſeiz'd on her turning head;
ek was rough and white, the other red,
t a cheek: in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
, though ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move:

One

One eye was clos'd, ſurpriz'd by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more:
To heaven ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a ſuppliant pillar ſtands:
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there:
Ah, fooliſh woman! who muſt always be
A ſight more ſtrange than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt David fed with theſe his curious eye,
The feaſt is now ſerv'd-in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaff'd to their gods and friends: an health goes round
In the briſk grape of Arnon's richeſt ground.
Whilſt Melchor to his harp with wondrous ſkill
(For ſuch were poets then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble verſe through Nature's ſecrets led:
He ſung what ſpirit through the whole maſs is ſpread,
Every-where All; how heavens God's law approve,
And think it reſt eternally to move;
How the kind ſun uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to man repoſe;
How his round journey does for ever laſt,
And how he baits at every ſea in haſte:
He ſung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding braſs in vain;
Why the great waters her ſlight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not conſtanter than they:

He

He ſung how griſly comets hang in air;
Why ſword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ill, and raiſe all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar ſo loud:
How lambent fires become ſo wondrous tame,
And bear ſuch ſhining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watery bow:
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy ſnow:
What palſy of the earth here ſhakes fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers ſpills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's ſecrets tell,
And ſometimes miſs'd the Cauſe, but ſought it well.
Such was the ſauce of Moab's noble feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt;
Only the good old Prince ſtays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear:
He tells deeds antique, and the new deſires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, enquires.
"Nay, gentle gueſt!" ſaid he "ſince now you 're in,
"The ſtory of your gallant friend begin;
"His birth, his riſing, tell, and various fate,
"And how he ſlew that man of Gath of late,
"What was he call'd? that huge and monſtrous man!"
With that he ſtopp'd, and Joab thus began:—
"His birth, great Sir! ſo much to mine is ty'd,
"That praiſe of that might look from me like pride:
"Yet, without boaſt, his veins contain a flood
"Of th' old Judæan lion's richeſt blood.

"From

" From Judah Pharez, from him Eſrom, came,
" Ram, Naſhon, Salmon, names ſpoke loud by fame:
" A name no leſs ought Boaz to appear,
" By whoſe bleſt match we come no ſtrangers here:
" From him and your fair Ruth good Obed ſprung,
" From Obed Jeſſe, Jeſſe, whom Fame's kindeſt tongue,
" Counting his birth, and high nobility, ſhall
" Not Jeſſe of Obed, but of David, call,
" David, born to him ſeventh; the ſixth births paſt
" Brave trials of a work more great at laſt.
" Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his wit!
" The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.
" Scarce paſt a child, all wonders would he ſing
" Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king.
" His ſheep would ſcorn their food to hear his lay,
" And ſavage beaſts ſtand by as tame as they;
" The fighting winds would ſtop there, and admire,
" Learning conſent and concord from his lyre;
" Rivers, whoſe waves roll'd down aloud before,
" Mute as their fiſh, would liſten towards the ſhore.
" 'Twas now the time when firſt Saul God forſook,
" God Saul; the room in 's heart wild paſſons took:
" Sometimes a tyrant-Frenſy revel'd there,
" Sometimes black Sadneſs, and deep, deep Deſpair.
" No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
" They cure but ſometime bodies, never minds:
" Muſic alone thoſe ſtorms of ſoul could lay;
" Not more Saul them, than muſic they, obey.
" David 's now ſent for, and his harp muſt bring;
" His harp, that magic bore on every ſtring:

" When

" When Saul's rude paſſions did moſt tumult keep;
" With his ſoft notes they all dropp'd down aſleep:
" When his dull ſpirits lay drown'd in death and night,
" He with quick ſtrains rais'd them to life and light.
" Thus chear'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'ſwage,
" Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
" To Helah plain Philiſtian troops are come,
" And war's loud noiſe ſtrikes peaceful muſic dumb.
" Back to his rural care young David goes;
" For this rough work Saul his ſtout brethren choſe:
" He knew not what his hand in war could do,
" Nor thought his ſword could cure men's madneſs too.
" Now Dammin 's deſtin'd for this ſcene of blood;
" On two near hills the two proud armies ſtood,
" Between, a fatal valley ſtretch'd-out wide,
" And death ſeem'd ready now on either ſide;
" When lo! their hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,
" And from the midſt an huge and monſtrous man ſtepp'd [out,
" Aloud they ſhouted at each ſtep he took;
" We, and the earth itſelf beneath him, ſhook
" Vaſt as the hill, down which he march'd, he' appear'd;
" Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.
" A young tall 'ſquire (though then he ſeem'd not ſo)
" Did from the camp at firſt before him go;
" At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtrait,
" Sweating beneath a ſhield's unruly weight,
" On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
" Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
" Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thundering Baal was thrown,
" Trees and beaſts on 't fell burnt with lightning down;

" One flings a mountain, and its river too,
" Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that threw
" Some from the main to pluck whole iſlands try;
" The ſea boils round with flames ſhot thick from ſky
" This he believ'd, and on his ſhield he bore,
" And prais'd their ſtrength, but thought his own was
" more.
" The valley now this monſter ſeem'd to fill;
" And we, methoughts, look'd up t' him from our hill.
" All arm'd in braſs, the richeſt dreſs of war
" (A diſmal glorious ſight!) he ſhone afar;
" The ſun himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
" To ſee his beams return ſo diſmal bright:
" Braſs was his helmet, his boots braſs; and o'er
" His breaſt a thick plate of ſtrong braſs he wore;
" His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
" Which Nature meant ſome tall ſhip's maſt ſhould b
" Th' huge iron head ſix hundred ſhekels weigh'd,
" And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
" Able Death's worſt command to overdo,
" Deſtroying life at once and carcaſe too.
" Thus arm'd he ſtood; all direful, and all gay,
" And round him flung a ſcornful look away:
" So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,
" An herd of kine in ſome fair plain has found,
" Lowing ſecure, he ſwells with angry pride,
" And calls forth all his ſpots on every ſide;
" Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
" In choice of ſome ſtrong neck on which to fall;

" Almoſt he ſcorns ſo weak, ſo cheap a prey,
" And grieves to ſee them trembling haſte away.
" Ye men of Jury, 'he cries, if men you be,
" And ſuch dare prove yourſelves to fame and me,
" Chuſe out 'mongſt all your troops the boldeſt knight,
" To try his ſtrength and fate with me in fight:
" The chance of war let us two bear for all,
" And they the conqueror ſerve whoſe knight ſhall fall."
" At this he paus'd awhile: Strait, I defy
" Your gods and you; dares none come down and die?
" Go back for ſhame, and Egypt's ſlavery bear,
" Or yield to us, and ſerve more nobly here.
" Alas! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,
" Your ſorcerer Moſes now, and Joſhua, 's gone;
" Your magic trumpets then could cities take,
" And ſounds of triumph did your battles make.
" Spears in your hands and manly ſwords are vain;
" Get you your ſpells and conjuring rods again.
" Is there no Sampſon here? Oh that there were!
" In his full ſtrength, and long, enchanted hair;
" This ſword ſhould be in the weak razor's ſtead;
" It ſhould not cut his hair off, but his head.
" Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the vallies round
" Flattering his voice, reſtor'd the dreadful ſound:
" We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
" We had behind ſome new Goliah heard.
" 'Twas Heaven, Heaven ſure (which David's glory
" meant
" Through this whole act) ſuch ſacred terror ſent

" To all our hoft; for there was Saul in place,
" Who ne'er faw fear but in his enemy's face;
" His god-like fon there in bright armour fhone,
" Who fcorn'd to conquer armies not alone:
" Fate her own book miftrufted at the fight;
" On that fide war, on this a fingle fight.
" There ftood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
" He who th' Egyptian proud Goliah flew;
" In his pale fright, rage through his eyes fhot flai
" He faw his ftaff, and blufh'd with generous fhan
" Thoufands befide ftood mute and heartlefs there,
" Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
" Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fi
" Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.
" Slow rofe the fun, but gallop'd down apace,
" With more than evening blufhes in his face:
" When Jeffe to the camp young David fent;
" His purpofe low, but high was Fate's intent;
" For, when the monfter's pride he faw and heard,
" Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fea
" Anger and brave difdain his heart poffefs'd,
" Thoughts more than manly fwell'd his youthful bi
" Much the rewards propos'd his fpirit enflame,
" Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fa
" Thefe to their juft intentions ftrongly move,
" But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
" Refolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he 's brough
" Where thus he fpoke, as boldly as he fought:

" Hencefc

lenceforth no more, great Prince, your ſacred
" breaſt
th that huge talking wretch of Gath, moleſt;
is hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath;
r not, the wretch blaſphemes himſelf to death,
l, cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
challeng'd Heaven, not us, to ſingle fight.
bid it, God! that, where thy right is try'd,
ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for pride!
n like ſome rock, and vaſt, he ſeems to ſtand,
rocks we know were op'd at thy command:
it ſoul, which now does ſuch large members ſway,
ough one ſmall wound will creep in haſte away;
l he who now dares boldly Heaven defy,
every bird of heaven a prey ſhall lie:
'tis not human force we ought to fear;
that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
ice fifteen kings did they by that ſubdue?
that whole nations of Goliahs ſlew?
wonders they perform'd may ſtill be done;
ſes and Joſhua is, but God 's not, gone.
'ave loſt their rod and trumpets, not their ſkill;
yers and belief are as ſtrong witchcraft ſtill:
ſe are more tall, more giants far, than he,
reach to heaven, and thence pluck victory.
nt this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is;
's ſtronger far than I, my God than his.
Amazement ſeiz'd on all, and ſhame, to ſee
ir own fears ſcorn'd by one ſo young as he.

" Brave youth, replies the king, whoſe daring mind,
" Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind;
" Reſerve thy valour for more equal fight,
" And let thy body grow up to thy ſprite.
" Thou 'rt yet too tender for ſo rude a foe,
" Whoſe touch would wound thee more than him thy blow:
" Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
" In thine as yet nought beſide love ſhe 'has writ.
" With ſome leſs foe thy unfleſh'd valour try;
" This monſter can be no firſt victory.
" The lion's royal whelp does not at firſt
" For blood of Baſan bulls or tigers thirſt;
" In timorous deer he hanſels his young paws,
" And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
" So vaſt thy hopes, ſo unproportion'd, be,
" Fortune would be aſham'd to ſecond thee.
" He ſaid, and we all murmur'd an aſſent;
" But nought moves David from his high intent.
" It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
" To be oppos'd at firſt, and conquer here;
" Which he reſolves. Scorn not, ſaid he, mine age;
" For victory comes not, like an heritage,
" At ſet-years:—when my father's flock I fed,
" A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
" Broke from the wood, and ſnatch'd my lambs away;
" From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey:
" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill;
" On our great oak the bones and jaws hang ſtill.
" My God 's the ſame, which then he was, to-day,
" And this wild wretch almoſt the ſame as they;

" Who

lo from ſuch danger ſav'd my flock, will he
Iſrael, his own flock, leſs careful be?"
e't ſo then, Saul burſts forth; and Thou on high,
lo oft in weakneſs doſt moſt ſtrength deſcry—
whoſe dread beck conqueſt expecting ſtands,
l caſts no look down on the fighters' hands—
ſt what Thou inſpir'ſt; and let all ſee,
boys to giants, giants are to Thee.
'hus: and with trembling hopes of ſtrange ſucceſs,
iis own arms he the bold youth does dreſs.
's head an helm of well-wrought braſs is plac'd,
top with warlike plume ſeverely grac'd;
breaſt a plate cut with rare figures bore,
word much practis'd in death's art he wore.
David, us'd ſo long to no defence,
thoſe light arms of Spirit and Innocence,
good in fight of that gay burden knows,
fears his own arms' weight more than his foes.
oft himſelf in that diſguiſe of war,
l guarded ſeems as men by priſons are;
herefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,
ares now, and diſarms himſelf for fight,
nſt ſhield, helm, breaſt-plate; and, inſtead of thoſe,
ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook he choſe,
fits them to his ſling; then marches down;
ſword, his enemy's he eſteem'd his own.
all with various paſſions ſtrangely gaz'd,
e ſad, ſome ſham'd, ſome angry; all amaz'd.
ow in the valley 'he ſtands; through 's youthful face
th checks the beauty, and ſheds manly grace.

" Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might move
" Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love.
" Hot as ripe noon, ſweet as the blooming day,
" Like July furious, but more fair than May.
" Th' accurs'd Philiſtian ſtands on th' other ſide,
" Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt rage and pride.
" The plagues of Dagon! a ſmooth boy, ſaid he,
" A curſed beardleſs foe, oppos'd to me!
" Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!) he
" come!
" Some friend his mother call, to drive him home.
" Not gone yet! if one minute more thou ſtay,
" The birds of heaven ſhall bear thee dead away.
" Gods! a curs'd boy!—the reſt then murmuring out,
" He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
" David, with chearful anger in his eyes,
" Advances boldly on, and thus replies:
" Thou com'ſt, vain man! all arm'd into the field,
" And truſteſt thoſe war toys, thy ſword and ſhield:
" Thy pride 's my ſpear, thy blaſphemies my ſword;
" My ſhield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord
" Of thee and battles; who hath ſent forth me
" Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer, thee.
" In vain ſhall Dagon, thy falſe hope, withſtand;
" In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:
" Thy fall to man ſhall Heaven's ſtrong juſtice ſhew;
" Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canſt do."
" He ſaid; our hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by;
" And durſt not truſt their ears againſt the eye;

" As

" As much their champion's threats to him they fear'd,
" As when the monſter's threats to them they heard.
" His flaming ſword th' enrag'd Philiſtian ſhakes,
" And haſte t' his ruin with loud curſes makes;
" Backward the winds his active curſes blew,
" And fatally round his own head they flew:
" For now from David's ſling the ſtone is fled,
" And ſtrikes with joyful noiſe the monſter's head;
" It ſtrook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
" As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the air:
" Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
" Blood, brain, and ſoul, croud mingled through the
" wound!
" So a ſtrong oak, which many years had ſtood
" With fair and flouriſhing boughs, itſelf a wood—
" Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
" And play'd with winds which other trees did tear—
" Yet by the thunder's ſtroke from th' root 'tis rent
" (So ſure the blows that from high Heaven are ſent!)
" What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
" Which did that moment our whole hoſt poſſeſs!
" Their jocund ſhouts th' air like a ſtorm did tear,
" Th' amazed clouds fled ſwift away with fear:
" But far more ſwift th' accurs'd Philiſtines fly,
" And, their ill fate to perfect, baſely die.
" With thouſand corpſe the ways around are ſtrown,
" Till they by the day's flight ſecure their own.
" Now through the camp ſounds nought but David's name;
" All joys, of ſeveral ſtamp and colours, came
" From ſeveral paſſions: ſome his valour praiſe,
" Some his free ſpeech, ſome the fair popular rays

" Of

" Of youth, and beauty, and his modeſt guiſe;
" Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
" Some wonder, ſome they thought 'twould be ſo, ſwear;
" And ſome ſaw angels flying through the air:
" The baſeſt ſpirits caſt back a crooked glance
" On this great act, and fain would give 't to Chance.
" Women our hoſt with ſongs and dances meet,
" With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet.
" Hence the king's politic rage and envy flows,
" Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life t' expoſe
" To generous dangers, that his hate might clear,
" And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David, bear.
" So vain are man's deſigns! for Fate and Chance,
" And Earth and Heaven, conſpir'd to his advance:
" His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
" In all mankind but Saul did love beget.
" Not Saul's own houſe, not his own neareſt blood,
" The noble cauſe's ſacred force withſtood.
" You 've met no doubt, and kindly us'd, the fame,
" Of God-like Jonathan's illuſtrious name;
" A name which every wind to heaven would bear,
" Which men to ſpeak, and angels joy to hear.
" No angel e'er bore to his brother Mind
" A kindneſs more exalted and refin'd,
" Than his to David; which look'd nobly down,
" And ſcorn'd the falſe alarums of a crown.
" At Dammin field he ſtood, and from his place
" Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqueror to embrace;
" On him his mantle, girdle, ſword, and bow,
" On him his heart and ſoul, he did beſtow:

" N

l that Saul could threaten or perſuade,
; cloſe knot the ſmalleſt looſeneſs made.
; wiſe care did the king's rage ſuſpend;
'n life's danger ſhelter'd oft his friend;
ı he expos'd a ſacrifice to fall
undiſcerning rage of furious Saul.
as young David's active virtue grown
and triumphant in one ſex alone;
ous Beauty too it durſt invade,
eeper prints in the ſoft breaſt it made:
ere, t' Eſteem and Friendſhip's graver name,
ı was pour'd, like oil into the flame.
wo bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
royal houſe two beauteous daughters grac'd;
the firſt, Michal the younger, nam'd;
qually for different glories fam'd.
with ſpacious beauty fill'd the ſight,
o much awe chaſtis'd the bold delight:
calm ſea, which to th' enlarged view
pleaſure, but gives fear and reverence too.
l's ſweet looks clear and free joys did move,
o leſs ſtrong, though much more gentle, love:
irtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey
ıts themſelves leſs abſolute than they).
appear'd like ſome fair princely tower;
l, ſome virgin-queen's delicious bower.
:auty's ſtores in little and in great;
e contracted beams ſhot fierceſt heat.
n and lively brown was Merab's dye,
ıs the prouder colours might envy:

"Michal's

" Michal's pure ſkin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs white,
" As ſcatter'd the weak rays of human ſight;
" Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
" Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil drew:
" From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came,
" From Michal's, the ſun's mild, yet active, flame:
" Merab's long hair was gloſſy cheſnut brown;
" Treſſes of paleſt gold did Michal crown.
" Such was their outward form; and one might find
" A difference not unlike it in the mind.
" Merab with comely majeſty and ſtate
" Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;
" Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft Michal ſhow,
" That none who reach ſo high e'er ſtoop'd ſo low.
" Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,
" And fortify'd her virtue with diſdain:
" The griefs ſhe caus'd, gave gentle Michal grief
" (She wiſh'd her beauties leſs, for their relief);
" Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' exceſs
" Of naked virtue guarded her no leſs.
" Buſineſs and power Merab's large thoughts did vex;
" Her wit diſdain'd the fetters of her ſex:
" Michal no leſs diſdain'd affairs and noiſe,
" Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
" In brief, both copies were more ſweetly drawn;
" Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.
" The day that David great Goliah ſlew,
" Not great Goliah's ſword was more his due
" Than Merab; by Saul's public promiſe ſhe
" Was ſold then, and betroth'd to Victory;

" But

" But haughty ſhe did this juſt match deſpiſe
" (Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes),
" An unknown youth, ne'er ſeen at court before,
" Who ſhepherd's ſtaff, and ſhepherd's habit, bore,
" The ſeventh-born ſon of no rich houſe—were ſtill
" Th' unpleaſant forms which her high thoughts did fill:
" And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
" Was bred by being promis'd and deſign'd.
" Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
" The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn:
" Adriel the rich; but riches were in vain,
" And could not ſet him free, nor her enchain.
" Long liv'd they thus;—but, as the hunted deer,
" Cloſely purſued, quits all her wonted fear,
" And takes the neareſt waves; which from the ſhore
" She oft with horror had beheld before:
" So, whilſt the violent maid from David fled,
" She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed;
" The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſh'd, ſtrait;
" (So ſoon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate!)
" But Michal, in whoſe breaſt all virtues move,
" That hatch the pregnant ſeeds of ſacred love,
" With juſter eyes the noble object meets,
" And turns all Merab's poiſon into ſweets:
" She ſaw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
" Should make all fame to come ſo ſoon his own:
" She ſaw, and wonder'd how a ſhepherd's crook
" Deſpis'd that ſword at which the ſceptre ſhook;
" Though he ſeventh-born, and though his houſe but poor,
" She knew it noble was, and would be more.

" Oft

" Oft had ſhe heard, and fancy'd oft the fight,
" With what a generous calm he march'd to fight;
" In the great danger how exempt from fear,
" And after it from pride, he did appear.
" Greatneſs and goodneſs, and an air divine,
" She ſaw through all his words and actions ſhine;
" She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,
" Whoſe artful ſounds did violent love inſpire,
" Though us'd all other paſſions to relieve:
" She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive,
" When thoſe ſtrong thoughts attack'd her doubtful
" breaſt,
" His beauty no leſs active than the reſt.
" The fire thus kindled ſoon grew fierce and great,
" When David's breaſt reflected back its heat.
" Soon ſhe perceiv'd (ſcarce can Love hidden lie
" From any ſight, much leſs the loving eye)
" She conqueror was, as well as overcome,
" And gain'd no leſs abroad than loſt at home.
" Ev'n the firſt hour they met (for ſuch a pair,
" Who in all mankind elſe ſo matchleſs were,
" Yet their own equals, Nature's ſelf does wed)
" A mutual warmth through both their boſoms ſpread
" Fate gave the ſignal; both at once began
" The gentle race, and with juſt pace they ran.
" Ev'n ſo, methinks, when two fair tapers come
" From ſeveral doors, entering at once the room,
" With a ſwift flight, that leaves the eye behind,
" Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.

" Nature

" Nature herſelf, were ſhe to judge the caſe,
" Knew not which firſt began the kind embrace.
" Michal her modeſt flames ſought to conceal,
" But love even th' art to hide it does reveal:
" Her ſoft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
" Love paſs'd through them, and there ſuch footſteps left!
" She bluſh'd when he approach'd, and when he ſpoke;
" And ſuddenly her wandering anſwers broke
" At his name's ſound; and, when ſhe heard him prais'd,
" With concern'd haſte her thoughtful looks ſhe rais'd.
" Uncall'd-for ſighs oft from her boſom flew,
" And Adriel's active friend ſhe' abruptly grew.
" Oft, when the Court's gay youth ſtood waiting by,
" She ſtrove to act a cold indifferency;
" In vain ſhe acted ſo conſtrain'd a part,
" For thouſand nameleſs things diſclos'd her heart.
" On th' other ſide, David with ſilent pain
" Did in reſpectful bounds his fires contain:
" His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
" Impos'd on him a no-leſs rigorous law
" Than modeſty on her; and, though he ſtrove
" To make her ſee 't, he durſt not tell his love.
" To tell it firſt, the timorous youth made choice
" Of muſic's bolder and more active voice;
" And thus, beneath her window, did he touch
" His faithful lyre; the words and numbers ſuch
" As did well worth my memory appear,
" And may perhaps deſerve your princely ear:

" AWAKE,

" AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
" And tell thy ſilent maſter's humble tale,
" In ſounds that may prevail;
" Sounds that gentle thoughts inſpire:
" Though ſo exalted ſhe,
" And I ſo lowly be,
" Tell her, ſuch different notes make all thy har

" Hark! how the ſtrings awake;
" And, though the moving hand approach not ne
" Themſelves with awful fear,
" A kind of numerous trembling make.
" Now all thy forces try,
" Now all thy charms apply,
" Revenge upon her ear the conqueſts of her eye.

" Weak Lyre! thy virtue ſure
" Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
" To cure, but not to wound,
" And ſhe to wound, but not to cure.
" Too weak too wilt thou prove
" My paſſion to remove,
" Phyſic to other ills, thou 'rt Nouriſhment to L

" Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre!
" For thou canſt never tell my humble tale
" In ſounds that will prevail;
" Nor gentle thoughts in her inſpire:
" All thy vain mirth lay by,
" Bid thy ſtrings ſilent lie,
" Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre! and let thy maſte

"

" She heard all this, and the prevailing ſound
" Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound.
" Yet, though ſhe joy'd th' authentic news to hear,
" Of what ſhe gueſs'd before with jealous fear,
" She check'd her forward joy, and bluſh'd for ſhame,
" And did his boldneſs with forc'd anger blame.
" The ſenſeleſs rules which firſt falſe honour taught,
" And into laws the tyrant cuſtom brought—
" Which women's pride and folly did invent,
" Their lovers and themſelves too to torment,—
" Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure fain,
" And all her words, and all her looks, conſtrain
" Before the trembling youth; who, when he ſaw
" His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
" He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
" He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold deſire;
" In vain he curs'd the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
" From all things food its ſtrong complexion drew:
" His joy and hope their chearful motions ceas'd,
" His life decay'd, but ſtill his love encreas'd;
" Whilſt ſhe, whoſe heart approv'd not her diſdain,
" Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
" But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
" With a concernment equal to their own
" (Joyful that Heaven with his ſworn love comply'd
" To draw that knot more faſt which he had ty'd)
" With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
" Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon, the nice affair.
" With eaſe a brother's lawful power o'ercame
" The formal decencies of virgin-ſhame.

" She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt,
" Heard David tell his flames, and told her own :
" Lo here the happy point of proſperous love !
" Which ev'n enjoyment ſeldom can improve.
" Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alo
" All Iſrael's wiſh concurrent with their own ;
" A brother's powerful aid firm to the ſide ;
" By ſolemn vow the king and father ty'd :
" All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes, paſt,
" All that in leſs-ripe love offends the taſte ;
" In either's breaſt their ſouls both meet and wed
" Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.
" And, though the groſſer cates were yet not dreſt
" By which the bodies muſt ſupply this feaſt,
" Bold hopes prevent ſlow pleaſure's lingering bit
" As ſaints, aſſur'd of heaven, enjoy 't on earth.
" All this the king obſerv'd ; and well he ſaw
" What ſcandal, and what danger, it might draw
" T' oppoſe this juſt and popular match ; but mea
" T' out-malice all refuſals by conſent.
" He meant the poiſonous grant ſhould mortal pre
" He meant t' enſnare his virtue by his love :
" And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of art
" And fraud, than well became the kingly part :-
" " Your valour, David, and high worth, ſaid he,
" To praiſe is all men's duty, mine to ſee
" Rewarded ; and we ſhall t' our utmoſt powers
" Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
" Forbid it, God ! we like thoſe kings ſhould pro
" Who fear the virtues which they 're bound to lo

" S

" Your piety does that tender point ſecure,
" Nor will my acts ſuch humble thoughts endure:
" Your nearneſs to 't rather ſupports the crown,
" And th' honours given to you encreaſe our own.
" All that we can we 'll give; 'tis our intent,
" Both as a guard and as an ornament,
" To place thee next ourſelves; Heaven does approve,
" And my ſon's friendſhip, and my daughter's love,
" Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
" I ſee, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.
" Bluſh not, my ſon! that Michal's love I name,
" Nor need ſhe bluſh to hear it; 'tis no ſhame
" Nor ſecret now; fame does it loudly tell,
" And all men but thy rivals like it well.
" If Merab's choice could have comply'd with mine,
" Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:
" And her's, at laſt, ſhould have with mine comply'd,
" Had I not thine and Michal's heart deſcry'd.
" Take whom thou lov'ſt, and who loves thee; the laſt
" And deareſt preſent made me by the chaſte
" Ahinoam; and, unleſs ſhe me deceive,
" When I to Jonathan my crown ſhall leave,
" 'Twill be a ſmaller gift.
" If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
" To gueſs, they are what jointure thou ſhalt make
" Fitting her birth and fortune: and, ſince ſo
" Cuſtom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
" The jointure we exact is, that ſhall be
" No leſs advantage to thy fame than ſhe.

" Go where Philiſtian troops infeſt the land,
" Renew the terrors of thy conquering hand;
" When thine own hand, which needs muſt conqu
" prove,
" In this joint cauſe of honour and of love,
" An hundred of the faithleſs foe ſhall ſlay,
" And for a dower their hundred foreſkins pay,
" Be Michal thy reward: did we not know
" Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it ſo,
" We ſhould not cheaply that dear blood expoſe,
" Which we to mingle with our own had choſe:
" But thou 'rt ſecure; and, ſince this match of thin
" We to the public benefit deſign,
" A public good ſhall its beginning grace,
" And give triumphant omens of thy race.
" Thus ſpoke the king: the happy youth bo
low;
" Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhow:
" The noble taſk well pleas'd his generous mind,
" And nought t' except againſt it could he find,
" But that his miſtreſs' price too cheap appear'd;
" No danger, but her ſcorn of it, he fear'd.
" She with much different ſenſe the news receiv'd,
" At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſh'd, and griev'
" 'Twas a leſs work the conqueſt of his foes,
" Than to obtain her leave his life t' expoſe.
" Their kind debate on this ſoft point would prove
" Tedious, and needleſs, to repeat: if love
" (As ſure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breaſt,
" 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full ſuggeſt

" A

" All that was done, or ſaid; the grief, hope, fears;
" His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
" In all the pomp of paſſion's reign they part;
" And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart:
" Victory and fame, and that more quick delight
" Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
" Tow'rds Gath he went, and in one month (ſo ſoon
" A fatal and a willing work is done!)
" A double dower, two hundred foreſkins, brought
" Of choice Philiſtian knights with whom he fought,
" Men that in birth and valour did excel,
" Fit for the cauſe and hand by which they fell.
" Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay
" The two reſiſtleſs lovers' happy day.
" Though this day's coming long had ſeem'd and ſlow,
" Yet ſeem'd its ſtay as long and tedious now;
" For, now the violent weight of eager love
" Did with more haſte ſo near its centre move,
" He curs'd the ſtops of form and ſtate, which lay
" In this laſt ſtage, like ſcandals, in his way.
" On a large gentle hill crown'd with tall wood,
" Near where the regal Gabaah proudly ſtood,
" A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damaſk made,
" And ſeem'd but the freſh foreſt's natural ſhade;
" Various and vaſt within, on pillars borne
" Of Shittim-wood, that uſefully adorn.
" Hither, to grace the nuptial-feaſt, does Saul
" Of the twelve tribes th' elders and captains call:
" And all around the idle, buſy crowd
" With ſhouts and bleſſings tell their joy aloud.

" Lo! the preſs breaks, and from their ſeveral homes
" In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
" Before the bride, in a long double row
" With ſolemn pace thirty choice virgins go,
" And make a moving galaxy on earth;
" All heavenly beauties, all of higheſt birth;
" All clad in livelieſt colours, freſh and fair
" As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter hair;
" All in that new-blown age which does inſpire
" Warmth in themſelves, in their beholders fire.
" But all this, and all elſe the ſun did e'er,
" Or fancy ſee, in her leſs-bounded ſphere,
" The bride herſelf outſhone; and one would ſay
" They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
" Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
" Who on their dreſs much fruitleſs care had ſpent:
" Vain gems, and unregarded coſt, they bore,
" For all men's eyes were ty'd to thoſe before.
" The bridegroom's flouriſhing troop fill'd next the
" place,
" With thirty comely youths of nobleſt race,
" That march'd before; and Heaven around his head
" The graceful beams of joy and beauty ſpread.
" So the glad ſtar, which men and angels love,
" Prince of the glorious hoſt that ſhines above
" (No light of heaven ſo chearful or ſo gay)
" Lifts up his ſacred lamp, and opens day.
" The king himſelf, at the tent's crowned gate,
" In all his robes of ceremony and ſtate,

" Sate

" Sate to receive the train; on either hand
" Did the high-prieſt and the great prophet ſtand:
" Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jeſſe,
" And all the chiefs in their due order preſs.
" Firſt Saul declar'd his choice, and the juſt cauſe
" Avow'd by' a general murmur of applauſe;
" Then ſign'd her dower; and in few words he pray'd,
" And bleſt, and gave the joyful, trembling maid
" T' her lover's hands; who, with a chearful look
" And humble geſture, the vaſt preſent took.
" The nuptial-hymn ſtrait ſounds, and muſics play,
" And feaſts and balls ſhorten the thoughtleſs day
" To all but to the wedded; till at laſt
" The long-wiſh'd night did her kind ſhadow caſt;
" At laſt th' ineſtimable hour was come
" To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.
" T' a palace near, dreſt for the nuptial-bed,
" (Part of her dower) he his fair princeſs led;
" Saul, the high-prieſt, and Samuel, here they leave,
" Who, as they part, their weighty bleſſings give.
" Her vail is now put on; and at the gate
" The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
" With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
" To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;
" The reſt bring home in ſtate the happy pair,
" To that laſt ſcene of bliſs, and leave them there
" All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove,
" With which rich Beauty feaſts the glutton Love.
" But ſcarce, alas! the firſt ſeven days were paſt,
" In which the public nuptial triumphs laſt,

" When Saul this new alliance did repent
" (Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment!
" He envy'd the good work himſelf had done;
" Fear'd David leſs, his ſervant than his ſon.
" No longer his wild wrath could he command;
" He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
" In his ſon's blood; and, that twice cheated too,
" With troops and armies does one life purſue.
" Said I but one! his thirſty rage extends
" To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends;
" Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being ſo,
" Had not juſt God put-by th' unnatural blow.
" You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us h
" No ſullen diſcontent, or groundleſs fear;
" No guilty act or end calls us from home;
" Only to breathe in peace awhile we come;
" Ready to ſerve, and in mean ſpace to pray
" For, you who us receive, and him who drives aw

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

CONTENTS.

Moab carries his gueſts to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into diſcourſe with David, and deſires to know of him the reaſons of the change of government in Iſrael; how Saul came to the crown, and the ſtory of him and Jonathan. David's ſpeech, containing, the ſtate of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people deſired a king; their Deputies' ſpeech to Samuel upon that ſubject, and his reply. The aſſembling of the people at the tabernacle, to enquire God's pleaſure. God's ſpeech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nahaſh king of Ammon againſt Jabeſh-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his ſingle fight with Nahaſh, whom he ſlays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philiſtines at Macmas; their ſtrength, and the weakneſs

weakneſs of Saul's forces; his exerciſing of the prieſtly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel againſt him. Jonathan's diſcourſe with his Eſquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's out guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's raſh vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is ſaved by the people.

THough ſtate and kind diſcourſe thus robb'd the night
Of half her natural and more juſt delight,
Moab (whom temperance did ſtill vigorous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to moderate ſleep)
Up with the ſun aroſe; and, having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe,
And thrice tow'rds Phegor, his Baal's holieſt hill
(With good and pious prayers, directed ill)
Call'd to the chace his friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the chearful horſes neigh'd.
Moab his chariot monnts, drawn by four ſteeds,
The beſt and nobleſt that freſh Zerith breeds,
All white as ſnow, and ſpriteful as the light,
With ſcarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt night's ſtory, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom ſo much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flouriſhing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the ſport;

Some

Some arm'd with bows, ſome with ſtraight javelins, ride;
Rich ſwords and gilded quivers grace their ſide.
'Midſt the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancied God;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe king
Did David's tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.
"Much," ſaid the king, "much I to Joab owe,
"For the fair picture drawn by him of you;
"'Twas drawn in little, but did acts expreſs
"So great, that largeſt hiſtories are leſs.
"I ſee, methinks, the Gathian monſter ſtill;
"His ſhape laſt night my mindful dreams did fill.
"Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to purſue
"The praiſe of deeds whence his own ſafety grew!
"I've heard (but who can think it?) that his ſon
"Has his life's hazard for your friendſhip run;
"His matchleſs ſon, whoſe worth (if fame be true)
"Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,
"With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,
But no reply Moab's ſwift tongue allows.
"And pray, kind gueſt! whilſt we ride thus," ſays he
"(To gameful Nebo ſtill three leagues there be)
"The ſtory of your royal friend relate,
"And his ungovern'd ſire's imperious fate;
"Why your great State that nameleſs family choſe,
"And by what ſteps to Iſrael's throne they roſe."
He ſaid: and David thus: "From Egypt's land
"You've heard, Sir, by what ſtrong unarmed hand

"Our

" Our fathers came, Moſes their ſacred guide;
" But he in ſight of the given country dy'd:
" His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
" And Joſhua's ſword muſt th' active rod ſupply:
" It did ſo, and did wonders.
" From ſacred Jordan to the Weſtern main,
" From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
" Of naked ſands, his winged conqueſts went;
" And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he ſent.
" Almoſt four hundred years, from him to Saul,
" In too much freedom paſt, or foreign thrall.
" Oft ſtrangers' iron ſceptres bruis'd the land
" (Such ſtill are thoſe borne by a conquering hand);
" Oft pitying God did well-form'd ſpirits raiſe,
" Fit for the toilſome buſineſs of their days,
" To free the groaning nation, and to give
" Peace firſt, and then the rules in peace to live.
" But they whoſe ſtamp of power did chiefly lie
" In characters too fine for moſt men's eye,
" Graces and gifts divine;—not painted bright
" With ſtate to awe dull minds, and force t' affright;—
" Were ill obey'd whilſt living, and at death
" Their rules and pattern vaniſh'd with their breath.
" The hungry rich all near them did devour;
" Their judge was Appetite, and their law was Power.
" Not Want itſelf could luxury reſtrain;
" For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.
" Robbery the field, Oppreſſion ſack'd the town;
" What the Sword's reaping ſpar'd, was glean'd by th'
" Gown.

" A1

" At courts, and ſeats of juſtice, to complain,
" Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.
" Nor was their Luſt leſs active or leſs bold,
" Amidſt this rougher ſearch of blood and gold;
" Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the ſtrong;
" The pride of old men that, and this of young.
" You 'ave heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's ſhame,
" Which Hebrew tongues ſtill tremble when they name:
" Alarmed all by one fair ſtranger's eyes,
" As to a ſudden war, the town does riſe,
" Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin
" The ſtrange and wanton tragedy of their ſin:
" All their wild luſts they force her to ſuſtain,
" Till by ſhame, ſorrow, wearineſs, and pain,
" She midſt their loath'd and cruel kindneſs dies;
" Of monſtrous luſt the innocent ſacrifice.
" This did, 'tis true, a civil war create
" (The frequent curſe of our looſe-govern'd ſtate);
" All Gibeah's, and all Jabeſh' blood it coſt;
" Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we loſt.
" Firm, in this general earthquake of the land,
" How could religion, its main pillar, ſtand?
" Proud and fond man his Father's worſhip hates,
" Himſelf, God's creature, his own god creates!
" Hence in each houſhold ſeveral deities grew,
" And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new:
" The only land which ſerv'd but One before,
" Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
" They ſerv'd their gods at firſt, and ſoon their kings
" (Their choice of that this latter ſlavery brings);

" Till

" Till ſpecial men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
" By juſteſt force th' unjuſtly-forced yoke;
" All matchleſs perſons, and thrice worthy they
" Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.
" At laſt the prieſthood join'd, in Ithamar's ſon,
" More weight and luſtre to the ſceptre won;
" But, whilſt mild Eli and good Samuel were
" Buſied with age, and th' altar's ſacred care,
" To their wild ſons they their high charge commit,
" Who' expoſe to ſcorn and hate both them and it.
" Eli's curs'd houſe th' exemplar vengeance bears
" Of all their blood, and all ſad Iſrael's tears;
" His ſons abroad, himſelf at home, lies ſlain;
" Iſrael 's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
" Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,
" They ſuffer By them firſt, and For them next.
" Samuel ſucceeds;—ſince Moſes, none before
" So much of God in his bright boſom bore.
" In vain our arms Philiſtian tyrants ſeiz'd;
" Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd:
" He rains and wind for auxiliaries brought;
" He muſter'd flames and thunders when he fought.
" Thus thirty years with ſtrong and ſteady hand
" He held th' unſhaken balance of the land;
" At laſt his ſons th' indulgent father choſe
" To ſhare that ſtate which they were born to loſe:
" Their hateful acts that change's birth did haſte,
" Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages paſt.
" To this (for ſtill were ſome great periods ſet,
" There 's a ſtrong knot of ſeveral cauſes met)

" The threats concurr'd of a rough neigbouring war;
" A mighty ſtorm long gathering from afar:
" For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
" Like torrents ſwoln with rain, prepar'd the land t' in-
" Samuel was old, and, by his ſons' ill choice, [vade.
" Turn'd dotard in th' unſkilful vulgar's voice;
" His ſons ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the land
" Nor hop'd, nor wiſh'd, a victory from their hand.
" Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes why
" The general voice did for a Monarch cry;
" But God ill grains did in this incenſe ſmell;
" Wrapp'd in fair leaves he ſaw the canker dwell:
" A mutinous itch of change; a dull deſpair
" Of helps divine, oft prov'd; a faithleſs care
" Of common means; the pride of heart and ſcorn
" Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne.
" They ſaw the ſtate and glittering pomp which bleſt
" In vulgar ſenſe the ſceptres of the Eaſt;
" They ſaw not power's true ſource, and ſcorn'd t' obey
" Perſons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;
" They miſs'd courts, guards, a gay and numerous
" train—
" Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain:—
" On an old bench of wood, her ſeat of ſtate
" Beneath the well-known palm, wiſe Deborah ſate;
" Her maids with comely diligence round her ſpun,
" And ſhe too, when the pleadings there were done:
" With the ſame goad Shamgar his oxen drives
" Which took, the ſun before, ſix hundred lives

From

" From his ſham'd foes : he midſt his work dealt law
" And oft was his plough ſtopp'd to hear a cauſe :
" Nor did great Gideon his old flail diſdain,
" After won fields, ſack'd towns, and princes ſlain;
" His ſceptre that, and Ophra's threſhing-floor
" The ſeat and emblem of his juſtice bore.
" What ſhould I Jair, the happieſt father, name?
" Or mournful Jephtha, known no leſs to fame
" For the moſt wretched? Both at once did keep
" The mighty flocks of Iſrael and their ſheep.
" Oft from the field in haſte they ſummon'd were
" Some weighty foreign embaſſy to hear;
" They call'd their ſlaves, their ſons, and friends, arou
" Who all at ſeveral cares were ſcatter'd found;
" They waſh'd their feet, their only gown put on,
" And this chief work of ceremony was done.
" Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
" In a ripe hour by factious eloquence ſpread
" Through all the tribes, make all deſire a king;
" And to their Judge ſelected deputies bring
" This harſh demand; which Nacol for the reſt
" (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much gra
" expreſs'd:—
" We 're come, moſt ſacred Judge! to pay th' arre
" Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty years
" Of your juſt reign; and at your feet to lay
" All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
" In unproportion'd words; for you alone
" The not unfit reward, who ſeek for none.

" B

"But, when our forepaſt ills we call to mind,
'And ſadly think how little 's left behind
'Of your important life, whoſe ſudden date
'Would diſinherit th' unprovided ſtate;
When we conſider how unjuſt 'tis, you,
Who ne'er of power more than the burden knew,
At once the weight of that and age ſhould have
(Your ſtooping days preſs'd doubly towards the grave);
When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th' united Eaſt, our fall conſpir'd;
And that your ſons, whom chiefly we deſir'd
As ſtamps of you, in your lov'd room to place,
By unlike acts that noble ſtamp deface;
Midſt theſe new fears and ills we 're forc'd to fly
T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;
A new one, but long promis'd, and foretold
By Moſes, and to Abraham ſhown of old;
A prophecy long forming in the womb
Of teeming years, and now to ripeneſs come.
This remedy 's a King; for this we all
With an inſpir'd and zealous union call:
And, in one ſound when all men's voices join,
The muſic 's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine:
'Tis God alone ſpeaks a whole nation's voice;
That is his public language; but the choice
Of what Peculiar head that crown muſt bear,
From you, who his Peculiar organ are,
We' expect to hear: the people ſhall to you
Their king, the king his crown and people, owe.

" To your great name what luſtre will it brin
" T' have been our Judge, and to have made ot
" He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel
" Pauſing awhile at this great queſtion's weig
" With a grave ſigh, and with a thoughtful e
" That more of care than paſſion did deſcry,
" Calmly replies—You 're ſure the firſt, ſaid I
" Of freeborn men that begg'd for ſlavery.
" I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fe
" (Our old forefathers' crime) we luſt for bre
" Long ſince by God from bondage drawn, I
" We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln her
" Cheat not yourſelves with words; for, thoug
" Be the mild name, a Tyrant is the thing.
" Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly f
" How mild a thing unbounded man will be.
" He 'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap bloo
" Where'er his guideleſs paſſion leads his will
" Ambition, luſt, or ſpleen, his wars will raiſ
" Your lives' beſt price his thirſt of wealth or
" Your ableſt ſons for his proud guards he 'll
" And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievou
" Your daughters and dear wives he 'll force
" His luxury ſome, and ſome his luſt, t' obey
" His idle friends your hungry toils ſhall eat,
" Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your b
" ſweat.
" Then you 'll all ſigh, but ſighs will treaſon
" And not your griefs themſelves, or looks, b

"

Robb'd ev'n of hopes, when you theſe ills ſuſtain,
Your watery eyes you 'll then turn back in vain
On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,
Nay, ev'n my ſons, howe'er they' unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now; not that I'd clear
Their guilt, or mine own innocence indear:
Witneſs th' unutterable Name, there 's nought
Of private ends into this queſtion brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
Why man your God, and paſſion made your Law?
" Methinks (thus Moab interrupts him here)
The good old ſeer 'gainſt Kings was too ſevere.
'Tis jeſt to tell a people that they 're free;
Who, or How many, ſhall their maſters be
Is the ſole doubt; laws guide, but cannot reign;
And, though they bind not kings, yet they reſtrain.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their love)
That no one Moabite would his ſpeech approve.
But, pray go on.—'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet men whom age and action render wiſe
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils will, which may, from them arrive.
On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in vain;
All that his power or eloquence could obtain
Was, to enquire God's will ere they proceed
T' a work that would ſo much his bleſſing need.
A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet,
And at th' anointed tent all Iſrael met
Expect th' event; below, fair bullocks fry
In hallow'd flames; above, there mount on high

" There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah town
" For wiſdom much, and much for courage, known
" More for his ſon; his mighty ſon was Saul,
" Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.
" He was much prince, and when, or whereſoe'er,
" His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and then
" Such beauty, as great ſtrength thinks no diſgrace,
" Smil'd in the manly features of his face;
" His large, black eyes, fill'd with a ſpriteful light,
" Shot forth ſuch lively and illuſtrious night,
" As the ſun-beams, on jet reflecting, ſhow;
" His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow;
" His tall ſtraight body amidſt thouſands ſtood,
" Like ſome fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler wood
" Of all our rural ſports he was the pride;
" So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dextrous, none beſide.
" Reſt was his toil, labours his luſt and game;
" No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
" Not thirſt nor hunger; he would journeys go
" Through raging heats, and take repoſe in ſnow.
" His ſoul was ne'er unbent from weighty care;
" But active as ſome mind that turns a ſphere.
" His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
" Nor ſtep'd aſide for dangers or delight.
" Yet was he wiſe all dangers to foreſee;
" But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.
" His wit was ſtrong, not fine; and on his tongue
" An artleſs grace, above all eloquence, hung.
" Theſe virtues too the rich unuſual dreſs
" Of modeſty adorn'd, and humbleneſs;

" L

e a rich varniſh o'er fair pictures laid,
re freſh and laſting they the colours made.
l power and violent fortune, which did find
ſtop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no leſs his mind,
, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,
l brought forth unknown monſters in their place.
bid it, God! my maſter's ſpots ſhould be,
re they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by me!
ſuch he was; and now to Ramah went
God diſpos'd) with a ſtrange, low intent.
at God! he went loſt aſſes to enquire,
l a ſmall preſent, his ſmall queſtion's hire,
ught ſimply with him, to that man to give,
m whom high Heaven's chief gifts he muſt receive:
ınge play of Fate! when mightieſt human things
ıg on ſuch ſmall, imperceptible ſtrings!
vas Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feaſt
Rama kept; Samuel his wondering gueſt
th ſuch reſpect leads to it, and does grace
th the choice meats o' th' feaſt, and higheſt place;
ıich done, him forth alone the prophet brings,
d feaſts his raviſh'd ears with nobler things:
tells the mighty fate to him aſſign'd,
d with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;
en takes the ſacred vial, and does ſhed
:rown of myſtic drops around his head;
)ps of that royal moiſture which does know
mixture, and diſdains the place below.
ın comes the kingly day, and with it brings
ıew account of time upon his wings.

" The people met, the rites and prayers all paſt,
" Behold! the heaven-inſtructed lot is caſt;
" 'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miſs;
" Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the houſe of Cis:
" As glimmering ſtars, juſt at th' approach of day,
" Caſhier'd by troops, at laſt drop all away;
" By ſuch degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
" And, like the ſun, Saul's lot ſhines all alone.
" Ev'n here perhaps the people's ſhout was heard,
" The loud long ſhout, when God's fair choice appear'd:
" Above the whole vaſt throng he' appear'd ſo tall,
" As if by Nature made for th' head of all;
" So full of grace and ſtate, that one might know
" 'Twas ſome wiſe eye the blind lot guided ſo:
" But blind unguided lots have more of choice
" And conſtancy than the ſlight vulgar's voice.
" Ere yet the crown of ſacred oil is dry,
" Whilſt echoes yet preſerve the joyful cry,
" Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miſs,
" Some envy Saul, ſome ſcorn the houſe of Cis:
" Some their firſt mutinous wiſh, 'a King!' repent,
" As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by God's conſent:
" Few to this prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
" All leave the old, but few the new obey.
" Thus changes man, but God is conſtant ſtill
" To thoſe eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
" And, though he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit
" That ſtubborn men at laſt to him ſubmit.
" As midſt the main a low ſmall iſland lies,
" Aſſaulted round with ſtormy ſeas and ſkies,

" Whil

Whilſt the poor heartleſs natives, every hour,
Darkneſs and noiſe ſeem ready to devour;
Such Iſrael's ſtate appear'd, whilſt o'er the weſt
Philiſtian clouds hung threatening, and from th' eaſt
All nations' wrath into one tempeſt joins,
Through which proud Nahaſh like fierce lightning
" ſhines;
Egris and Nile to his aſſiſtance ſend,
And waters to ſwoln Jaboc's torrent lend;
Mir, Edom, Soba, Amalek, add their force;
Join with them march the three Arabias' horſe;
And, 'mongſt all theſe, none more their hope or pride,
Than thoſe few troops your warlike land ſupply'd.
Sound weak Jabeſh this vaſt hoſt does lie,
Diſdains a dry and bloodleſs victory.
The hopeleſs town for ſlavery does intreat;
But barbarous Nahaſh thinks that grace too great;
Of (his firſt tribute) their right eyes, demands,
And with their faces' ſhame diſarms their hands.
Till unreliev'd ſeven days by Iſrael's aid,
His bargain for o'er-rated life is made.
Ah, mighty God! let thine own Iſrael be
Quite blind itſelf, ere this reproach it ſee!
By' his wanton people the new king forſook,
To homely, rural cares himſelf betook;
A private plenty liv'd, without the ſtate,
Of ſtre, and noiſe, due to a public fate.
Whilſt he his ſlaves and cattle follows home,
Lo! the ſad meſſengers, from Jabeſh come,

" Implore

" Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
" That way at leaſt proud Nahaſh to prevent.
" Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
" He iſſues forth t' aſſemble all the land;
" He threatens high, and diſobedient they,
" Wak'd by ſuch princely terrors, learnt t' obey.
" A mighty hoſt is rais'd; th' important cauſe
" Age from their reſt, youth from their pleaſure, draws;
" Arm'd as unfurniſh'd haſte could them provide;
" But conduct, courage, anger, that ſupply'd.
" All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
" On Jabeſh' heath in three fair bodies drawn:
" Saul did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
" His ſon the next, Abner the third, command.—
" But pardon, Sir, if, naming Saul's great ſon,
" I ſtop with him awhile ere I go on.—
" This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
" The beautifull'ſt and beſt, of human race;
" That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
" All that kind mothers' wiſhes can contain!
" His courage ſuch as it no ſtop can know,
" And victory gains by' aſtoniſhing the foe;
" With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
" And melts their hearts ere it the boſom wounds;
" Yet he the conquer'd with ſuch ſweetneſs gains,
" As captive lovers find in beauty's chains:
" In war, the adverſe troops he does aſſail
" Like an impetuous ſtorm of wind and hail;
" In peace, like gentleſt dew that does aſſwage
" The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage;

" Kir

id as the ſun's bleſt influence; and, where'er
comes, plenty and joy attend him there:
help ſeems all his power; his wealth to give,
do much good, his ſole prerogative:
l yet this general bounty of his mind,
t with wide arms embraces all mankind,
1 artful prudence does to each divide;
h different meaſures all are ſatisfy'd;
as wiſe God his plenteous manna dealt;
e gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
all relations their juſt rights he pays,
l worth's reward above its claim does raiſe:
tendereſt huſband, maſter, father, ſon,
l all thoſe parts by' his friendſhip far outdone;
love to friends no bound or rule does know,
at he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.
n as his ſword, and pointed, is his wit;
judgment, like beſt armour, ſtrong and fit;
l ſuch an eloquence to both theſe does join,
nakes in both beauty and uſe combine;
ough which a noble tincture does appear
earning and choice books imprinted there:
well he knows all times and perſons gone,
ie himſelf to th' future ſhall be known:
his chief ſtudy is God's ſacred law,
l all his life does comments on it draw;—
never more by Heaven to man was given,
ever more was paid by man to Heaven.—
l all theſe virtues were to ripeneſs grown,
yet his flower of youth was fully blown;

" All autumn's ſtore did his rich ſpring adorn;
" Like trees in paradiſe, he with fruit was born.
" Such is his ſoul; and if, as ſome men tell,
" Souls form and build thoſe manſions where t'
" dwell,
" Whoe'er but ſees his body muſt confeſs,
" The architect, no doubt, could be no leſs.
" From Saul his growth and manly ſtrength he took
" Chaſtis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look;
" Not bright Ahinoam, beauty's loudeſt name
" (Till ſhe t' her children loſt with joy her fame)
" Had ſweeter ſtrokes, colours more freſh and fair,
" More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.
" Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,
" And on this boundleſs ſubject ſtay ſo long,
" Where too much haſte ever to end 'twould be,
" Did not his acts ſpeak what 's untold by me.
" Though, from the time his hands a ſword could wiel
" He ne'er miſs'd fame and danger in the field,
" Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
" Since Saul's bright crown gave luſtre to his worth;
" 'Twas the laſt morning whoſe unchearful riſe
" Sad Jabeſh was to view with both their eyes.
" Secure proud Nahaſh ſlept as in his court,
" And dreamt, vain man! of that day's barbarous ſpc
" Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke;
" Till into 'his camp our violent army broke.
" The careleſs guards with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd
" Slaughter the camp, and wild confuſion, fill'd;

" Naha

h his fatal duty does perform,
narches boldly up t' outface the ſtorm;
Jonathan he meets, as he purſues
rabian horſe, and a hot fight renews:
here your troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
Iz and Jathan, their ſtout colonels, fell.
here our victory ſtopp'd, and gave us cauſe
to ſuſpect th' intention of her pauſe;
vhen our thundering Prince Nahaſh eſpy'd
, with a courage equal to his pride,
through our troops, and tow'rds him boldly
'e preſs'd)
erous joy leap'd in his youthful breaſt:
ien a wrathful dragon's diſmal light
; ſuddenly ſome warlike eagle's ſight,
iighty ſhe pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
ps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
vain though violent force their darts they flung;
mon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
opp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
liding off, bore the proud creſt from it;
with their ſwords to the fierce ſhock they came,
words, their armour, and their eyes, ſhot flame;
ſtrong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,
more than they th' engag'd ſpectators felt;
mon force, in Jonathan addreſs
gh both were great in both to an exceſs)
well-judging eye did moſt appear;
r and anger in both equal were.

"Two

" Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon
" Which he, enrag'd to feel, and 'fham'd to see,
" Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
" And as a ſpaniel, when we our aim direct
" To ſhoot ſome bird, impatiently ſtands by
" Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
" Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
" So waited Death itſelf to bear away
" The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy ſtan
" At ſight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.—
" Our watchful Prince by bending ſav'd the wo
" But Death in other coin his reckoning found;
" For, whilſt th' immoderate ſtroke's miſcarrying
" Had almoſt borne the ſtriker from his horſe,
" A nimble thruſt his active enemy made;
" 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious
" And opened wide thoſe ſecret veſſels, where
" Life's light goes out, when firſt they let in air
" He falls! his armour clanks againſt the grou
" From his faint tongue imperfect curſes ſound.
" His amaz'd troops ſtrait caſt their arms away;
" Scarce fled his ſoul from thence more ſwift th
" As when two kings of neighbour hives (who
" And thirſt of empire in fierce wars engage,
" Whilſt each lays claim to th' garden as his ow
" And ſeeks t' uſurp the bordering flowers alon
" Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth
" In th' air's wide plain diſpute their doubtful
" If by ſad chance of battle either king
" Fall wounded down, ſtrook with ſome fatal ſ

ıy's hopes and courage with him die;
eathe up their faint ſwords, and routed fly.
ther ſides at once, with like ſucceſs,
camp great Saul and Abner preſs;
nathan's part a wild mix'd noiſe they hear,
natſoe'er it mean, long to be there;
ame inſtant from glad Jabeſh' town
ty troops march loud and chearful down;
w at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
: is ſlaughter and vaſt conqueſt all.
: by which our hoſt thus far had gone,
: with noble heat drove farther on;
us arms through Ammon's land it bore;
hind, and terror march'd before:
r from Rabba's towers they caſt their ſight,
louds the day, and flames make clear the night.
ight ſucceſs did Saul's firſt action bring;
the lot, and crown, leſs crown'd him king:
ppy, all men judge for empire fit,
ıe withſtands where Fortune does ſubmit.
ho before did God's fair choice withſtand,
ſſive vulgar now to death demand;
r Saul repeal'd their haſty doom;
t abroad, with mercy crown'd at home;
ı'd with civil ſlaughter that day's pride,
oreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
ıe crown th' aſſembled people give,
eater joy than Saul could it receive;
h' old Judge reſigns his ſacred place
orify'd with wonders his diſgrace);

"With

" With decent pride, ſuch as did well befit
" The name he kept, and that which he did quit:
" The long-paſt row of happy years he ſhow'd
" Which to his heavenly government they ow'd;
" How the torn State his juſt and prudent reign
" Reſtor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
" In war what conquering miracles he wrought;—
" God, then their King, was General when they fought;
" Whom they depos'd with him—And that, ſaid he,
" You may ſee God concern'd in 't more than me,
" Behold how ſtorms his angry preſence ſhroud!
" Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!
" 'Twas now the ripen'd ſummer's higheſt rage;
" Which no faint cloud durſt mediate to aſſuage;
" Th' earth hot with thirſt, and hot with luſt for rain,
" Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
" Which ſtrait were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th' ſun;
" When, lo! ere ſcarce the active ſpeech was done,
" A violent wind roſe from his ſecret cave,
" And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
" Whilſt with rude haſte the confus'd tempeſt crouds,
" Swift, dreadful flames ſhot through th' encountering
" clouds,
" From whoſe torn womb th' impriſon'd thunder broke,
" And in dire ſounds the prophet's ſenſe it ſpoke;
" Such an impetuous ſhower it downwards ſent,
" As if the waters 'bove the firmament
" Were all let looſe; horror and fearful noiſe
" Fill'd the black ſcene; till the great prophet's voice,

" Swift

Swift as the wings of morn, reduc'd the day;
Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once away.
Fear not, said he; God his fierce wrath removes,
And, though this State my service disapproves,
My prayers shall serve it constantly: No more,
I hope, a pardon for past sins t' implore;
But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of our king.
Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice
In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit!
The honour Heaven has cloath'd him with, fits fit
And comely on him; since you needs must be
Rul'd by a King, you're happy that 'tis he.
Obey him gladly; and let him too know
You were not made for him, but he for you,
And both for God;
Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
In vain shall he command, and you obey;
So foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
Stead of king and subjects here at home.
The crown thus several ways confirm'd to Saul,
One way was wanting yet to crown them all;
And that was force, which only can maintain
The power that fortune gives, or worth does gain.
Three thousand guards of big bold men he took;
All, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look:
Six sacred person two, and throne, defend;
The third, on matchless Jonathan attend;

" O'er whoſe full thoughts, Honour, and Youthful H
" Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great.
" On Geba firſt, where a Philiſtian band
" Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,
" He falls, and ſlaughters all; his noble rage
" Mix'd with deſign his nation to engage
" In that juſt war, which from them long in vain, 6
" Honour and freedom's voice had ſtrove t' obtain.
" Th' accurs'd Philiſtian, rouz'd with this bold blow
" All the proud marks of enrag'd power does ſhow;
" Raiſes a vaſt, well-arm'd, and glittering hoſt:
" If human ſtrength might authorize a boaſt, 7
" Their threats had reaſon here; for ne'er did we
" Ourſelves ſo weak, or foe ſo potent, ſee.
" Here we vaſt bodies of their foot eſpy,
" The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye;
" Like fields of corn their armed ſquadrons ſtand; 7
" As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
" Here with ſharp neighs the warlike horſes ſound,
" And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground;
" Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand chariots paſs,
" With plates of iron bound, or louder braſs; 7
" About it forks, axes, and ſcythes, and ſpears,
" Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
" Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
" And with lop'd panting limbs the field beſtrows:
" Alike, the valiant and the cowards die; 8
" Neither can they reſiſt, nor can theſe fly.
" In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,
" Saul in much different ſtate at Gilgal, lay;

" His

' His forces ſeem'd no army, but a crowd,
' Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and loud.
' The quick contagion, Fear, ran ſwift through all,
' And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
' Saul and his ſon (for no ſuch faint diſeaſe
' Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd valour ſeize)
' In vain all parts of virtuous conduct ſhow'd,
" And on deaf terror generous words beſtow'd:
" Thouſands from thence fly ſcatter'd every day,
" Thick as the leaves that ſhake and drop away,
" When they th' approach of ſtormy winter find;
" The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind.
" Some to ſad Jordan fly, and ſwim 't for haſte,
" And from his farther bank look back at laſt:
" Some into woods and caves their cattle drive;
" There with their beaſts on equal terms they live,
" Nor deſerve better: ſome in rocks on high,
" The old retreats of ſtorks and ravens, lie;
" And, were they wing'd like them, ſcarce would they dare
" To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafety there.
" As th' hoſt with fear, ſo Saul diſturb'd with care,
" T' avert theſe ills by ſacrifice and prayer,
" And God's bleſt will t' enquire, for Samuel ſends;
" Whom he ſix days with troubled haſte attends;
" But, ere the ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
" By Samuel ſet for this great work) was paſt,
" Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring foe;
" Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know;

" 'Sham'd and enrag'd to ſee his troops decay;
" Jealous of an affront in Samuel's ſtay;
" Scorning that any 's preſence ſhould appear
" Needful beſides, when he himſelf was there;
" And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven
" Had given him all, becauſe much power 't had given
" Himſelf the ſacrifice and offerings made;
" Himſelf did th' high ſelected charge invade;
" Himſelf enquir'd of God; who then ſpake nought;
" But Samuel ſtrait his dreadful anſwer brought:
" For ſtrait he came, and, with a virtue bold
" As was Saul's ſin, the fatal meſſage told;
" His foul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,
" To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid
" To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
" Where all things elſe ſubmit to his command.
" And, as fair Eden's violated tree
" T' immortal man brought in mortality:
" So ſhall that crown, which God eternal meant,
" From thee, ſaid he, and thy great houſe, be rent;
" Thy crime ſhall death to all thine honours ſend,
" And give thy' immortal royalty an end.
" Thus ſpoke the prophet; but kind Heaven, we hope
" (Whoſe threats and anger know no other ſcope
" But man's amendment) does long ſince relent,
" And, with repentant Saul, itſelf repent.
" Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,
" Whoſe wrongs and ſufferings might ſome colour be
" To do it leſs) this ſpeech we ſadly find
" Still extant, and ſtill active in his mind;

" But

" But then a worſe effect of it appear'd—
" Our army, which before modeſtly fear'd;
" Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay;
" Diſbanded now, and fled in troops away.
" Baſe fear ſo bold and impudent does grow,
" When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow!
" Six hundred only (ſcarce a princely train)
" Of all his hoſt with diſtreſs'd Saul remain;
" Of his whole hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'n thoſe
" (So did wiſe Heaven for mighty ends diſpoſe!
" Nor would that uſeleſs multitudes ſhould ſhare
" In that great gift it did for one prepare)
" Arm'd not like ſoldiers marching in a war,
" But country-hinds alarmed from afar
" By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known ſound
" Raiſes th' affrighted villages around.
" Some goads, flails, plow-ſhares, forks, or axes, bore,
" Made for life's uſe and better ends before;
" Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
" I' th' fire, the firſt rude arts that malice try'd,
" Ere man the ſins of too much knowledge knew,
" And death by long experience witty grew.
" Such were the numbers, ſuch the arms, which we
" Had by fate left us for a victory
" O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
" Uſeful itſelf, when Jonathan was there.
" 'Twas juſt the time when the new ebb of night
" Did the moiſt world unvail to human ſight;
" The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
" With a ſmall party, and no enemy met

" (So proud and ſo ſecure the enemy lay,
" And drench'd in ſleep th' exceſſes of the day!)
" With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
" With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
" The ſtrength and order of their camp to view:
" Abdon alone his generous purpoſe knew;
" Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
" Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and truth
" Abdon, his faithful 'ſquire, whom much he lov'd,
" And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
" Abdon, whoſe love t' his maſter did exceed
" What Nature's law, or Paſſion's power, could bree
" Abdon alone did on him now attend,
" His humbleſt ſervant, and his deareſt friend.
" They went, but ſacred fury, as they went,
" Chang'd ſwiftly, and exalted his intent.
" What may this be! (the Prince breaks forth); I ſ
" God, or ſome powerful ſpirit, invades my mind.
" From aught but Heaven can never ſure be brought
" So high, ſo glorious, and ſo vaſt a thought;
" Nor would Ill-fate, that meant me to ſurprize,
" Come cloath'd in ſo unlikely a diſguiſe.
" Yon hoſt, which its proud fiſhes ſpreads ſo wide
" O'er the whole land, like ſome ſwoln river's tide;
" Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
" As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears
" Which lies ſo ſtrongly 'encamp'd, that one would
" The hill might be remov'd as ſoon as they;
" We two alone muſt fight with and defeat:
" Thou 'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a ſound ſo great!

" T

we muſt do 't; God our weak hands has choſe
ıſhame the boaſted numbers of our foes;
ich to his ſtrength no more proportion be,
ın millions are of hours to his eternity.
when their careleſs guards eſpy us here,
h ſportful ſcorn they call t' us to come near,
'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
they, but Iſrael's Angel, gives the call.
ſpoke, and as he ſpoke, a light divine
from his eyes, and round his temples, ſhine;
der his voice, larger his limbs, appear'd;
ſeem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
s ſaw, and heard, with joy the brave Eſquire,
he with God's, fill'd with his maſter's, fire:
ɔid it, Heaven! ſaid he, I ſhould decline,
wiſh, Sir, not to make your danger mine;
great example which I daily ſee
your high worth is not ſo loſt on me;
'onder-ſtrook I at your words appear,
wonder yet is innocent of fear:
honour which does your princely breaſt enflame,
'ms mine too, and joins there with duty's name.
ı this act Ill-fate our tempter be,
y all the ill it means be aim'd at me!
ſure, I think, God leads; nor could you bring
igh thoughts from a leſs-exalted ſpring.
ht ſigns through all your words and looks are
" ſpread,
ſing victory dawns around your head.

" With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
" Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.
" Strongly encamp'd on a ſteep hill's large head,
" Like ſome vaſt wood the mighty hoſt was ſpread;
" Th' only' acceſs on neighbouring Gabaa's ſide,
" An hard and narrow way, which did divide
" Two cliffy rocks, Boſes and Senes nam'd,
" Much for themſelves, and their big ſtrangeneſs, fam'
" More for their fortune, and this ſtranger day.
" On both their points Philiſtian out-guards lay,
" From whence the two bold ſpies they firſt eſpy'd;
" And, lo! the Hebrews! proud Elcanor cry'd,
" From Senes' top; lo! from their hungry caves,
" A quicker fate here ſends them to their graves.
" Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
" Ye' Egyptian ſlaves, and to our mercy owe
" The rebel-lives long ſince t' our juſtice due.
" Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
" When th' inſpir'd Prince did nimbly underſtand
" God, and his God-like virtues' high command.
" It call'd him up, and up the ſteep aſcent
" With pain and labour, haſte and joy, they went.
" Eleanor laugh'd to ſee them climb, and thought
" His mighty words th' affrighted ſuppliants brought
" Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name,
" (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
" Short was his ſport; for, ſwift as thunder's ſtroke
" Rives the frail trunk of ſome heaven-threatening oak
" The Prince's ſword did his proud head divide;
" The parted ſcull hung down on either ſide.

" Ju

" Juſt as he fell, his vengeful ſteel he drew
" Half-way (no more the trembling joints could do);
" Which Abdon ſnatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
" Of an amazed wretch that next him ſtood.
" Some cloſe to earth, ſhaking and groveling, lie,
" Like larks when they the tyrant hobby ſpy;
" Some, wonder-ſtrook, ſtand fix'd; ſome fly; ſome arm
" Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm.
" Like the main channel of an high-ſwoln flood,
" In vain by dikes and broken works withſtood;
" So Jonathan, once climb'd th' oppoſing hill,
" Does all around with noiſe and ruin fill:
" Like ſome large arm of which, another way
" Abdon o'erflows; him too no bank can ſtay.
" With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
" Behind the following waters loudly roar.
" Twenty, at leaſt, ſlain on this out-guard lie,
" To th' adjoin'd camp the reſt diſtracted fly;
" And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into 't bear
" Blind terror, deaf diſorder, helpleſs fear.
" The conquerors too preſs boldly in behind,
" Doubling the wild confuſions which they find.
" Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of Aſhdod town,
" Chief 'mongſt the five in riches and renown,
" And General then by courſe, oppos'd their way,
" Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
" And curs'd the heavens for rage, and bit the ground;
" His life, for ever ſpilt, ſtain'd all the graſs around.
" His brother too, who virtuous haſte did make
" His fortune to revenge, or to partake,

" Falls

" Falls groveling o'er his trunk, on mother earth;
" Death mix'd no leſs their bloods than did their bi
" Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's reſtleſs ſwo
" Diſpatch'd the following train t' attend their lord
" On ſtill, o'er panting corpſe, great Jonathan led;
" Hundreds before him fell, and thouſands fled.
" Prodigious Prince! which does moſt wondrous ſh
" Thy' attempt, or thy ſucceſs? thy fate or thou?
" Who durſt alone that dreadful hoſt aſſail,
" With purpoſe not to die, but to prevail!
" Infinite numbers thee no more affright,
" Than God, whoſe unity is infinite.
" If Heaven to men ſuch mighty thoughts would gi
" What breaſt but thine capacious to receive
" The vaſt infuſion? or what ſoul but thine
" Durſt have believ'd that thought to be divine?
" Thou follow'd'ſt Heaven in the deſign, and we
" Find in the act 'twas Heaven that follow'd thee.
" Thou led'ſt on angels, and that ſacred band
" (The Deity's great lieutenant!) didſt command.
" 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I ſay
" Angels themſelves fought under him that day.
" Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, ſome thither dr
" And ſome the dire materials brought for new.
" Hot drops of ſouthern ſhowers (the ſweats of deat
" The voice of ſtorms, and winged whirlwinds' bre
" The flames ſhot forth from fighting dragons' eyes
" The ſmokes that from ſcorch'd fevers' ovens riſe;
" The reddeſt fires with which ſad comets grow;
" And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did ſpirits beſto

Of fineſt ſulphur; amongſt which they put
Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled ſhut
Into a cold moiſt cloud, t' enflame it more,
And make th' enraged priſoner louder roar.
Th' aſſembled clouds burſt o'er their army's head;
Noiſe, darkneſs, diſmal lightnings, round them ſpread.
Another Spirit, with a more potent wand
Than that which Nature fear'd in Moſes' hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain ſtrook;
The mountain felt it; the vaſt mountain ſhook.
Through the wide air another Angel flew
About their hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
Diſcord, deſpair, confuſion, fear, miſtake,
And all th' ingredients that ſwift ruin make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens, and receives at once the ſeed.
One would have thought, this diſmal day t' have ſeen,
That Nature's ſelf in her death-pangs had been.
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the diſtracted ſinner's conſcious fear.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,
Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
O'er their own foot trampled the violent horſe;
The guideleſs chariots with impetuous courſe
Cut wide through both; and, all their bloody way,
Horſes and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
Some from the rocks caſt themſelves down headlong;
The faint, weak paſſion grows ſo bold and ſtrong!

"To

" To almoſt certain preſent death they fly,
" From a remote and cauſeleſs fear to die.
" Much different error did ſome troops poſſeſs;
" And madneſs, that look'd better, though no leſs:
" Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take;
" And Iſrael's war with mutual ſlaughter make.
" Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,
" And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew
" Still great and loud; and, though he knows not why
" They fled, no more than they themſelves that fly,
" Yet, by the ſtorms and terrors of the air,
" Gueſſes ſome vengeful ſpirit 's working there;
" Obeys the loud occaſion's ſacred call,
" And fiercely on the trembling hoſt does fall.
" At the ſame time their ſlaves and priſoners riſe;
" Nor does their much-wiſh'd liberty ſuffice,
" Without revenge; the ſcatter'd arms they ſeize,
" And their proud vengeance with the memory pleaſe
" Of who ſo lately bore them. All about,
" From rocks and caves, the Hebrews iſſue out
" At the glad noiſe; joy'd that their foes had ſhown
" A fear that drowns the ſcandal of their own.
" Still did the Prince 'midſt all this ſtorm appear,
" Still ſcatter'd death and terrors evey where;
" Still did he break, ſtill blunt, his wearied ſwords;
" Still ſlaughter new ſupplies t' his hand affords.
" Where troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
" And, till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to purſue.
" All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
" Th' inſatiate Conqueror was more ſwift to kill

" Than

i they to ſave their lives. Till, lo! at laſt,
re, whoſe power he had ſo long ſurpaſs'd,
ld yield no more, but to him ſtronger foes,
ght, faintheſs, and fierce hunger, did oppoſe.
ing all o'er in duſt, and blood, and ſweat,
it with the ſun's and violent action's heat,
ift an old oak his trembling limbs he ſtaid,
ome ſhort eaſe; Fate in th' old oak had laid
iſions up for his relief; and lo!
hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.
i timely food his decay'd ſpirits recruit,
g he returns, and freſh, to the purſuit;
trength and ſpirits the honey did reſtore;
oh! the bitter-ſweet ſtrange poiſon bore!
d, Sir, and mark well the treacherous fate,
does ſo cloſe on human glories wait!
d the ſtrong, and yet fantaſtic net,
ſnare triumphant virtue darkly ſet!
l it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought,
Prince—who had alone that morning fought
el with an hoſt, had the hoſt o'erthrown,
threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with one;
'd-off his country's ſhame, and doubly dy'd
od and bluſhes the Philiſtan pride;
ſav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,
the bright gold new burniſh'd with renown,—
d be ere night, by 's King and Father's breath,
out a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
i'd the bloody ſacrifice to be
anks, himſelf, for his own victory?

" Alone,

" Alone, with various fate, like to become,
" Fighting, an hoſt; dying, an hecatomb?
" Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe;
" For Saul, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might
" (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to ſight)
" His hungry men from the purſuit diſſuade,
" A raſh, but ſolemn vow to Heaven had made—
" Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be,
" Who ſhall touch food this buſy day, ſaid he,
" Whilſt the bleſt ſun does with his favouring light
" Aſſiſt our vengeful ſwords againſt their flight;
" Be he thrice curs'd! and, if his life we ſpare,
" On us thoſe curſes fall that he ſhould bear!
" Such was the king's raſh vow; who little thought
" How near to him Fate th' application brought.
" The two-edg'd oath wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
" Ev'n perjury its leaſt and bluntest ſtroke.
" 'Twas his own ſon, whom God and mankind lov'd,
" His own victorious ſon, that he devov'd;
" On whoſe bright head the baleful curſes light:
" But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
" Forbids their entrance or their ſettling there;
" They with brute ſound diſſolv'd into the air.
" Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,
" Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
" Entangled in 't? whilſt wonders he did do,
" Muſt he die now for not being prophet too?
" To all but him this oath was meant and ſaid;
" He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made

" Will

s acting then, till, faint and out of breath,
grew half-dead with toil of giving death.
at could his crime in this condition be,
us'd by ignorance and neceſſity?
the remorſeleſs king—who did diſdain
t man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
ough 'gainſt himſelf; or fate a way ſhould ſee
which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;
o thought compaſſion female weakneſs here,
l equity injuſtice, would appear
is own cauſe; who falſely fear'd, beſide,
ſolemn curſe on Jonathan did abide,
, the infected limb not cut away,
ild like a gangrene o'er all Iſrael ſtray;—
ar'd this god-like ſacrifice to kill,
his raſh vow more raſhly to fulfil.
it tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
ch on all Iſrael that ſad moment fell!
er had been their grief, fewer their tears,
the Philiſtian fate that day been theirs.
Saul's proud heart could maſter his ſwoln eye;
Prince alone ſtood mild and patient by;
ight his ſufferings, ſo triumphant, ſhow'd,
to the beſt than worſt of fates he ow'd.
ſtory now he o'er himſelf might boaſt;
nquer'd now, that conqueror of an hoſt.
rm'd through tears the ſad ſpectator's ſight,
everence, love, and gratitude, excite,
pious rage; with which inſpir'd, they now
ſe to Saul's a better public vow.

They

" They all conſent all Iſrael ought to be
" Accurs'd and kill'd themſelves, rather than he.
" Thus with kind force they the glad king withſtood,
" And ſav'd their wondrous ſaviour's ſacred blood!"
Thus David ſpoke; and much did yet remain
Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain;
Edom and Zoba's war—for what befel
In that of Moab, was known there too well:
The boundleſs quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land;
Where Heaven itſelf did cruelty command,
And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did ere
More puniſh innocent blood, than pity there.
But lo! they' arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
Well-choſen and well-furniſh'd for the chace.

END OF THE DAVIDEIS.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING

THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himſelf to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a ſpectator of that ſolemnity, the expectation of which had been ſo great, that it was ſaid to have brought ſome very curious perſons (and no doubt ſingular virtuoſos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more coſt beſtowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itſelf, could deſerve. There was a mighty train of black aſſiſtants, among which, too, divers princes in the perſons of their ambaſſadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loſs of their brother) were pleaſed to attend; the hearſe was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practiſed at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vaſt multitude of ſpectators made up, as it uſes to do, no ſmall part of the ſpectacle itſelf. But yet, I know not how, the whole was ſo managed, that, methought, it ſomewhat repreſented the life of him for whom it

was made; much noiſe, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great ſhow, and yet, after all this, but an ill ſight. At laſt (for it ſeemed long to me, and like his ſhort reign too, very tedious) the whole ſcene paſſed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man: and ſometimes I was filled with horror and deteſtation of his actions, and ſometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and ſucceſs; till, by theſe different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were aſleep, I fell at laſt into this viſion; or if you pleaſe to call it but a dream, I ſhall not take it ill, becauſe the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But ſure it was no dream; for I was ſuddenly tranſported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myſelf on the top of that famous hill in the iſland Mona, which has the proſpect of three great, and not-long-ſince moſt happy, kingdoms. As ſoon as ever I looked on them, the "not-long-ſince" ſtruck upon my memory, and called forth the ſad repreſentation of all the ſins, and all the miſeries, that had overwhelmed them theſe twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my preſent ſtock of moiſture was all waſted, I fell a ſighing for an hour more; and, as ſoon as I recovered from my paſſion the uſe of ſpeech and reaſon, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint:

Ah, happy isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When peace, which had forsook the world around
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose.

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
When all, that nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

When plenty in each village did appear,
And bounty was its steward there;
When gold walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;
When the religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noise.

When men to men, respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
A happier monarch to us, than our own;

And yet his ſubjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happier ev'n than h

Thou doſt a Chaos, and Confuſion, now,
A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
And, like a frantic perſon, thou doſt tear
The ornaments and cloaths which thou ſhould'ſt w
And cut thy limbs; and, if we ſee
(Juſt as thy barbarous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocriſy
Painted all o'er, thou think'ſt thy naked ſhame is l

The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile);
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!
But that thy faults all pity do ſurpaſs.
Art thou the country, which didſt hate
And mock the French inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of habits there, than governments in t

Unhappy iſle! no ſhip of thine at ſea,
Was ever toſt and torn like thee.
Thy naked hulk looſe on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy fooliſh pilots ail,
To lay the compaſs quite aſide?
Without a law or rule to ſail,
And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be
guide?

et, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating isle from shipwreck save;
nd though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
well deserve to sink into the main;
Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer
(The royal martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing vessel spare;
lear but his soul above, and not his blood below!

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for here appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword, that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, "Pax quæritur bello;" and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet

belonging thereunto; for I am that angel, to
the Almighty has committed the government
three kingdoms, which thou ſeeſt from this
And I anſwered and ſaid, "If it be ſo, Sir,
to me that for almoſt theſe twenty years pa
highneſs has been abſent from your charge:
only if any angel, but if any wiſe and honeſt m
ſince that time been our governor, we ſhould n
wandered thus long in theſe laborious and end
byrinths of confuſion, but either not have
at all into them, or at leaſt have returned back
had abſolutely loſt our way; but, inſtead of you
neſs, we have had ſince ſuch a protector, as
predeceſſor Richard the third to the king his n
for he preſently ſlew the commonwealth, wh
pretented to protect, and ſet up himſelf in the
it: a little leſs guilty indeed in one reſpect,
the other ſlew an innocent, and this man did b

ects him from, could do more. Such a protector—" nd as I was proceeding, methoughts, his highneſs egan to put on a diſpleaſed and threatening counteance, as men uſe to do when their deareſt friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me he firſt riſe of jealouſy againſt him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all his foreign correſpondences had ever held any with angels. However I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then: and therefore (as if I had ſpoken to the protector himſelf in Whitehall) I deſired him "that his highneſs would pleaſe to pardon me, if I had unwittingly ſpoken any thing to the diſparagement of a perſon, whoſe relations to his highneſs I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me "that he had no other concernment for his late highneſs, than as he took him to be the greateſt man that ever was of the Engliſh nation, if not (ſaid he) of the whole world; which gives me a juſt title to the defence of his reputation, ſince I now account myſelf, as it were, a naturalized Engliſh angel, by having had ſo long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (ſaid he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that deteſts and decries ſo extraordinary a virtue, "What can be more extraordinary, than that a perſon of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have ſometimes, or of mind, which have often, raiſed men to the higheſt dignities, ſhould have the courage to at-

tempt, and the happineſs to ſucceed in, ſo improbable a deſign, as the deſtruction of one of the moſt ancient and moſt ſolidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he ſhould have the power or boldneſs to put his prince and maſter to an open and infamous death; to baniſh that numerous and ſtrongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleaſed, and ſpurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raiſe up a new and unheard-of monſter out of their aſhes; to ſtifle that in the very infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever were called ſovereign in England; to oppreſs all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to ſerve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriouſly at laſt; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the ſouth and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and ſcatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would pleaſe to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the maſter of thoſe who had hired him before to be their ſervant; to have the eſtates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his diſpoſal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them; and laſtly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his poſterity; to die with

a peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried
ng kings, and with more than regal ſolemnity;
to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguiſh-
but with the whole world; which, as it is now
little for his praiſes, ſo might have been too for his
queſts, if the ſhort line of his human life could
: been ſtretched-out to the extent of his immortal
gns *?"

y this ſpeech, I began to underſtand perfectly well
it kind of angel his pretended highneſs was; and
ing fortified myſelf privately with a ſhort mental
/er, and with the ſign of the croſs (not out of any
erſtition to the ſign, but as a recognition of my bap-
i in Chriſt), I grew a little bolder, and replied in
manner: "I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what
are pleaſed to ſay in commendation of the late
it, and (I confeſs) extraordinary perſon, but that
emember Chriſt forbids us to give aſſent to any
:r doctrine but what himſelf has taught us, even
igh it ſhould be delivered by an angel; and if ſuch
be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather
ry than to tempt my frailty: for ſure I am, that
muſt renounce or forget all the laws of the New
Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the founda-
of both, even the laws of moral and natural ho-
y, if we approve of the actions of that man whom
ppoſe you commend by irony.

Mr. Hume has inſerted this character of Crom-
l, but altered, as he ſays, in ſome particulars from
original, in his hiſtory of Great-Britain. H.

There

freedom for all men, and under the help of t
tence to make all men his ſervants? to tak
againſt taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand
a year, and to raiſe them himſelf to above t
lions? to quarrel for the loſs of three or fo
and to ſtrike off three or four hundred heads?
againſt an imaginary ſuſpicion of I know no
two thouſand guards to be fetched for the
know not from whence, and to keep up for
no leſs than forty thouſand? to pretend the
of parliaments, and violently to diſſolve all,
his own calling, and almoſt chooſing? to u
the reformation of religion, to rob it even
very ſkin, and then to expoſe it naked to the
all ſects and hereſies? to ſet up counſels o
and courts of murder? to fight againſt the kir
a commiſſion for him; to take him forcibly
the hands of thoſe for whom he had conquer

her? to fight againſt monarchy when he declared for, and declare againſt it when he contrived for it in his own perſon? to abaſe perfidiouſly and ſupplant inratefully his own general * firſt, and afterwards moſt of thoſe officers, who, with the loſs of their honour, and hazard of their ſouls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreaſonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no leſs frequent uſe of the moſt ſolemn perjuries, than the looſer ſort of people do of cuſtomary oaths? to uſurp three kingdoms without any ſhadow of the leaſt pretenſions, and to govern them as unjuſtly as he got them? to ſet himſelf up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul ſays, in itſelf is nothing), and make the very ſtreets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a ſacrifice to his Molochſhip? to ſeek to entail this uſurpation upon his poſterity, and with it an endleſs war upon the nation? and laſtly, by the ſevereſt judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curſes of the preſent age, and the deteſtation of all to ſucceed?"

Though I had much more to ſay (for the life of man is ſo ſhort, that it allows not time enough to ſpeak againſt a tyrant); yet, becauſe I had a mind to hear how my ſtrange adverſary would behave himſelf upon this ſubject, and to give even the devil (as they ſay) his right and fair play in a diſputation, I ſtopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he

* Sir T. Fairfax.

ſhould

ſhould have broke into a violent paſſion in behalf his favourite: but he on the contrary very calmly, with the dove-like innocency of a ſerpent that wa yet warmed enough to ſting, thus replied to me

"It is not ſo much out of my affection to th ſon whom we diſcourſe of (whoſe greatneſs is to to be ſhaken by the breath of an oratory), as f own ſake (honeſt countryman), whom I con err, rather by miſtake than out malice, th endeavour to reform your unchari and u nion. And, in the firſt place, I m eeds p mind of a ſentence of the moſt an of th h divines, that you men are acquai withal,

Οὐχ' ὅσιαν καταμένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἐσθαι.

'Tis wicked with inſulting fe tread
Upon the monuments of the

And the intention of the reproc re, is no per for this ſubject; for it is ſ to a pe was proud and inſolent againſt t dead men, he had been humble and obedie hilſt they ."

"Your highneſs may pleaſe aid I) t verſe that follows, as no leſs per for s ſ ject:

Whom God's juſt doom and their own ſins have ſ
Already to their puniſhment.

But I take this to be the rule in the caſe, that, wh we fix any infamy upon deceaſed perſons, it ſhould be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love a char

ity to the living: that the curſes, which only re-
in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth a-
tyrants (becauſe they are tyrants) whilſt they
may at leaſt be for ever ſettled and engraven
heir memories, to deter all others from the like
neſs; which elſe, in the time of their fooliſh
ity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of
n's tongues, would not ſuffer them to perceive.
n is ſo ſubtile a tempter, and the corruption of
ature ſo ſuſceptible of the temptation, that a
hardly reſiſt it, be he never ſo much fore-
ned of the evil conſequences; much leſs if he find
only the concurrence of the preſent, but the appro-
on too of following ages, which have the liberty
udge more freely. The miſchief of tyranny is too
t, even in the ſhorteſt time that it can continue; it
idleſs and inſupportable, if the example be to reign
; and if a Lambert muſt be invited to follow the
s of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour,
y the ſight of power and riches. Though it may
to ſome fantaſtically, yet was it wiſely, done of the
cuſans, to implead with the forms of their ordi-
juſtice, to condemn and deſtroy, even the ſtatues
ll their tyrants: if it were poſſible to cut them out
ll hiſtory, and to extinguiſh their very names, I am
pinion that it ought to be done; but, ſince they
left behind them too deep wounds to be ever cloſed
vithout a ſcar, at leaſt let us ſet ſuch a mark upon
r memory, that men of the ſame wicked inclina-
s may be no leſs affrighted with their laſting igno-
miny,

eminy, than enticed by their momentary glories. I that your highneſs may perceive, that I ſpeak no this out of any private animoſity againſt the perſ the late protector, I aſſure you, upon my faith, t bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to th Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any frien mine, the leaſt injury;" and with that, tranſporte a holy fury, I fell into this ſudden rapture:

Curſt be the man (what do I wiſh? as though
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curſt on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his countrey * to enſlave;
Who ſeeks to overpoiſe alone
The balance of a nation;
Againſt the whole but naked ſtate,
Who in his own light ſcale makes up with arms weight:

Who of his nation loves to be the firſt,
Though at the rate of being worſt;
Who would be rather a great monſter, than
A well-proportion'd man.
The ſon of earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd mountain ſtands,

* *Countrey*] This word, in the ſenſe of *patria*, including in it the idea of a *civil conſtitution*, is al ſpelt by Mr. Cowley, I obſerve, with an *e* before countrey;—in the ſenſe of *rus*, without an *è*—coun and this diſtinction, for the ſake of perſpicuity, ma worth preſerving. H.

Till thunder ſtrikes him from the ſky;
The ſon of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

What blood, confuſion, ruin, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable reign!
In what oblique and creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous ſerpent riſe!
But even his forked tongue ſtrikes dead:
When he has rear'd up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown;
A baſiliſk he grows, if once he get a crown.

But no guards can oppoſe aſſaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or cloſe-drawn curtains keep
The ſwarming dreams out, when we ſleep.
That bloody conſcience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin,
He ſees his ſlaves without, his tyrant feels within.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod againſt our land!
A tyrant is a rod and ſerpent too,
And brings worſe plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers ſtain'd with blood have been!
What ſtorm and hail-ſhot have we ſeen!
What ſores deform'd the ulcerous ſtate!
What darkneſs, to be felt, has buried us of late!

How has it ſnatch'd our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our ſons a prey!

What croaking ſects and vermin has it ſent,
The reſtleſs nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locuſts, to devour
The land, which every where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it ſti

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this ſhould
Come ſink us rather in the ſea.
Come rather peſtilence, and reap us down;
Come God's ſword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſt
before.

If by our ſins the divine juſtice be
Call'd to this laſt extremity,
Let ſome denouncing Jonas firſt be ſent,
To try, if England can repent.
Methinks, at leaſt, ſome prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes death, ſo of a tyrant's birth.

Here, the ſpirit of verſe beginning a little to fail ſtopt: and his highneſs, ſmiling, ſaid, "I was glad ſee you engaged in the encloſure of metre; for, if had ſtaid in the open plain of declaiming againſt word tyrant, I muſt have had patience for half a do

hou

s, till you had tired yourſelf as well as me. But
countryman, to avoid this ſciomachy, or imagi-
combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you
by the name of tyrant, for I remember that,
ng your ancient authors, not only all kings, but
Jupiter himſelf (your *juvans pater)* is ſo termed;
perhaps, as it was uſed formerly in a good ſenſe,
e ſhall find it, upon better conſideration, to be ſtill
od thing for the benefit and peace of mankind; at
, it will appear whether your interpretation of it
be juſtly applied to the perſon, who is now the
ect of our diſcourſe."

I call him (ſaid I) a tyrant, who either intrudes
ſelf forcibly into the government of his fellow-ci-
ns without any legal authority over them; or who,
ng a juſt title to the government of a people, abuſes
the deſtruction or tormenting of them. So that
yrants are at the ſame time uſurpers, either of the
le, or at leaſt of a part, of that power which they
me to themſelves; and no leſs are they to be ac-
nted rebels, ſince no man can uſurp authority over
rs, but by rebelling againſt them who had it before,
t leaſt againſt thoſe laws which were his ſuperiors;
in all theſe ſenſes, no hiſtory can afford us a more
lent example of tyranny, or more out of all poſſibi-
of excuſe or palliation, than that of the perſon
om you are pleaſed to defend; whether we conſider
reiterated rebellions againſt all his ſuperiors, or his
urpation of the ſupreme power to himſelf, or his ty-
ny in the exerciſe of it; and, if lawful princes have

been eſteemed tyrants, by not containing them within the bounds of thoſe laws which have bee them, as the ſphere of their authority, by their fathers, what ſhall we ſay of that man, who, h by right no power at all in this nation, could not tent himſelf with that which had ſatisfied the ambitious of our princes? nay, not with thoſe extended limits of ſovereignty, which he (diſda all that had been preſcribed and obſerved before) pleaſed (out of great modeſty) to ſet to himſelf abſtaining from rebellion and uſurpation even a his own laws, as well as thoſe of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (ſaid his highneſs, pulling my arm) for I ſee your zeal is tranſporting you a whether the protector were a tyrant in the exor exerciſe of his power, we ſhall ſee anon; it is re to examine, firſt, whether he were ſo in the uſur of it. And I ſay, that not only he, but no ma ever was, or can be ſo; and that for theſe re Firſt, becauſe all power belongs only to God, w the ſource and fountain of it, as kings are honours in their dominions. Princes are but his roys in the little provinces of this world; and to he gives their places for a few years, to ſome fo lives, and to others (upon ends or deſerts beſt k to himſelf, or merely for his undiſputable good ſure) he beſtows, as it were, leaſes upon them their poſterity, for ſuch a date of time as is pr in that patent of their deſtiny, which is not legi you men below. Neither is it more unlawf

Oliver to ſucceed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the caſes obliged to obey him whom they ſee actually inveſted with the authority, by that ſovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without diſputing or examining the cauſes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, becauſe all power is attained, either by the election and conſent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intruſion); or elſe by a conqueſt of them (and that gives ſuch a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the uſurpation of a tyrant); ſo that either this title is right, and then there are no uſurpers, or elſe it is a wrong one, and then there are none elſe but uſurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly (which, quitting the diſpute in general, is a particular juſtification of his highneſs) the government of England was totally broken and diſſolved, and extinguiſhed by the confuſions of a civil war; ſo that his highneſs could not be accuſed to have poſſeſſed himſelf violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and aſhes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable ſhipwreck, can with extraordinary induſtry gather together the diſperſed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no leſs wonderful art and felicity ſo rejoin them, as to make a

be ſpoken upon this noble argument) do but
ſeriouſly and impartially with yourſelf, what
parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable
and invincible courage, muſt of neceſſity h
curred in the perſon of that man, who, fro
temptible beginnings (as I obſerved befo
through ſo many thouſand difficulties, was
only to make himſelf the greateſt and moſt
monarch of this nation, but to add to it
conqueſt of Ireland and Scotland (which
force of the world, joined with the Roma
could never attain to); and to crown all
illuſtrious and heroical undertakings and
upon all our foreign enemies: do but (I ſ
conſider this, and you will confeſs, that h
gious merits were a better title to imperia
than the blood of an hundred royal progenit
will rather lament that he lived not to overc

world have been committed, and moſt particularly thoſe which I have had the misfortune to ſee in my own time, and in my own country. If theſe be to be allowed, we muſt break up human ſociety, retire into woods, and equally there ſtand upon our guards againſt our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beaſts. For, if there can be no uſurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private perſon; and, if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and banditos, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the ſource and fountain of all power; and it is no leſs true, that he is the creator of ſerpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodneſs fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he ſuffers the devil to exerciſe in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monſtrous iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a juſt and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as moſt men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but ſome flow from the rich hand (as it were) of his goodneſs, and others from the left hand of his juſtice; and the world, like an iſland between theſe two rivers, is ſometimes refreſhed and nouriſhed by the one, and ſometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by

our malice or negligence, we have ſtopped and dammed up the former.

But to come a little cloſer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your ſimilitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland, in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I ſhould have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the ſtrength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhewed me from our common ſovereign that ſent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

Your ſecond argument is, that he had the ſame right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquered by the perſon whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furniſh him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them), and keep them for ever ſheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty againſt our prince, that we might become ſlaves to our ſervant? This is ſuch an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without paſſion, yet I ſhall,

if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the caſe deſerves.

The right, certainly, of conqueſt can only be exerciſed upon thoſe againſt whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be ſaid to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are ſo far from ſtating the quarrel againſt their country, that they do it only againſt a perſon, or party, which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any juſt cauſe for the deſtruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preſervation and ſafety of the whole. It is our country that raiſes men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from rapine and murder; laſtly, it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to ſay, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to ſay, the country conquers itſelf. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made ſo, is no leſs conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reaſon to triumph in that victory, by which they loſe both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that againſt which he was ſent; and what that was, muſt appear by his commiſſion. It was (ſays that) againſt a company of evil counſellors, and diſaffected perſons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his

people. It was not then againſt the people. It is ſo far from being ſo, that even of that party which was beaten, the conqueſt did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their ſervice, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whoſe ſervice (if there had been any faith in men's vows and proteſtations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miſerable conqueſt remain then in his majeſty; and didſt thou ſuffer him to be deſtroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them juſt as with the army which we fought againſt, the one part being ſlain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an uſurper upon thoſe of the people. I do not here deny conqueſt to be ſometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conqueſt. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by ſuch a one. One nation may conquer another ſometimes juſtly; and if it be unjuſtly, yet ſtill it is a true conqueſt, and they are to anſwer for the injuſtice only to God Almighty (having nothing elſe in authority above them), and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their ſuperior and their lord. If perhaps we find uſurpation inſtead of conqueſt in the original titles of ſome royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many uſurpers before ours, though

hough none in ſo impudent and execrable a manner), ll I can ſay for them is, that their title was very eak, till, by length of time, and the death of all ıfter pretenders, it became to be the true, becauſe it as the only one.

Your third defence of his highneſs (as your high- ſs pleaſes to call him) enters in moſt ſeaſonably after is pretence of conqueſt; for then a man may ſay any ing. The government was broken; who broke it? was diſſolved; who diſſolved it? It was extin- uiſhed; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only ut out the light, but caſt away even the very ſnuff of ? As if a man ſhould murder a whole family, and ıen poſſeſs himſelf of the houſe, becauſe it is better ıat he, than that only rats, ſhould live there. Jeſus od! (ſaid I, and at that word I perceived my pre- nded angel to give a ſtart and trembled, but I took o notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pre- nſion, even though the whole family were deſtroyed; ut the heirs (bleſſed be God!) are yet ſurviving, and kely to out-live all heirs of their diſpoſſeſſors, beſides ıeir infamy. "Rode, caper, vitem, &c." There ill be yet wine enough left for the ſacrifice of thoſe ild beaſts, that have made ſo much ſpoil in the vine- ard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to ſet the ity on fire, only that he might have the honour of eing founder of a new and more beautiful one? He ould not have ſuch a ſhadow of virtue in his wicked- eſs; he meant only to rob more ſecurely and more ichly in midſt of the combuſtion; he little thought

then

ſome ſcattered planks of that great ſhipwreck
a better fiſherboat for himſelf. But when he
by the drowning of the maſter (whom h
treacherouſly knocked on the head, as he w
ming for his life), by the flight and diſp
others, and cowardly patience of the remain
pany, that all was abandoned to his pleaſu
the old hulk, and new miſ-ſhapen and diſ
pieces of his own, he made up, with much
piratical veſſel which we have ſeen him comm
which, how tight indeed it was, may beſt l
by its perpetual leaking.

Firſt then, (much more wicked than the
daughters in the fable, who cut their old f
pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft
him young and luſty again), this man endea
deſtroy the building, before he could imagin
manner, with what materials, by what work

duration, than an artificial plant, raiſed by the fire of a chemiſt, is comparable to the true and natural one which he firſt burnt, that out of the aſhes of it he might produce an imperfect ſimilitude of his own making.

Your laſt argument is ſuch (when reduced to ſyllogiſm), that the major propoſition of it would make ſtrange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the beſt parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the ſame family: what would become of us, when every man in England ſhould lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell ſhould have commenced his plea, when he ſeems to have begun his ambition, there were few perſons beſides, that might not at the ſame time have put in theirs too. But his deſerts, I ſuppoſe, you will date from the ſame term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wiſh, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for thoſe of his latter days); and therefore we muſt begin the conſideration of his greatneſs from the unlucky æra of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was ſaid leſs truly of Pompey the Great, "Noſtrâ miſeriâ magnus es." But, becauſe the general ground of your argumentation conſiſts in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary

dinary mutations in the world, muſt needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they pleaſe, ſo great a wheel; I ſhall ſpeak firſt a few words upon this univerſal propoſition, which ſeems ſo reaſonable, and is ſo popular, before I deſcend to the particular examination of the eminences of that perſon which is in queſtion.

I have often obſerved (with all ſubmiſſion and reſignation of ſpirit to the inſcrutable myſteries of Eternal Providence), that when the fulneſs and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confuſions and changes in the world, it uſually pleaſes God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine juſtice and predeſtination; and, though we ſee a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-houſe, ſtriking, as it were, the hour of that fulneſs of time, yet our reaſon muſt needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by ſome ſecret, and, to us who ſtand without, inviſible direction. And the ſtream of the current is then ſo violent, that the ſtrongeſt men in the world cannot draw up againſt it; and none are ſo weak, but they may ſail down with it. Theſe are the ſpring-tides of public affairs, which we ſee often happen, but ſeek in vain to diſcover any certain cauſes:

—Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos,

Stirpéſque

Stirpéſque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſylvæ;
Cùm fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. HOR. 3 Carm. xxix.

And one man then, by maliciouſly opening all the luices that he can come at, can never be the ſole au-hor of all this (though he may be as guilty as if eally he were, by intending and imagining to be ſo); ut it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of ſo ge-eral a deluge, and all the art then and induſtry of ıankind is not ſufficient to raiſe up dikes and ram-arts againſt it. In ſuch a time it was as this, that ot all the wiſdom and power of the Roman ſenate, or the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage nd virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their coun-y, or themſelves, againſt the unexperienced raſhneſs f a beardleſs boy, and the looſe rage of a voluptuous ıadman. The valour and prudent counſels on the one le are made fruitleſs, and the errors and cowardice ı the other harmleſs, by unexpected accidents. The ıe general ſaves his life, and gains the whole world, r a very dream; and the other loſes both at once, by little miſtake of the ſhortneſs of his ſight. And though is be not always ſo, for we ſee that, in the tranſla-ɔn of the great monarchies from one to another, it eaſed God to make choice of the moſt eminent men nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio and his con-nporaries, for his chief inſtruments and actors in ſo admirable

admirable a work (the end of this being, not only to deſtroy or puniſh one nation, which may be done by the worſt of mankind, but to exalt and bleſs another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous perſons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chaſtiſement of a people, he does not raiſe up his ſervant Cyrus (as he himſelf is pleaſed to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm; but he makes the Maſſanellos, and the Johns of Leyden, the inſtruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakneſs of the means which he chooſes to demonſtrate it. He did not aſſemble the ſerpents and the monſters of Afric, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his armies of locuſts out of Æthiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very duſt; and becauſe you ſee a whole country deſtroyed by theſe, will you argue from thence they muſt needs have had both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

It is eaſy to apply this general obſervation to the particular caſe of our troubles in England: and that they ſeem only to be meant for a temporary chaſtiſement of our ſins, and not for a total aboliſhment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from theſe conſiderations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. Firſt, becauſe he has ſuffered nothing to ſettle or take root in the place of that, which hath been ſo unwiſely and unjuſtly removed, that none of theſe

theſe untempered mortars can hold out againſt the next blaſt of wind, nor any ſtone ſtick to a ſtone, till that which theſe fooliſh builders have refuſed be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indiſpoſed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and ſpent itſelf almoſt to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of ſeveral mountebanks, it is to be ſuppoſed, it will have the wit at laſt to ſend for a true phyſician, eſpecially when it ſees (which is the ſecond conſideration) moſt evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long ſince) that no uſurpation (under what name or pretext ſoever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of thoſe oppreſſions upon the people, which will at laſt tire out their patience, though it be great even to ſtupidity. They cannot be ſo dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their underſtanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary myſtery, that it is madneſs in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their ſervitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I ſay, will not always lie hid, even to the ſloweſt capacities; and the next truth they will diſcover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the ſame time the power, to redeem themſelves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forſaken the family of that man, from whom he has raiſed up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps

(for ſo many together, and ſo young) in any other family in the whole world. Eſpecially, if we add hereto this conſideration, that by protecting and preſerving ſome of them already through as great dangers as ever were paſt with ſafety, either by prince or private perſon, he has given them already (as we may reaſonably hope it to be meant) a promiſe and earneſt of his future favours. And laſtly (to return cloſely to the diſcourſe from which I have a little digreſſed) becauſe I ſee nothing of thoſe excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late diſturbers of our peace and happineſs, that uſes to be found in the perſons of thoſe who are born for the erection of new empires.

And, I confeſs, I find nothing of that kind, no not any ſhadow (taking away the falſe light of ſome proſperity) in the man whom you extol for the firſt example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter, than by their writings or ſpeeches. As for theſe latter (which are leaſt in merit, or rather which are only the inſtruments of miſchief, where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, beſides him we are now ſpeaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wiſe or witty apophthegm even amongſt his domeſtic ſervants or greateſt flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a ſad record for him, is ſuch, as a ſatire againſt him would not have made him ſay,

for

for fear of tranſgreſſing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the juſtification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive ſo many particular perſons, and ſo many whole parties; which if you pleaſe to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I deſire you to allow me the liberty to do ſo too when I am to ſpeak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wiſdom, and diſſimulation wit (aſſiſted both and improved with hypocriſies and perjuries), I muſt not deny him to have been ſingular in both; but ſo groſs was the manner in which he made uſe of them, that, as wiſe men ought not to have believed him at firſt, ſo no man was fool enough to believe him at laſt: neither did any man ſeem to do it, but thoſe who thought they gained as much by that diſſembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godlineſs grew at laſt as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, ſhould think he repreſented excellently a woman, tho' his beard at the ſame time were ſeen by all the ſpectators. If you aſk me, why they did not hiſs, and explode him off the ſtage; I can only anſwer, that they durſt not do ſo, becauſe the actors and the door-keepers were too ſtrong for the company. I muſt confeſs that by theſe arts (how groſsly ſoever managed, as by hypocritical praying and ſilly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falſehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at firſt the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was becauſe his ends were ſo unreaſonable, that no

the worſt of his crimes. It makes me al
when I hear a man commended for his di
wickedneſs. If I were his ſon, I ſhould wi
he had been a more lazy perſon, and that
have found him ſleeping at the hours when
are ordinarily waking, rather than waking
ends of his when other men were ordinari
How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture
us, " Their feet run to evil, and they mak
" ſhed innocent blood," Iſai. lix. 7. " I
" with iniquity," Pſal. vii. 14. " He dev
" chief upon his bed," Pſal. xxxiv. 4. " T
" out iniquity, they accompliſh a diligen
Pſal. lxiv. 6. and in a multitude of other pla
would it not ſeem ridiculous, to praiſe a wo
watchfulneſs, and for his indefatigable in
ranging all night about the country, whilſt
and perhaps the ſhepherd, and perhaps the

; the diligence of wicked perſons be ſo much
ied, as that it is only an emphaſis and exag-
f their wickedneſs, I ſee not how their cou-
avoid the ſame cenſure. If the undertaking
l vaſt, and unreaſonable deſigns can deſerve
urable name, I am ſure, Faux and his fellow
:r friends, will have cauſe to pretend, though
ual, yet at leaſt the next place of honour;
n I doubt but, if they too had ſucceeded, they
.ve found their applauders and admirers. It
unqueſtionably for a man in defiance of all
id divine laws (and with ſo little probability
impunity), ſo publicly and ſo outrageouſly to
is maſter; it was bold with ſo much inſolence
it to expel and diſperſe all the chief partners
ilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to
openly and ſo ſcornfully all acts and conſti-
f a nation, and afterwards even of his own
it was bold to aſſume the authority of call-
bolder yet of breaking, ſo many parliaments;
ld to trample upon the patience of his own,
oke that of all neighbouring countries; it was
y, above all boldneſſes, to uſurp this tyranny
f; and impudent above all impudences, to en-
to tranſmit it to his poſterity. But all this
is ſo far from being a ſign of manly courage
ares not tranſgreſs the rules of any other vir-
t it is only a demonſtration of brutiſh madneſs
ical poſſeſſion. In both which laſt caſes there
ent examples to appear, of ſuch extraordinary

the boldneſs to attempt a greater. It was bol
of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief no
the empire; it was boldly done, to ſet the m
of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly pl
his harp whilſt he ſaw it burning; I could re
five hundred boldneſſes of that great perſon (
ſhould not he, too, be called ſo?) who wante
he was to die, that courage which could har
failed any woman in the like neceſſity.

It would look (I muſt confeſs) like envy,
much partiality, if I ſhould ſay that perſonal
courage had been deficient in the man we ſpea
am confident it was not: and yet I may ve
think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the h
ſo many victories, at the rate of fewer wou
dangers of his own body; and though his valo
perhaps have given him a juſt pretenſion to on
firſt charges in an army, it could not certainly

perſon, which might be thought to have produced ſe of his fortune, I can eſpy no other but extraor- ary diligence and infinite diſſimulation; and believe was exalted above his nation, partly by his own lts, but chiefly for ours.

We have brought him thus briefly (not through all labyrinths) to the ſupreme uſurped authority; and cauſe you ſay it was great pity he did not live to com- nd more kingdoms, be pleaſed to let me repreſent to u, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed ſe. And we will divide the conſideration into that his foreign and domeſtic actions. The firſt of his eign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who re the firſt of our neighbours that God chaſtiſed for ving had ſo great a hand in the encouraging and a- tting our troubles at home): who would not imagine firſt glimpſe that this had been the moſt virtuous and udable deed, that his whole life could have made any rade of? but no man can look upon all the circum- nces, without perceiving, that it was purely the ſale d ſacrificing of the greateſt advantages that this coun- y could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a fo- ign war, to the private intereſts of his covetouſneſs d ambition, and the ſecurity of his new and unſet- ed uſurpation. No ſooner is that danger paſt, but this eatus Pacificus is kindling a fire in the northern orld, and carrying a war two thouſand miles off weſt- ards. Two millions a year (beſides all the vales of is protectorſhip) is as little capable to ſuffice now ei- er his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred

pounds were, that he was born to. He muſt have his prey of the whole Indies both by ſea and land, this great alligator. To ſatisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made ſilver almoſt as rare as gold, and gold as precious ſtones in his new Jeruſalem) we muſt go, ten thouſand of his ſlaves, to fetch him riches from his fantaſtical Ophir. And, becauſe his flatterers brag of him as the moſt fortunate prince (the Fauſtus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forſook in any of his undertakings), I deſire them to conſider, how, ſince the Engliſh name was ever heard of, it never received ſo great and ſo infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Fauſtus; and herein let me admire the juſtice of God in this circumſtance, that they who had enſlaved their countrey (though a great army, which I wiſh may be obſerved by ours with trembling), ſhould be ſo ſhamefully defeated by the hands of forty ſlaves. It was very ridiculous to ſee how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the conqueſt of Jamaica; as if a defeated army ſhould have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, becauſe, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a neceſſary conſequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the cuſtom-houſe and exchange inform you; and, if he pleaſe to boaſt of the taking a part of the ſilver fleet (which indeed nobody elſe but he, who was the ſole gainer, has cauſe to do), at leaſt, let him give leave to the reſt of the nation (which

ch is the only loſer) to complain of the loſs of
e hundred of her ſhips.

it becauſe it may here perhaps be anſwered, that
ceſſes nearer home have extinguiſhed the diſgrace
remote miſcarriages, and that Dunkirk ought
to be remembered for his glory, than St. Do-
o for his diſadvantage; I muſt confeſs, as to the
ur of the Engliſh courage, that they were not
ing upon that occaſion (excepting only the fault
rving at leaſt indirectly againſt their maſter), to
pholding of the renown of their warlike anceſtors.
for his particular ſhare of it, who ſate ſtill at home,
xpoſed them ſo frankly abroad, I can only ſay,
for leſs money than he in the ſhort time of his
exacted from his fellow-ſubjects, ſome of our
er princes (with the daily hazard of their own per-
have added to the dominion of England, not only
own, but even a greater kingdom than itſelf. And
eing all conſiderable as concerning his enterprizes
ad, let us examine, in the next place, how much
we him for his juſtice and good government at home,
nd, firſt, he found the commonwealth (as they then
d it) in a ready ſtock of about 800,000 pounds; he
the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery
to call it) ſome two millions and an half in debt.
ound our trade very much decayed indeed, in com-
ſon of the golden times of our late princes; he left
much again more decayed than he found it; and
ot only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the
d, ever ſought out more baſe or infamous means to

tulations which himſelf had made, as the n
neral and ſervant, that can be found out (I
all hiſtory, from any of the moſt barbarous
the moſt barbarous people. Which, becauſe
moſt excellently and moſt largely laid open
book written upon that ſubject, I ſhall only
here to remember the thing in general, and to
to look upon that author, when you would r
the particulars and circumſtances of the iniq
other deſign, of raiſing a preſent ſum of mo
he violently purſued, but durſt not put in
was by the calling in and eſtabliſhment of t
London; from which he was rebuted by th
outcry of the divines, and even of the citizen
took it ill, that a conſiderable number at lea
themſelves were not thought Jews enoug
own Herod. And for this deſign, they f
vented (oh Antichriſt! Πονηρὸν and ὁ Πονηρὸς!)

indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the firſt noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had ſome appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have ſold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Weſtminſter) to the Turks for a *moſquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he deſired he might be worſhiped in all manners, excepting only that heatheniſh way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I ſpeak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almoſt five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways? Was it not ſo? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the aſſiſtance of his forces and moſs-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purſes, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too ſtrong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the caſe of Mr. Coney *, to be diſputed by a legal trial, he (which was the higheſt act of tyranny that ever was ſeen in England) not only diſcouraged and threatened, but violently impriſoned the counſel of the plaintiff; that is, he ſhut up the law itſelf cloſe priſoner, that no man might have relief from, or acceſs to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by thoſe men, who a few years before had ſo bitterly decried, and openly oppoſed, the king's

* Which the reader may ſee in Lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 506. H.

regular

regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ſhip-money.

But, though we loſt the benefit of our old courts of juſtice, it cannot be denied that he ſet up new ones; and ſuch they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, ſo no ill one durſt, erect. What, have we lived ſo many huudred years under ſuch a form of juſtice as has been able regularly to puniſh all men that offended againſt it; and is it ſo deficient juſt now, that we muſt ſeek out new ways how to proceed againſt offenders? The reaſon, which can only be given in nature for a neceſſity of this, is, becauſe thoſe things are now made crimes, which were never eſteemed ſo in former ages; and there muſt needs be a new court ſet up to puniſh that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am ſo far from declaiming (as you call it) againſt theſe wickedneſſes (which if I ſhould undertake to do, I ſhould never get to the peroration), that you ſee I only give a hint of ſome few, and paſs over the reſt, as things that are too many to be numbered, and muſt only be weighed in groſs. Let any man ſhew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all hiſtory), let any man ſhew me (I ſay) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the ſpace of four years, been made ſo many priſoners, only out of the endleſs jealouſies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accurſed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reaſon, I think, partly

was,

was, becauſe in thoſe times that had a mixture of ſome honour with their madneſs, they thought it a more civil revenge againſt a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been ſet it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of juſtice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt princes ſcarce ſaw many more executions, than the ſhort one of our bleſt reformer. And we ſaw, and ſmelt in our open ſtreets (as I marked to you at firſt) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a ſweet ſavour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the ſubtileſt invention of his predeceſſors of Sicily) is more humane and more ſupportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, Engliſhmen, gentlemen; his ſelling of them (oh monſtrous! oh incredible) to be ſlaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon, ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (though a juſt) paſſion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I reſolve to obſerve in this diſcourſe with you.

Theſe

These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta *. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snowballs, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month, he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative of whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness? rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we

* In the case of Coney, before mentioned.

must

muſt leave it without one. Now a parliament muſt be choſen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all caſhiered ſtill after the neweſt mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one houſe, now by another houſe, now by no houſe; now the freak takes him, and he makes ſeventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *ſtans pede in uno*); and, to manifeſt the abſolute power of the potter, he chooſes not only the worſt clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his veſſels of honour. It was ſaid anciently of Fortune, that, when ſhe had a mind to be merry and to divert herſelf, ſhe was wont to raiſe up ſuch kind of people to the higheſt dignities. This ſon of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himſelf one of the primeſt of her jeſts), found out the true *haut gouſt* of this pleaſure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fulleſt demonſtration of his uncontroulable ſovereignty. Good God! What have we ſeen? and what have we ſuffered? what do all theſe actions ſignify? what do they ſay aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the ſtreets of London), "You are ſlaves and "fools, and ſo I will uſe you!"

Theſe are briefly a part of thoſe merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and ſuppoſe that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am ſo far from concurring to, that I believe his ſeaſonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and

proſperities of his life. For he ſeemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at laſt as weary of him as the reſt of the people; and I never paſſed of late before his palace (his, do I call it,? I aſk God and the king pardon), but I never paſſed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, "Tekel Upharſin*." But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of juſtice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but ſmall materials for the work of charity, eſpecially if he deſigned even then to entail his own injuſtice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confuſions and civil wars upon the nation. But here 's at laſt an end of him. And where 's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has coſt the world? Where is it? Why, his ſon (you will ſay) has the whole crop; I doubt, he will find it quickly blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt the gentleman †, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet poſſeſſion of his maſter's inheritance. Whatſoever I have ſpoken againſt his father, is that

* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable teſtimony to the blameleſs character of Richard Cromwell!

which

which I ſhould have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from ſaying it) even againſt mine own, if I had been ſo unhappy, as that mine, by the ſame ways, ſhould have left me three kingdoms."

Here I ſtopt; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing; it ſeems at the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he replied: "You ſeem to pretend extremely to the old obſolete rules of virtue and conſcience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vaſt proſpect of three kingdoms you can ſhew me any acres of your own. But theſe are ſo far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much as a juſtice of peace in your own countrey. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing elſe but either the frowardneſs of a Cynic, or the lazineſs of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at leaſt artful diſſimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I aſſure you, that he, whoſe life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall never be miſled out of the way of greatneſs. But I ſee you are a pedant and Platonical ſtateſman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the ſupreme place attained to by virtues that muſt not ſtir out of the middle? Do you ſtudy Ariſtotle's politics, and write, if you pleaſe, comments upon them; and let another but practiſe Machiavel: and let us ſee then which of you two will come to the greateſt preferment. If the deſire of rule and ſuperi-

It is a truth ſo certain, and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the freſh laws of nature taught, diſdain
That (though a brother) any one ſhould be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He ſtrook him down; and ſo (ſaid he) ſo fell
The ſheep, which thou didſt ſacrifice ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt ſheaves, which I could brin
Since all were blaſted in the offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next victim too deſpiſe,
The acceptable prieſt I 'll ſacrifice.
Hence coward fears; for the firſt blood ſo ſpilt,
As a reward, he the firſt city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he ſtaid;

mighty-ſoul'd Abimelec, to ſhew
t for high place a higher ſpirit can do,
catomb almoſt of brethren ſlew,
ſeventy times in neareſt blood he dy'd
make it hold) his royal purple pride.
do I name the lordly creature man?
weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
n to a crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
hat oppoſe with manlike courage ſlay.
thaliah, when ſhe ſaw her ſon,
with his life her dearer greatneſs, gone,
a majeſtic fury ſlaughter'd all
m high-birth might to high pretences call:
he was dead who all her power ſuſtain'd,
v'd to reign alone; reſolv'd, and reign'd.
in her ſex, in vain the laws, withſtood,
in the ſacred plea of David's blood;
ble and a bold contention, ſhe
: woman) undertook with deſtiny.
o pluck down, deſtiny to uphold
g'd by holy oracles of old)
great Jeſſean race on Judah's throne;
'twas at laſt an equal wager grown,
e Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
me not, ſhe herſelf at laſt was ſlain;
ſhe not firſt ſeven years (a life-time) reign?
royal years t' a public ſpirit will ſeem
than the private life of a Methuſalem.
godlike to be great; and, as they ſay,
ouſand years to God are but a day,

So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation-day 's more than a thouſand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blaſphemies, but that by God's grace I became ſo bold, as thus to interrupt him: "I underſtand now perfectly (which I gueſſed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your ſtyle in verſe be very much mended * ſince you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worſe than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publiſh; whether your long practice with mankind has increaſed and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown ſo impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or diſguiſes to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (ſaid he haſtily, and with a dreadful furious look) is ſo great in this world, and I am ſo powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be aſhamed that you ſhould know me; and, that you may ſee I know you too, I know you to be an obſtinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reaſon I ſhall take you along with me to the next garriſon of ours; from whence you ſhall go to the Tower, and from thence

* This compliment was intended, not ſo much to the foregoing, as to the following verſes; of which the author had reaſon to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own perſon, could not ſo properly make the panegyric. H.

to

to the court of juſtice, and from thence you know whither." I was almoſt in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

When, lo, ere the laſt words were fully ſpoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flaſh of light, rather than lightning, came,
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle, was the flame.
Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
Seem'd to my eyes no ſooner there than here)
The comelieſt youth of all th' angelic race;
Lovely his ſhape, ineffable his face.
The frowns, with which he ſtrook the trembling fiend,
All ſmiles of human beauty did tranſcend;
His beams of locks fell part diſhevel'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
Such as the Britiſh monarchs us'd to wear;
If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.
His coat and flowing mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven ſilver light:
Acroſs his breaſt an azure ruban went,
At which a medal hung, that did preſent,
In wondrous living figures, to the ſight,
The myſtic champion's, and old dragon's, fight;
And from his mantle's ſide there ſhone afar,
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real ſtar.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms, but th' Engliſh bloody croſs, he bore,
Which when he tow'rds th' affrighted tyrant bent,
And ſome few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,

(Robb'd, as he thinks unjuſtly, of his prize)
Whom unawares the ſhepherd ſpies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws:
The ſhepherd fain himſelf would he aſſail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail,
He knows his foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone
He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he g

SEVERAL DISCOURSES,

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

I.

OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people conſiſts in being governed by laws which they have made themſelves, under whatſoever form it be of government: the liberty of private man, in being maſter of his own time and actions, as far as may conſiſt with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to diſcourſe, and to enquire what eſtate of life does beſt ſuit us in the poſſeſſion of it. This liberty of our own actions, is ſuch a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himſelf, notwithſtanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes ſo much care for the intire preſervation of it to us, that he ſuffers neither his providence or eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the ſame God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the ſeventh part to be

paid to him, as a ſmall quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can reſtore it, nor is able to pay any conſiderable value for the leaſt part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, ſome are forced by hunger to ſell, like Eſau, for bread and broth; but the greateſt part of men make ſuch a bargain for the delivery-up of themſelves, as Thamar did with Judah; inſtead of a kid, the neceſſary proviſions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all theſe men ſell themſelves to be ſlaves, though to the vulgar it may ſeem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wiſe ſo plain and obvious, that they will ſcarce think it deſerves the labour of argumentation.

Let us firſt conſider the ambitious; and thoſe, both in their progreſs to greatneſs, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Salluſt* ſays, "Dominationis in alios ſervitium ſuum mercedem dant;" they are content to pay ſo great a price as their own ſervitude, to purchaſe the domination over others. The firſt thing they muſt reſolve to ſacrifice, is their whole time; they muſt never ſtop, nor ever turn aſide whilſt they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither in-

* Fragm. ed. Maittaire, p. 116.

dead

in a man ſtop himſelf if he would, when he is career:

ir equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas*.

, let us but conſider a little, what mean, ſervile men do for this imaginary food. We cannot greater example of it, than from the chief men t nation which boaſted moſt of liberty. To itiful baſeneſs did the nobleſt Romans ſubmit ves, for the obtaining of a prætorſhip, or the r dignity! They put on the habit of ſup-, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the pooreſt ; and carried a nomenclator with them, to in their ear every man's name, leſt they ſhould it in their ſalutations; they ſhook the hand, ſed the cheek, of every popular tradeſman; they l day at every market in the public places, to id ingratiate themſelves to the rout; they em-all their friends to ſolicit for them; they kept bles in every ſtreet; they diſtributed wine, and and money, even to the vileſt of the people. Romanus rerum dominos †!" Behold the of the world begging from door to door! rticular humble way of greatneſs is now out of ; but yet every ambitious perſon is ſtill in ſome Roman candidate. He muſt feaſt and bribe,

*Virg. Georg. i. 514. † Virg. Æn. i. 282.

and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero * gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

"This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver cham-

* Orat. pro M. Cælio.

pion;

pion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his country? who more diſſolute in his pleaſures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuſe in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindneſs of all ſorts of men, to retain it with great complaiſance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and ſerve all the occaſions of their fortune, both with his money, and his intereſt, and his induſtry; and, if need were, not by ſticking at any wickedneſs whatſoever that might be uſeful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer with every wind; to live ſeverely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleaſant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, deſperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he had made a collection of friendſhips with all the moſt wicked and reſtleſs of all nations; ſo, by the artificial ſimulation of ſome virtues, he made a ſhift to enſnare ſome honeſt and eminent perſons into his familiarity. Neither could ſo vaſt a deſign as the deſtruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of ſo many vices had not been covered and diſguiſed by the appearances of ſome excellent qualities."

I ſee, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, "who became all things to all men," that he might deſtroy all; who only wanted the aſſiſtance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæſar was a little after

after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his countrey on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such-like gentlemen of his time, says *, "that it is the nature of ambition, to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will." And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabises, who had freed before his countrey from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a suffer-

* De Bell. Catil. c. x.

ance,

ance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians ſuſpected not his falſehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the deſign ſucceeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutiſh maſter ever puniſhed his offending ſlave with ſo little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in ſome degree, for a leſs reward; who, though they endure not ſo much corporal pain for a ſmall preferment or ſome honour (as they call it), yet ſtick not to commit actions, by which they are more ſhamefully and more laſtingly ſtigmatized! But you may ſay, though theſe be the moſt ordinary and open ways to greatneſs, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which ſome men find a paſſage by virtuous induſtry. I grant, ſometimes they may; but then, that induſtry muſt be ſuch, as cannot conſiſt with liberty, though it may with honeſty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a ſervant ſo, but not a friend.

Well then, we muſt acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this aſcent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a ſhort apprenticeſhip, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we muſt be content that they ſhould be our miſtreſſes whilſt

whilſt we wooe them; as ſoon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we ſhall be the maſters.

I am willing to ſtick to this ſimilitude in the caſe of greatneſs: we enter into the bonds of it, like thoſe of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worſe, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (ſays Seneca) is a great ſervitude; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (ſays he to Atticus) death, and baniſhment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks theſe to be the worſt of evils; and, if he have but ſome perſons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worſhip him, ſeems to be well enough contented with an honourable ſervitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in ſo baſe and contumelious a condition." This was ſpoken as became the braveſt man who was ever born in the braveſt commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition paſſes for ſervitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the ſervice of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the ſight through a falſe medium; for if a groom ſerve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that

* This parentheſis does honour to the writer's ſenſe, as well as candour. H.

lord

nd a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, re as much ſervants one as the other; the circumantial difference of the one's getting only his bread nd wages, the ſecond a plentiful, and the third a ſuerfluous eſtate, is no more intrinſical to this matter, han the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy very. I do not ſay, that he who ſells his whole time nd his own will for one hundred thouſand, is not a viſer merchant than he who does it for one hundred ounds; but I will ſwear, they are both merchants, nd that he is happier than both, who can live contentdly without ſelling that eſtate to which he was born. ut this dependance upon ſuperiors is but one chain of he lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ *

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that me he is beſieged by two or three hundred ſuitors; nd the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) offeſſed by the enemy: as ſoon as his chamber opens, hey are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the uards, for entrance. This is ſo eſſential a part of reatneſs, that whoſoever is without it, looks like a allen favourite, like a perſon diſgraced, and condemnd to do what he pleaſes all the morning. There are ome who, rather than want this, are contented to have heir rooms filled up every day with murmuring and urſing creditors, and to charge bravely through a bo-

* Hor. 3 Od. iv. 79.

dly

commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I pleaſe, without being wondered at; and take my horſe and ride as far as Tarentum, without being miſſed." It is an unpleaſant conſtraint to be always under the ſight and obſervation, and cenſure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, ſo methinks there ſhould be vexation, too, of ſpirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men ſtand gazing upon them whilſt they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing ſeems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domeſtic ſervants; but even this too, if weighed ſeriouſly, is a piece of ſervitude; unleſs you will be a ſervant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all is much more than that of every one of them in their obſervance of you. I take the profeſſion of a ſchool-maſter to be one of the moſt uſeful, and which ought to be of the moſt honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his faſces and tyrannical authority over ſo many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but ſlightly touch upon all theſe particulars of the ſlavery of greatneſs: I ſhake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealouſy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their paſſions, which are the ſecret, but conſtant, tyrants and tortures of their life, I omit here, becauſe, though they be ſymptoms moſt frequent and violent in this diſeaſe, yet

yet they are common too in ſome degree to the epidemical diſeaſe of life itſelf.

But the ambitious man, though he be ſo many ways a ſlave *(o toties ſervus!)*, yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he ſtruts and looks big upon the ſtage; he thinks himſelf a real prince in his maſking-habit, and deceives too all the fooliſh part of his ſpectators: he is a ſlave *in ſaturnalibus*. The covetous man is a downright ſervant, a draught-horſe without bells or feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the loweſt and hardeſt condition of ſervitude; and, to increaſe his miſery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and "knows not who ſhall enjoy them *;" it is only ſure, that he himſelf neither ſhall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy ſlave; he will hardly allow himſelf cloaths and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenſo ſuo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparſit miſer †;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himſelf for money. But the ſervile and miſerable condition of this wretch is ſo apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's ſight, as well as judgment.

It ſeems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a ſervant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we ſay ordinarily, of a gen-

* Pſ. xxxix. 6.
† Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

freeman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were ἀνδρῶν θηρίων *evil wild beasts*; these are γαστέρες, ἀργαὶ, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word ἀργαὶ (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, "that he had learnt "ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks "for all his pleasures." This, by the calumniators of Epicurus's philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a

an villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a ve one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is oose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

uiſnam igitur liber? Sapiens, ſibique imperioſus *:

t Oenomaus †, who commits himſelf wholly to a rioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own courſe with ſteady hand;
Who does himſelf with ſovereign power command;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
Who ſtands not aukwardly in his own light
Againſt the truth; who can, when pleaſures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
Who can, though honour at his gate ſhould ſtay
In all their maſking cloaths, ſend her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

iis, I confeſs, is a freeman: but it may be ſaid, that ny perſons are ſo ſhackled by their fortune, that they hindered from enjoyment of that manumiſſion ich they have obtained from virtue. I do both unſtand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: I can anſwer to it is, that we muſt get as much liy as we can, we muſt uſe our utmoſt endeavours, d, when all that is done, be contented with the gth of that line which is allowed us. If you aſk , in what condition of life I think the moſt allowed; hould pitch upon that ſort of people, whom King

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83. † Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

James was wont to call the happieſt of our nation, men placed in the country by their fortune above high conſtable, and yet beneath the trouble of a juſ of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any juſt ar ment for the deſire of increaſing it by the care of m relations; and with ſo much knowledge and love piety and philoſophy (that is, of the ſtudy of G laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him ma enough never to be idle, though without buſineſs; never to be melancholy, though without ſin or nity.

I ſhall conclude this tedious diſcourſe with a pra of mine in a copy of Latin verſes, of which I remem no other part; and, *(pour faire bonne bouche)* w ſome other verſes upon the ſame ſubject:

" Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet hor
" Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
" Sollicitas effundo preces: ſi quid datur ultrà,
" Accipiam gratus; ſi non, contentus abibo."

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,
I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely ſent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.

"Vota tui breviter," &c.

WELL then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would Be no lord, but leſs a lord would Have;
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven becauſe 'tis ſmall;
Let gay and toilſome greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely littleneſs the eaſe.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble viſits ſpend,
When in the freſh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleaſures fill the day?
If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
Dependance and attendance be his fate;
Still let him buſy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a ſlave, and very proud:
Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
But let him peace and freedom never ſee;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. liii.

"Vis fieri liber?" &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wiſh, you ſay;
Come on; I'll ſhew thee, friend, the certain way;

If to no feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
While bounteous God does bread at home beſtow;
If thou the goodneſs of thy cloaths doſt prize
By thine own uſe, and not by others' eyes;
If (only ſafe from weathers) thou canſt dwell
In a ſmall houſe, but a convenient ſhell;
If thou, without a ſigh, or golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy beechen bowl and diſh;
If in thy mind ſuch power and greatneſs be,
The Perſian king 's a ſlave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. lxviii.

"Quod te nomine?" &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who "Lord and maſter," cry'd erewhile,
Salute you, in a new and different ſtyle,
By your own name, a ſcandal to you now;
Think not that I forget myſelf or you:
By loſs of all things, by all others ſought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and maſter no man wants, but he
Who o'er himſelf has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches ſtrive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune doſt no ſervant crave,
Believe it, thou no maſter need'ſt to have.

ODE.

O D E.

UPON LIBERTY.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her ſeat;
Her proper place, her only ſcene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of thoſe Neceſſity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
To the laborious taſk of bread;
Theſe are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and ſpurs, them, like th' unruly horſe;
And ſervile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilſome oxen, to the plough;
And ſometimes Luſt, like the miſguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From theſe inſulting paſſions free,
Yet we ev'n thoſe, too, fetter'd ſee
By cuſtom, buſineſs, crowds, and formal decency;
And, whereſoe'er they ſtay, and whereſoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
Theſe are the ſmall uneaſy things
Which about greatneſs ſtill are found,
And rather it moleſt than wound:

Like gnats, which too much heat of ſummer brings;
But cares do ſwarm there, too, and thoſe have ſtings:
As, when the honey does too open lie,
A thouſand waſps about it fly:
Nor will the maſter ev'n to ſhare admit;
The maſter ſtands aloof, and dares not taſte of it.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet ſleep on;
You cannot now; you muſt be gone
To court, or to the noiſy hall:
Beſides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The ſtream of buſineſs does begin,
And a ſpring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor priſoner keep!
Will they not ſuffer him to ſleep?
Make an eſcape; out at the poſtern flee,
And get ſome bleſſed hours of liberty:
With a few friends, and a few diſhes, dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
To thy bent mind ſome relaxation give,
And ſteal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has ſuch a freedom always given!
Why, mighty madman, what ſhould hinder thee
From being every day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a ſpirit ſo mean and ſordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of ſoaring boldly up into the ſky,
His liberty to ſing, to perch, or fly,

When,

When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleaſures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or conſtant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the falſe foreſt of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment, come.
Now, bleſſings on you all, ye heroic race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights ſo well,
Though men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the higheſt place
To you is juſtly given;
And ways and walks the neareſt heaven.
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt, that we look up to it.
E'n to the univerſal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a year:
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy houſhold fowl,
Whom human lordſhip does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He's no ſmall prince, who every day
Thus to himſelf can ſay;
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will ſtay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,

My

My man and I will preſently go ride
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor, after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Corniſh mount.
If thou but a ſhort journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
Buſineſs muſt be diſpatch'd, ere thou canſt part,
Nor canſt thou ſtir, unleſs there be
A hundred horſe and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule, and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Coloſſus ſo
A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conſcience, does not bind,
No other law ſhall ſhackle me;
Slave to myſelf I will not be,
Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
By my own preſent mind.
Who by reſolves and vows engag'd does ſtand
For days, that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his eſtate,
Before it falls into his hand:
The bondman of the cloiſter ſo,
All that he does receive, does always owe;
And ſtill, as time comes in, it goes away
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy ſlave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the laſt, the kind releaſing knell.

If

If life ſhould a well-order'd poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the beſt delight),
The more heroic ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter ſhall be grave, the numbers looſe and free.
It ſhall not keep one ſettled pace of time,
In the ſame tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbour rhyme;
A thouſand liberties it ſhall diſpenſe,
And yet ſhall manage all without offence
Or to the ſweetneſs of the ſound, or greatneſs of the ſenſe;
Nor ſhall it never from one ſubject ſtart,
Nor ſeek tranſitions to depart,
Nor its ſet way o'er ſtiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compaſs take,
As if it fear'd ſome treſpaſs to commit,
When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not ſtay
Till the whole carcaſe he devour,
That's fallen into its power:
As if his generous hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only ſucks the taſteful blood;
And to freſh game flies chearfully away;
To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

II. OF

II.

OF SOLITUDE,

"NUNQUAM minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus," is now become a very vulgar ſaying. Every man, and almoſt every boy, for theſe ſeventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at firſt ſpoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without queſtion a moſt eloquent and witty perſon, as well as the moſt wiſe, moſt worthy, moſt happy, and the greateſt of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more ſatisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by ſolitude than by company; and, to ſhew that he ſpoke not this looſely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome miſtreſs of almoſt the whole world, he retired himſelf from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private houſe, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum *, paſſed the remainder of his glorious life no leſs gloriouſly. This houſe Seneca went to ſee ſo long after with great veneration; and, among other things, deſcribes his baths to have been of ſo mean a ſtructure, that now, ſays he, the baſeſt of the people would deſpiſe them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio underſtood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adverſity could have taught him as much wiſdom as was learnt by Scipio from the higheſt

* Seneca Epiſt. lxxxvi.

proſperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily ſaid by Monſieur de Montagne, "That ambition itſelf might teach us "to love ſolitude; there is nothing does ſo much hate "to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it deteſts to have company on either ſide; but it delights above all things in a train behind, I, and uſhers too before it. But the greateſt part of men are ſo far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ſhip; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to ſteer withal. It is very fantaſtical and contradictory in human nature, that men ſhould love themſelves above all the reſt of the world, and yet never endure to be with themſelves. When they are in love with a miſtreſs, all other perſons are importunate and burthenſome to them. "Tecum vivere "amem, tecum obeam lubens," they would live and die with her alone.

"Sic ego ſecretis poſſum bene vivere ſylvis,
"Quâ nulla humano ſit via trita pede.
"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
"Lumen, & in ſolis tu mihi turba locis*."

With thee for ever I in woods could reſt,
Where never human foot the ground has preſt.
Thou from all ſhades the darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude.

* 4 Tibull. xiii. 9.

And

And yet our dear ſelf is ſo wearifome to us, that we can ſcarcely ſupport its converſation for an hour together. This is ſuch an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expreſſes towards one of his miſtreſſes, whom we may ſuppoſe to have been of a very unſociable humour *;

"Odi, & amo: quare id faciam fortaſſe requiris.
"Neſcio; ſed fieri ſentio, & excrucior."

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know;
And feel with torment that 'tis ſo.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man ſometimes to pitiful ſhifts, in ſeeking how to avoid himſelf.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has ſet his heart much upon the world, though he have never ſo much underſtanding; ſo that ſolitude can be well fitted, and ſit right, but upon a very few perſons. They muſt have enough knowledge of the world to ſee the vanity of it, and enough virtue to deſpiſe all vanity; if the mind be poſſeſſed with any luſt or paſſions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midſt of company; but, like robbers, they uſe to ſtrip and bind, or murder us,

* De amore ſuo, lxxxiii.

when

when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

"O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis *!"

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one

* "O vita, misero longa, felici brevis!"

have

have little leiſure to be alone, the other has leſs lei
to be in company; the one has but part of the af
of one nation, the other all the works of God
nature, under his conſideration. There is no ſa
ſhocks me ſo much as that which I hear very of
"That a man does not know how to paſs his tir
It would have been but ill-ſpoken by Methuſale
the nine hundreth ſixty-ninth year of his life; ſo
it is from us, who have not time enough to attai
the utmoſt perfection of any part of any ſcience
have cauſe to complain that we are forced to be
for want of work. But this, you will ſay, is v
only for the learned; others are not capable eith
the employments or divertiſements that arrive f
letters. I know they are not; and therefore ca
much recommend ſolitude to a man totally illite
But, if any man be ſo unlearned, as to want en
tainment of the little intervals of accidental ſolit
which frequently occur in almoſt all conditions
cept the very meaneſt of the people, who have buſ
enough in the neceſſary proviſions for life), it is
a great ſhame both to his parents and himſelf;
a very ſmall portion of any ingenious art will ſto
all thoſe gaps of our time: either muſic, or pain
or deſigning, or chemiſtry, or hiſtory, or garde
or twenty other things, will do it uſefully and
ſantly; and, if he happen to ſet his affections
poetry (which I do not adviſe him too immoderat
that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enou

hide him from the importunities of company or buſineſs, which would abſtract him from his beloved.

" —O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
" Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ * ?"

Hail, old patrician trees, ſo great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet neſts and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muſes' richeſt manor-ſeat!
Ye country-houſes and retreat,
Which all the happy gods ſo love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a houſe for me erect,
Nature, the wiſeſt architect,
Who thoſe fond artiſts does deſpiſe
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myſelf, too, mute.

* Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

A ſilver ſtream ſhall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the ſun-beams here and there;
On whoſe enamel'd bank I'll walk,
And ſee how prettily they ſmile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too ſolitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unleſs he call in ſin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, firſt ſtate of human-kind!
Which bleſt remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As ſoon as two, alas! together join'd,
The ſerpent made up three.

Tho' God himſelf, through countleſs ages, thee
His ſole companion choſe to be,
Thee, ſacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
Doſt break and time th' unruly heart,
Which elſe would know no ſettled pace,
Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
With ſwiftneſs and with grace.

Thou

ou the faint beams of reaſon's ſcatter'd light
Doſt, like a burning-glaſs, unite;
Doſt multiply the feeble heat,
d fortify the ſtrength, till thou doſt bright
And noble fires beget.

ilſt this hard truth I teach, methinks, I ſee
The monſter London laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh city!
t were fit to laugh at miſery;
But thy eſtate I pity.

but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools, that crowd thee ſo,
Even thou, who doſt thy millions boaſt,
illage leſs than Iſlington wilt grow,
A ſolitude almoſt.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

AM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis;
" Nec vixit malè, qui natus morienſque fefel-
" lit *."

ade not pleaſures only for the rich;
ive thoſe men without their ſhare too liv'd,
ooth in life and death the world deceiv'd.

* Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9.

lay hid many years in his gardens, ſo famous ſince that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whoſe death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happineſs which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at laſt, that he thought it no diſparagement to thoſe great felicities of their life, that, in the midſt of the moſt talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived ſo long, not only without fame, but almoſt without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we ſet open our gates to the invaders of moſt of our time: we expoſe our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wiſe man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by ſight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatſoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the beſt doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief juſtice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often ſaid, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the ſtreets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beaſt than his maſter, and more deſerving the conſulſhip, than he the empire.

I love

I love and commend a true good-fame, becauſe it is
: ſhadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the
dy which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious
idow, and, like that of St Peter, cures the diſeaſes of
hers. The beſt kind of glory, no doubt, is that
ich is reflected from honeſty, ſuch as was the glory
Cato and Ariſtides; but it was harmful to them
th, and is ſeldom beneficial to any man, whilſt he
es; what it is to him after his death, I cannot ſay,
cauſe I love not philoſophy merely notional and con-
ural, and no man who has made the experiment
s been ſo kind as to come back to inform us. Up-
the whole matter, I account a perſon who has a
derate mind and fortune, and lives in the converſa-
n of two or three agreeable friends, with little com-
erce in the world beſides, who is eſteemed well
ough by his few neighbours that know him, and is
ly irreproachable by any body; and ſo, after a
althful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of
d-age, goes more ſilently out of it than he came in.
or I would not have him ſo much as cry in the exit):
is innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls
m, this "muta perſona," I take to have been more
ppy in his part, than the greateſt actors that fill the
ge with ſhow and noiſe, nay, even than Auguſtus
mſelf, who aſked, with his laſt breath, whether he
d not played his farce very well.

SENECA, ex Thyeſte, Act, II. Chor.

"Stet, quicumque volet potens," &c.

Upon the ſlippery tops of human ſtate,
The gilded pinnacles of fate,
Let others proudly ſtand, and, for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With joy, and with diſdain, look down on all,
Till their heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye gods, on earth, or elſe ſo near
That I no fall to earth may fear,
And, O ye gods, at a good diſtance ſeat
From the long ruins of the great.
Here, wrapt in th' arms of quiet let me lie;
Quiet, companion of obſcurity!
Here let my life with as much ſilence ſlide,
As time, that meaſures it, does glide.
Nor let the breath of infamy or fame,
From town to town echo about my name.
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With ſcutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all then are ſuch as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear;
Who, in his life flattering his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

HE firſt wiſh of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verſes) was to be a good philoſopher; the ſe-, a good huſbandman: and God (whom he ſeemed iderſtand better than moſt of the moſt learned hea-) dealt with him, juſt as he did with Solomon; be- he prayed for wiſdom in the firſt place, he added iings elſe, which were ſubordinately to be deſired. iade him one of the beſt philoſophers, and beſt huſ-men; and, to adorn and communicate both thoſe ties, the beſt poet: he made him, beſides all this, i man, and a man who deſired to be no richer—

O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui ſua novit!"

e a huſbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to philoſopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is s.

it, ſince nature denies to moſt men the capacity or ite, and fortune allows but to a very few the op-nities or poſſibility, of applying themſelves wholly iloſophy, the beſt mixture of human affairs that in make, are the employments of a country life. as Columella * calls it, " Res ſine dubitatione

* Lib. I. c. i.

" proxima,

" proxima, & quaſi conſanguinea ſapientiæ," the neareſt neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philoſophy. Varro ſays, the principles of it are the ſame which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philoſophy, than any one profeſſion, art, or ſcience, in the world beſides: and therefore Cicero ſays †, the pleaſures of a huſbandman, " mihi ad " ſapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere," come very nigh to thoſe of a philoſopher. There is no other ſort of life that affords ſo many branches of praiſe to a panegyriſt: The utility of it to a man's ſelf; the uſefulneſs, or rather neceſſity, of it to all the reſt of mankind; the innocence, the pleaſure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not ſo great, now in our nation, as ariſes from merchandiſe and the trading of the city, from whence many of the beſt eſtates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made conſuls and dictators; the reaſon of which I conceive to be from an evil cuſtom, now grown as ſtrong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but ſuch who are ſo poor, that, when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to ſet up in it, and ſo can only farm ſome ſmall parcel of ground,

† De Senect.

the

the rent of which devours all but the bare ſubſiſtence of the tenant: whilſt they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their eſtates, though the means of doing it be as eaſy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thouſand youths, for ſeven or eight years, bound to this profeſſion, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be maſters in it, by a moderate ſtock; I cannot doubt but that we ſhould ſee as many aldermen's eſtates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no poſſibility to be poor, without ſuch negligence as can neither have excuſe nor pity; for a little ground will without queſtion feed a little family, and the ſuperfluities of life (which are now in ſome caſes by cuſtom made almoſt neceſſary) muſt be ſupplied out of the ſuperabundance of art and induſtry, or contemned by as great a degree of philoſophy.

As for the Neceſſity of this art, it is evident enough, ſince this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like ſpeech, without which the ſociety of men cannot be preſerved; the others like figures and tropes of ſpeech, which ſerve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and ſome do ſtill, without any art but this: not ſo elegantly, I confeſs, but ſtill they live; and almoſt all the other arts, which are here practiſed, are beholden to this for moſt of their materials.

The

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if huſbandmen preſerve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are ſo free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by induſtry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an eſtate given them by their mother; and others, upon an eſtate cheated from their brethren. They live, like ſheep and kine, by the allowances of nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquiſitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that ſheep and kine are very uſeful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without diſpute, of all men the moſt quiet, and leaſt apt to be inflamed to the diſturbance of the commonwealth: their manner of life inclines them, and intereſt binds them, to love peace: in our late mad and miſerable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meaneſt, ſet forth whole troops, and raiſed up ſome great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the miſchiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one huſbandman, who had ſo conſiderable a ſhare in the twenty years ruin of his countrey, as to deſerve the curſes of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with ſo much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are ſo tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are ſo wild, and the chace ſo troubleſome and dangerous.

We

We are here among the vaſt and noble ſcenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful ſhifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confuſed labyrinths of human malice: our ſenſes are here feaſted with the clear and genuine taſte of their objects; which are all ſophiſticated there, and for the moſt part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleaſure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, conſtant, and modeſt wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmleſs and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I ſhall only inſtance in one delight more, the moſt natural and beſt-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the huſbandman; and that is, the ſatisfaction of looking round about him, and ſeeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of ſome fruits of it, and at the ſame time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to ſee all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own induſtry; and to ſee, like God, that all his works are good:

"—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipſi
"Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus *."

On his heart-ſtrings a ſecret joy does ſtrike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be conteſted by any other. The three firſt men in the world,

* Virg. Æn. i. 504, &c.

were

were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus * forbids us to hate husbandry; "because," says he, "the "Most High has created it." We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysick, physick, morality, mathematicks, logick, rhetorick, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysick, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters; and yet

* Chap. vii. 15.

iat we ſhould never ſee or hear of any man, who took pon him the profeſſion of teaching this ſo pleaſant, ſo irtuous, ſo profitable, ſo honourable, ſo neceſſary t.

A man would think, when he is in ſerious humour, iat it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing ir a great company of men and women to run up and own in a room together, in a hundred ſeveral poſtures id figures, to no purpoſe, and with no deſign; and ierefore dancing was invented firſt, and only practiſed iciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, hich conſiſted all in mommery and madneſs; the lat- r being the chief glory of the worſhip, and accounted vine inſpiration: this, I ſay, a ſevere man would ink; though I dare not determine ſo far againſt ſo iſtomary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, ho is there among our gentry, that does not entertain dancing-maſter for his children, as ſoon as they are ble to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor r his ſon, to inſtruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave n? That is at leaſt a ſuperfluity, and this a defect, our manner of education; and therefore I could wiſh ut cannot in theſe times much hope to ſee it) that one llege in each univerſity were erected, and appropri- d to this ſtudy, as well as there are to medicine and e civil law: there would be no need of making a bo- of ſcholars and fellows, with certain endowments, in other colleges; it would ſuffice, if, after the man- r of halls in Oxford, there were only four profeſſors conſtituted

conſtituted (for it would be too much work for only one maſter, or principal, as they call him there) to teach theſe four parts of it: Firſt, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Paſturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls "villaticæ paſtiones," together with the ſports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleaſures, but as parts of houſe-keeping), and the domeſtical conſervation and uſes of all that is brought in by induſtry abroad. The buſineſs of theſe profeſſors ſhould not be, as is commonly practiſed in other arts, only to read pompous and ſuperficial lectures, out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to inſtruct their pupils in the whole method and courſe of this ſtudy, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual ſucceſſion of ſcholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a ſufficient conſtant revenue for maintenance of the houſe and the profeſſors, who ſhould be men not choſen for the oſtentation of critical literature, but for ſolid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; ſuch men, ſo induſtrious and public-ſpirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib * to

* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to ſay, that he had the honour to live in the friendſhip of Mede and Milton. The former of theſe great men addreſſed ſome letters to him, and the latter, his "Tractate on Education." H.

be,

if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needleſs to ık further of my thoughts of this deſign, unleſs preſent diſpoſition of the age allowed more proba- :y of bringing it into execution. What I have her to ſay of the country life, ſhall be borrowed n the poets, who were always the moſt faithful and ſtionate friends to it. Poetry was born among ſhepherds.

"Neſcio quâ natale ſolum dulcedine Muſas
"Ducit & immemores non finit eſſe ſui *."

The Muſes ſtill love their own native place;
'T has ſecret charms, which nothing can deface.

'he truth is, no other place is proper for their k; one might as well undertake to dance in a rd, as to make good verſes in the midſt of noiſe tumult.

well might corn, as verſe, in cities grow;
vain the thankleſs glebe we plow and ſow:
ainſt th' unnatural ſoil in vain we ſtrive;
s not a ground, in which theſe plants will thrive.

will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of e, which grow moſt naturally in the worſt earth; therefore almoſt all poets, except thoſe who were ıble to eat bread without the bounty of great men, is, without what they could get by flattering of

* Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

them, have not only withdrawn themſelves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

—— pariter vitiiſque jocíſque
Altius humanis exeruere caput *,

into the innocent happineſs of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing ſo much by their ever-living poems. Heſiod was the firſt or ſecond poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as ſome think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the firſt writer too of the art of huſbandry: "he has contributed (ſays Columella) not a little to our profeſſion;" I ſuppoſe, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his inſtructions is not very important; his great antiquity is viſible through the gravity and ſimplicity of his ſtile. The moſt acute of all his ſayings concerns our purpoſe very much, and is couched in the reverend obſcurity of an oracle. πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς, The half is more than the whole. The occaſion of the ſpeech is this; his brother Perſeus had, by corrupting ſome great men, (βασιλῆας δωροφάγους, great bribe-eaters he calls them), gotten from him the half of his eſtate. It is no matter (ſays he); they have not done me ſo much prejudice as they imagine:

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ὅσσον, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd
By a ſtrong light which muſt their ſenſe controle
That half a great eſtate 's more than the whole:

* Ovid. Faſt. i. 300.

Unhappy,

nhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie
f roots and herbs the wholeſome luxury.

is I conceive to have been honeſt Heſiod's mean-
From Homer we muſt not expect much con-
ıg our affairs. He was blind, and could neither
in the country, nor enjoy the pleaſures of it;
:lpleſs poverty was likelieſt to be ſuſtained in the
t places; he was to delight the Grecians with
:ales of the wars, and adventures of their an-
s; his ſubject removed him from all commerce
us, and yet, methinks, he made a ſhift to ſhew
ood-will a little. For, though he could do us
onour in the perſon of his hero Ulyſſes (much leſs
chilles), becauſe his whole time was conſumed in
and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a
ener all that while, and ſeeking his conſolation for
bſence of his ſon in the pleaſure of planting and even
ing his own grounds. Ye ſee he did not contemn
:aſants; nay, ſo far was he from that inſolence,
he always ſtyles Eumæus, who kept the hogs,
wonderful reſpect, δῖον ὑφόρβον, the divine ſwine-
: he could have done no more for Menelaus or
memnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet,
ıe was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing
paſtorals) gave the ſame epithet to an huſband-

——ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀγρώτης *

* Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

The divine huſbandman replied to Hercules, who was but αὐτὸς, himſelf. Theſe were civil Greeks, and who underſtood the dignity of our calling! Among the Romans we have, in the firſt place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Auguſtus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet choſe rather to employ much of his time in the exerciſe, and much of his immortal wit in the praiſe and inſtructions, of a ruſtic life; who, though he had written before whole books of paſtorals and georgics, could not abſtain in his great and imperial poem from deſcribing Evander, one of his beſt princes, as living juſt after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He ſeats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-ſkin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard: at laſt, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him ſay this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was ſpoken at the Eſcurial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

——"Hæc (inquit) limina victor
"Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit:
"Aude, hoſpes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dig-
"num
"Finge Deo rebúſque veni non aſper egenis *."

* Virg. Æn. viii. 365.

This

This humble roof, this ruſtic court (ſaid he)
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory:
Scorn not, great gueſt, the ſteps where he has trod;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next beſt poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Auguſtus had deſired Mæcenas to perſuade him to come and live domeſtically and at the ſame table with him, and to be ſecretary of ſtate of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he ſays, "ut nos in epiſtolis ſcribendis adjuvet," could not be tempted to forſake his Sabin, or Tiburtin manor, for ſo rich and ſo glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, ſuch an example as this in the world, that he ſhould have ſo much moderation and courage as to refuſe an offer of ſuch greatneſs, and the emperor ſo much generoſity and good-nature as not to be at all offended with his refuſal, but to retain ſtill the ſame kindneſs, and expreſs it often to him in moſt friendly and familiar letters, part of which are ſtill extant. If I ſhould produce all the paſſages of this excellent author upon the ſeveral ſubjects which I treat of in this book, I muſt be obliged to tranſlate half his works; of which I may ſay more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer;

Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planiùs & meliùs Chryſippo & Crantore dicit *.

I ſhall content myſelf upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epiſtles; and ſhall forbear to collect the ſuffrages of all other poets, which may be found ſcattered up and down through all their writings, and eſpecially in Martial's. But I muſt not omit to make ſome excuſe for the bold undertaking of my own unſkilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by ſo many great maſters; eſpecially, that I ſhould dare to do it in Latin verſes (though of another kind), and have the confidence to tranſlate them. I can only ſay that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with thoſe before me, but follow to applaud them.

A Tranſlation out of VIRGIL.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happineſs he knows)
The country ſwain, on whom kind Heaven beſtows
At home all riches, that wiſe nature needs;
Whom the juſt earth with eaſy plenty feeds.

* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

'Tis

s true, no morning tide of clients comes,
d fills the painted channels of his rooms,
oring the rich figures, as they paſs,
tapeſtry wrought, or cut in living braſs;
r is his wool ſuperfluouſly dy'd
th the dear poiſon of Aſſyrian pride:
r do Arabian perfumes vainly ſpoil
e native uſe and ſweetneſs of his oil.
lead of theſe, his calm and harmleſs life,
:e from th' alarms of fear, and ſtorms of ſtrife,
es with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
ıd the ſoft wings of peace cover him round:
ırough artleſs grots the murmuring waters glide;
ıick trees both againſt heat and cold provide,
om whence the birds ſalute him; and his ground
ith lowing herds and bleating ſheep does ſound;
nd all the rivers, and the foreſts nigh,
)th food and game, and exerciſe, ſupply.
:re a well-harden'd, active youth we ſee,
aught the great art of chearful poverty.
ere, in this place alone, there ſtill do ſhine
)me ſtreaks of love, both human and divine;
rom hence Aſtræa took her flight, and here
ill her laſt footſteps upon earth appear.
'is true, the firſt deſire, which does control
ll the inferior wheels that move my ſoul,
, that the Muſe me her high-prieſt would make,
ıto her holieſt ſcenes of myſtery take,
ınd open there, to my mind's purged eye,
'hoſe wonders, which to ſenſe the gods deny:

How in the moon ſuch change of ſhapes is found,
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound;
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what ſtrong diſeaſe
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient eaſe;
What makes the ſea retreat, and what advance
" (Varieties too regular for chance);"
What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And ſtops the lazy waggon of the night.
But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
To ſend forth ſpirits, that raiſe a ſoul ſo high,
In the next place, let woods and rivers be
My quiet, though inglorious, deſtiny.
In life's cool vale let my low ſcene be laid;
Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickeſt ſhade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
Who can through groſs effects their cauſes ſee:
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go
Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
Happy! but, next ſuch conquerors, happy they,
Whoſe humble life lies not in fortune's way.
They unconcern'd, from their ſafe diſtant ſeat,
Behold the rods and ſceptres of the great;
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the deſcent of foreign troops, they hear;
Nor can ev'n Rome their ſteady courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her periſhing pride.
Them never yet did ſtrife or avarice draw
Into the noiſy markets of the law,

e camps of gowned war; nor do they live
rules or forms, that many madmen give.
ty for nature's bounty they repay,
d her ſole laws religiouſly obey.
ome with bold labour plow the faithleſs main,
ıe rougher ſtorms in princes' courts ſuſtain:
ıe ſwell up their ſlight ſails with popular fame,
ırm'd with the foolish whiſtlings of a name:
ıe their vain wealth to earth again commit;
th endleſs cares ſome brooding o'er it ſit:
ıntrey and friends are by ſome wretches ſold,
lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
price too high for profit can be ſhown;
: brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:
ɔund the world in ſearch of it they roam,
nakes ev'n their antipodes their home;
anwhile, the prudent huſbandman is found,
mutual duties ſtriving with his ground,
d half the year he care of that does take,
at half the year grateful returns does make.
:h fertile month does ſome new gifts preſent,
d with new work his induſtry content.
is the young lamb, that the ſoft fleece, doth yield;
is loads with hay, and that with corn, the field;
l ſorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride:
.d on a ſwelling hill's warm ſtony ſide,
e powerful princely purple of the vine,
rice dy'd with the redoubled ſun, does ſhine.
th' evening to a fair enſuing day,
th joy he ſees his flocks and kids to play:

And

And loaded kine about his cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the milker's hand;
And when from wholeſome labour he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſh'd-for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt human bliſſes,
His chaſte wife's welcome, and dear children's kiſſes.
When any rural holidays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſſly laid,
He ſings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine;
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
Not to the loſs of reaſon, or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport, at length,
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee
Who can the beſt at better trials be.
From ſuch the old Hetrurian virtue roſe;
Such was the life the prudent Sabins choſe:
Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led;
From ſuch firm-footing Rome grew the world's head
Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raiſe
The honour of poor Saturn's golden days:
Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
Let-in the ſea their mortal fate to ſhare:
Before new ways of periſhing were ſought;
Before unſkilful death on anvils wrought;
Before thoſe beaſts, which human life ſuſtain,
By men, unleſs to the gods uſe, were ſlain.

Hor. Epod. Ode II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
ith his own hands paternal grounds to plough!
:e the firſt golden mortals happy, he,
)m buſineſs and the cares of money free!
) human ſtorms break off at land his ſleep;
) loud alarms of nature, on the deep:
om all the cheats of law he lives ſecure,
)r does th' affronts of palaces endure.
metimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine
: to the luſty bridegroom elm does join;
metimes he lops the barren trees around,
nd grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
metimes he ſhears his flock, and ſometimes he
ores up the golden treaſures of the bee.
: ſees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
'hilſt neighbouring hills lowe back to them again;
nd, when the ſeaſon, rich as well as gay,
ll her autumnal bounty does diſplay,
)w is he pleas'd th' increaſing uſe to ſee
f his well-truſted labours bend the tree!
f which large ſhares, on the glad ſacred days,
e gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
'ith how much joy does he, beneath ſome ſhade
y aged trees' reverend embraces made,
is careleſs head on the freſh green recline,
is head uncharg'd with fear or with deſign.
y him a river conſtantly complains,
'he birds above rejoice with various ſtrains,

And

And in the ſolemn ſcene their orgies keep,
Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of ſleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within againſt it ſhuts the gate.
Nor does the rougheſt ſeaſon of the ſky,
Or ſullen Jove, all ſports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
Here flies the hawk t' aſſault, and there the net
To intercept, the travailing fowl, is ſet;
And all his malice, all his craft, is ſhown
In innocent wars on beaſts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
And, if a chaſte and clean, though homely, wife
Be added to the bleſſings of this life,—
Such as the ancient ſun-burnt Sabins were,
Such as Apulia, frugal ſtill, does bear,—
Who makes her children and the houſe her care,
And joyfully the work of life does ſhare,
Nor thinks herſelf too noble or too fine
To pin the ſheepfold or to milch the kine,
Who waits at door againſt her huſband come
From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
Where ſhe receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearful fire, and a more chearful face;
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domeſtic plenty loads the board;

ot all the luſtful ſhell-fiſh of the ſea,
reſs'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
or ortolans, nor godwits, nor the reſt
f coſtly names that glorify a feaſt,
re at the princely tables better chear,]
ian lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

Paraphraſe upon HORACE, Book II. Sat. vi.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
ſe to plough'd ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
ancient and hereditary houſe,
:re dwelt a good ſubſtantial country mouſe;
gal, and grave, and careful of the main,
one who once did nobly entertain
ity mouſe, well-coated, ſleek, and gay,
nouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
ntonly walking forth to take the air,
l arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
a day's lodging: the good hearty hoſt
.e antient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
all the ſtores produce, that might excite,
h various taſtes, the courtier's appetite.

Fitches

Fitches and beans, peaſon and oats, and wheat,
And a large cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himſelf, were he a mouſe, would eat.
And, for a *haut gouſt*, there was mixt with theſe
The ſwerd of bacon, and the coat of cheeſe:
The precious reliques which, at harveſt, he
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and never ſpare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at eaſe, on beds of ſtraw, they lay,
And to their genius ſacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this country feaſt; and ſtill his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he),
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a ſoul, ſo virtuous and ſo great,
Loſe itſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage beaſts lodge in a country den;
You ſhould ſee towns, and manners know, and men;
And taſte the generous luxury of the court,
Wher eall the mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhes about you move,
And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
We all, ere long, muſt render up our breath;
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death.

Since

life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
, worthy ſir, come with me and partake
ıe great things that mortals happy make.
ısl what virtue hath ſufficient arms
›poſe bright honour, and ſoft pleaſure's charms:
wiſdom can their magic force repel?
.ws this reverend hermit from his cell.
s the time, when witty poets tell,
at Phœbus into Thetis' boſom fell:
: bluſh'd at firſt, and then put out the light,
d drew the modeſt curtains of the night."
ly the truth to tell, the ſun was ſet,
ı to the town our wearied travellers get:
lord's houſe, as lordly as can be,
: for the uſe of pride and luxury,
come; the gentle courtier at the door
, and will hardly enter in before;
tis, ſir, your command, and being ſo,
worn t' obedience; and ſo in they go.
ıd a hanging, in a ſpacious room
richeſt work of Mortclake's noble loom)
wait a while, their wearied limbs to reſt,
ilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.
›out the hour that Cynthia's ſilver light
d touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
ſt, the various ſupper being done,
›pen'd that the company was gone
ı room remote, ſervants and all,
leaſe their noble fancies with a ball.

Our hoſt leads forth his ſtranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious bits the floor was ſtrew'd.
The courteous mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat varieties are bleſt.
Th' induſtrious peaſant every where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midſt of a well-freighted pye,
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lie;
When, ſee the ſad reverſe of proſperous fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait!
With hideous noiſe down the rude ſervants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fullneſs, which retards their flight.
Our trembling peaſant wiſhes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again;
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curſt!
This, of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt:
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood!
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food!

A Para

araphraſe upon the 10th Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

HORACE to FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

EALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
lth, to the lover of the city, thee;
ifference in our ſouls, this only proves;
ll things elſe, we agree like married doves.
the warm neſt and crowded dove-houſe thou
t like; I looſely fly from bough to bough,
d rivers drink, and all the ſhining day
on fair trees or moſſy rocks I play;
ine, I live and reign, when I retire
m all that you equal with heaven admire;
e one at laſt from the prieſt's ſervice fled,
thing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
uld I a houſe for happineſs erect,
ure alone ſhould be the architect,
'd build it more convenient than great,
d doubtleſs in the country chooſe her ſeat;
here a place doth better helps ſupply
inſt the wounds of winter's cruelty?
ere an air, that gentler does aſſuage
mad celeſtial dog's, or lion's, rage?
not there that ſleep (and only there)
noiſe without, nor cares within, does fear?
s art through pipes a purer water bring,
n that, which nature ſtrains into a ſpring?

Can all your tap'ſtries, or your pictures, ſhow
More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?
Fountains and trees our wearied pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded palaces;
And in your towns, that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our ſight.
Men to the good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt; and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burniſh'd braſs,
Or ſmall right gems for larger ones of glaſs,
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he, who ſells a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of pride and vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loſe;
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
The horned deer, by nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the horſe in common paſture dwell;
And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horſe begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:

ver after could the rider get
ff his back, or from his mouth the bit.
, who poverty too much do fear,
d that weight, a greater burden bear;
ıey might power above their equals have,
el maſters they themſelves enſlave.
d, their liberty exchang'd we ſee,
ireſt flower, which crowns humanity *.
l this miſchief does upon them light,
ɔecauſe they know not how, aright,
reat, but ſecret, happineſs to prize,
laid up in a little, for the wiſe:
the beſt and eaſieſt eſtate,
to a man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtrait;
:e a ſhoe; it pinches and it burns,
rrow; and too large, it overturns.
ireſt friend! ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
earfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt:
f me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
ınd reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
was made, not to command our will,
our lawful pleaſures to fulfil:
and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
nſe doth with the horſeman run away.

ıe poet, as uſual, expreſſes his own *feeling*:
does more, he expreſſes it very claſſically. The
is to the ancient cuſtom of wearing wreaths
ands of flowers, on any occaſion of joy and
. H.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLEST be the man (and bleſt he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)
A little field, and little garden, feeds:
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally beſtows
All ſhe can aſk, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious inconveniences, that wait
Upon a life of buſineſs, and of ſtate,
He ſees (nor does the ſight diſturb his reſt)
By fools deſir'd, by wicked men poſſeſt.
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great Virgil's praiſe)
The old Corycian yeoman paſs'd his days;
Thus his wiſe life Abdolonymus ſpent:
Th' ambaſſadors, which the great emperor ſent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly, and ſlow, and diſcontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft he ſtopt, in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to ſay,
Not without ſighs, Alas! I there forſake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now conſign'd t' eternal fame.

For

, the rich king, wicked and great,
at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat
to aſk, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
a man that happier is than I?
who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
ppier is. But Gyges cry'd,
rage, Who can that Aglaüs be!
eard, as yet, of no ſuch king as he.
t was, through the whole earth around
ſuch a name was to be found.
l hero of that name alive,
igh race does from the gods derive?
mighty general, that has done
n fight, and god-like honours won?
man of endleſs wealth? ſaid he.
e of theſe. Who can this Aglaüs be?
ſearch, and vain enquiries paſt,
ıre Arcadian vale at laſt
dian life has always ſhady been)
›'s town (which he but once had ſeen)
üs, who monarchs' envy drew,
pineſs the gods ſtood witneſs to,
ty Aglaüs, was labouring found;
wn hands, in his own little ground.
ious God! (if it may lawful be,
oſe fooliſh gods to mention thee)
ct, on ſuch a private ſtage,
ıll ſcenes of my declining age;
toils and voyages in vain,
port let my toſt veſſel gain;

Of heavenly reſt, this earneſt to me lend,
Let my life ſleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

THE GARDEN.

To J. EVELYN, Eſquire.

I Never had any other deſire ſo ſtrong and ſo like to covetouſneſs, as that one which I have had always, that I might be maſter at laſt of a ſmall houſe and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and ſtudy of nature;

And there (with no deſign beyond my wall) whole
and intire to lie,
In no unactive eaſe, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has ſaid, ſhorter and better for me, that I might there

"Studiis florere ignobilis otî *;"

(though I could wiſh that he had rather ſaid, "Nobilis oti," when he ſpoke of his own.) But ſeveral acci-

* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

dents

of my ill-fortune have diſappointed me hitherto, lo ſtill, of that felicity; for though I have made irſt and hardeſt ſtep to it, by abandoning all am- ıs and hopes in this world, and by retiring from oiſe of all buſineſs and almoſt company, yet I ſtill in the inn of a hired houſe and garden, g weeds and rubbiſh; and without that pleaſant- ork of human induſtry, the improvement of ſome- which we call (not very properly, but yet we our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am et arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me eſcape r (is it not a little one?) and my ſoul ſhall live." not look back yet; but I have been forced to and make too many halts. You may wonder, for this ſeems a little too extravagant and pinda- for proſe) what I mean by all this preface; it is you know, that though I have miſſed, like a iſt, my great end, yet I account my affections endeavours well rewarded by ſomething that I net with by the bye; which is, that they have red to me ſome part in your kindneſs and eſ- ; and thereby the honour of having my name ſo tageouſly recommended to poſterity, by the epiſ- u are pleaſed to prefix to the moſt uſeful book has been written in that kind *, and which is to s long as months and years.

Ir. Evelyn's "Kalendarium hortenſe;" dedicated . Cowley—The title explains the propriety of the liment, that this book was to laſt as long as ıs and years. H.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the moſt predominant; that you chooſe this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget ſons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the iſſue of this ſeems to be deſigned by you to the main of the eſtate; you have taken moſt pleaſure in it, and beſtowed moſt charges upon its education: and I doubt not to ſee that book, which you are pleaſed to promiſe to the world, and of which you have given us a large earneſt in your calendar, as accompliſhed, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that poſſeſſes more private happineſs than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happineſs more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myſelf am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the ſearch of that felicity, which you inſtruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of thine own happineſs;
And happier yet, becauſe thou 'rt bleſt
With prudence, how to chooſe the beſt:
In books and gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
(Things, which thou well doſt underſtand;
And both doſt make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;

And

id in thy virtuous wife, where thou again doſt meet
Both pleaſures more refin'd and ſweet;
The faireſt garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wiſeſt books.
, who would change theſe ſoft, yet ſolid joys,
For empty ſhows and ſenſeleſs noiſe;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
hich ſeem ſuch beauteous flowers, and are ſuch poiſonous weeds?

hen God did man to his own likeneſs make,
much as clay, though of the pureſt kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impreſſion take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
; far as earth could ſuch a likeneſs bear:
That man no happineſs might want,
hich earth to her firſt matter could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
; the chief help and joy of human life,
gave him the firſt gift; firſt, ev'n before a wife.

r God, the univerſal architect,
'T had been as eaſy to erect
Louvre or Eſcurial, or a tower
iat might with heaven communication hold,
; Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the ſkill or power;
In the world's fabric thoſe were ſhown,
id the materials were all his own.

But

But well he knew, what place would beſt agree
With innocence, and with felicity:
And we elſewhere ſtill ſeek for them in vain;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the ſearch direct;
God the firſt garden made, and the firſt city Cain.

O bleſſed ſhades! O gentle, cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and ſweat!
This does the lion-ſtar, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the dog-ſtar's thirſt, aſſuage;
Every where elſe their fatal power we ſee,
They make and rule man's wretched deſtiny:
They neither ſet, nor diſappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilſt we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And ſing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or ſit, or walk, below,
And ſhould by right be ſingers too.
What prince's choir of muſic can excell
That, which within this ſhade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains:
'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whiſtling winds add their leſs artful ſtrains,
And a grave baſs the murmuring fountains play;

Nature

ture does all this harmony beſtow,
But to our plants, art's muſic too,
e pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe;
e lute itſelf, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus ſtrook th' inſpired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and underſtood
By ſympathy the voice of wood.

eſe are the ſpells, that to kind ſleep invite,
d nothing does within reſiſtance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not chooſe to be awake,
hile he 's encompaſt round with ſuch delight,
th' ear, the noſe, the touch, the taſte, and ſight?
hen Venus would her dear Aſcanius keep *
priſoner in the downy bands of ſleep,
e odorous herbs and flowers beneath him ſpread,
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt bed;
t her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
ho, that has reaſon, and his ſmell,
ould not among roſes and jaſmine dwell,
Rather than all his ſpirits choak
ith exhalations of dirt and ſmoke,
And all th' uncleanneſs which does drown,
peſtilential clouds, a populous town?
e earth itſelf breathes better perfumes here,
an all the female men, or women, there,
t without cauſe, about them bear,

* Virg. Æn. i. 695.

When

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
That pleaſure was the chiefeſt good
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly underſtood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's ſhade that ſovereign pleaſure ſought:
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiſcal table, to which every day
All countries did a conſtant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and induſtry,
Allows the meaneſt gardener's board.
The wanton taſte no fiſh or fowl can chooſe,
For which the grape or melon ſhe would loſe;
Though all th' inhabitants of ſea and air
Be liſted in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet ſtill the fruits of earth we ſee
Plac'd the third ſtory high in all her luxury.

But with no ſenſe the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almoſt ſtrain
The wondrous treaſures of his wealth and brain,
His royal ſouthern gueſt to entertain;
Though ſhe on ſilver floors did tread,
With bright Aſſyrian carpets on them ſpread,

To

To hide the metal's poverty;
Though ſhe look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But ſilk and rich embroidery,
And Babyloniſh tapeſtry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
ıough Ophir's ſtarry ſtones met every where her eye;
ıough ſhe herſelf and her gay hoſt were dreſt
ith all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
hen ſlaviſh art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
as by the garden from the palace won;
nd every roſe and lily there did ſtand
Better attir'd by nature's hand *.
ıe caſe thus judg'd againſt the king we ſee,
one, that would not be ſo rich, though wiſer far
than he.

ır does this happy place only diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the ſenſe;
Here health itſelf does live,
ıat ſalt of life, which does to all a reliſh give,
ſtanding pleaſure, and intrinſic wealth,
ıe body's virtue, and the ſoul's good-fortune, health,
ıe tree of life, when it in Eden ſtood,
ł its immortal head to heaven rear;
aſted a tall cedar, till the flood;
w a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where;

* Matth. vi. 29.

It always here is freſheſt ſeen;
'Tis only here an ever-green.
If, through the ſtrong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholeſome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diſeaſes paſſage find,
They muſt not think here to aſſail
A land unarmed, or without a guard;
They muſt fight for it, and diſpute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here.
Which againſt death ſome weapon does not bear.
Let cities boaſt, that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field,
That furniſh it with ſtaff and ſhield.

Where does the wiſdom and the power divine
In a more bright and ſweet reflection ſhine?
Where do we finer ſtrokes and colours ſee
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moſes, ſhould eſpy
Ev'n in a buſh the radiant Deity.
But we deſpiſe theſe his inferior ways
(Though no leſs full of miracle and praiſe):
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The ſtars of earth no wonder in us raiſe,

Though theſe perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind ſway.
though no part of mighty nature be
ore ſtor'd with beauty, power, and myſtery;
t, to encourage human induſtry,
d has ſo order'd, that no other part
ch ſpace and ſuch dominion leaves for art.

e no-where Art do ſo triumphant ſee,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
other things we count it to excell,
it a docile ſcholar can appear
Nature, and but imitate her well;
over-rules, and is her maſter, here.
imitates her Maker's power divine,
d changes her ſometimes, and ſometimes does re-
does, like grace, the fallen tree reſtore [ſine:
its bleſt ſtate of Paradiſe before:
ho would not joy to ſee his conquering hand
er all the vegetable world command?
d the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give?
bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
e gentler apple's winy juice;
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiſs:
He does the ſavage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear:
He bids the ruſtic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.

Ev'n Daphne's coyneſs he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her ſtock,
Though ſhe refus'd Apollo's ſuit;
Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
That ſhe's a mother made, and bluſhes in her fruit,

Methinks, I ſee great Diocleſian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble ſhade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambaſſadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my friends (ſaid he) ſhould to you ſhow
All the delights which in theſe gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much, that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than 'tis, that you ſhould carry me away:
And truſt me not, my friends, if, every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the moſt happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myſelf, almoſt
a god.

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

SINCE we cannot attain to greatneſs (ſays the Sieur de Montagne) let us have our revenge by iling at it:" this he ſpoke but in jeſt: I believe he eſired it no more than I do, and had leſs reaſon; for e enjoyed ſo plentiful and honourable a fortune in a ioſt excellent country, as allowed him all the real onveniences of it, ſeparated and purged from the in-ommodities. If I were but in his condition, I ſhould hink it hard meaſure, without being convinced of any rime, to be ſequeſtered from it, and made one of the rincipal officers of ſtate. But the reader may think hat what I now ſay is of ſmall authority, becauſe I ever was, nor ever ſhall be, put to the trial: I can herefore only make my proteſtation,

If ever I more riches did deſire
Than cleanlineſs and quiet do require:
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wiſh, ſo mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.

I know very many men will deſpiſe, and ſome pity ne, for this humour, as a poor-ſpirited fellow; but I m content, and, like Horace, thank God for being ſo.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque puſilli
Finxerunt animi *.

I confeſs, I love littleneſs almoſt in all things. A little convenient eſtate, a little chearful houſe, a little company, and a very little feaſt; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great paſſion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettineſs, rather than with majeſtical beauty. I would neither wiſh that my miſtreſs, nor my fortune, ſhould be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uſes to deſcribe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the ſtatelineſs and largeneſs of her perſon; but, as Lucretius ſays,

Parvola, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum ſal †.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thouſand of Senecio's mind, whoſe ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder ‡ deſcribes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confuſed wit, who could not endure to ſpeak any but mighty words and ſentences, till this humour grew at laſt into ſo notorious a habit, or rather diſeaſe, as became the ſport of the whole town: he would have no ſervants, but huge, maſſy fellows; no plate or houſhold-ſtuff, but thrice as big as the faſhion: you may believe me, for I ſpeak it without raillery, his extravagancy came

* 1 Sat. iv. 17. † Lucr. iv. 1155.
‡ Suaſoriarum Liber. Suaſ. 11.

laſt into ſuch a madneſs, that he would not put on a
ir of ſhoes, each of which was not big enough for
th his feet: he would eat nothing but what was
eat, nor touch any fruit but horſe-plums and pound-
rs: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess,
d made her walk too always in chiopins, till at laſt,
got the ſurname of Senecio Grandio, which Meſ-
la ſaid, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*:
hen he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmo-
ans, who alone oppoſed Xerxes's army of above three
ndred thouſand, he ſtretched out his arms, and ſtood
tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried
t, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—
e wondered, I remember, what new great fortune
d befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (ſays he) is all
ine own. He, who took away the ſight of the ſea,
th the canvas veils of ſo many ſhips"—and then he
es on ſo, as I know not what to make of the reſt,
hether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's
n burly way of nonſenſe.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hy-
rbolical fop, whom we ſtand amazed at, and yet
ere are very few men who are not in ſome things, and
ſome degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more com-
lon, than to ſee our ladies of quality wear ſuch high
oes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead
em; and a gown as long again as their body, ſo that
ey cannot ſtir to the next room without a page or
o to hold it up? I may ſafely ſay, that all the often-
tion of our grandees is, juſt like a train, of no uſe in

the world, but horribly cumberſome and incommodious. What is all this, but a ſpice of *Grandio?* how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be depoſed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightieſt princes are glad to fly often from theſe majeſtic pleaſures (which is, methinks, no ſmall diſparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the moſt contemptible divertiſements and meaneſt recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the moſt powerful and fortunate princes * of the world, of late, could find out no delight ſo ſatisfactory, as the keeping of little ſinging birds, and hearing of them, and whiſtling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatneſs (nay that would not ſuffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly poſſeſſed it: and yet one of them, who ſtyled himſelf lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to paſs his whole day pleaſantly, without ſpending conſtantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godſhip had been Beelzebub ‡. One of his predeceſſors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any ſtop to his appetite) could divert himſelf with no paſtime more agreeable, than to

* Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Conſtable of France, is ſaid to have gained the favour of this *powerful and fortunate prince* by training up finging-birds for him. ANON.

‡ *Beelzebub* ſignifies the *Lord of flies*. COWLEY.

run

t the ſtreets all night in a diſguiſe, and abuſe
en, and affront the men whom he met, and
s to beat them, and ſometimes to be beaten by
iis was one of his imperial nocturnal pleaſures.
feſt in the day was, to ſing and play upon a
the habit of a minſtrel, upon the public ſtage:
prouder of the garlands that were given to his
ice (as they called it then) in thoſe kind of
an all his forefathers were, of their triumphs
ions: he did not at his death complain, that ſo
n emperor, and the laſt of all the Cæſarian
deities, ſhould be brought to ſo ſhameful and
e an end; but only cried out, "Alas, what
, that ſo excellent a muſician ſhould periſh in
nner *!" His uncle Claudius ſpent half his
playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of
reignty. I omit the madneſſes of Caligula's
, and the execrable ſordidneſs of thoſe of Ti-
Would one think that Auguſtus himſelf, the
and moſt fortunate of mankind, a perſon en-
oo with many excellent parts of nature, ſhould
ard put to it ſometimes for want of recreations,
found playing at nuts and bounding-ſtones,
le Syrian and Mooriſh boys, whoſe company he
ight in, for their prating and their wantonneſs?

it for this, that Rome's beſt blood he ſpilt,
ith ſo much falſehood, ſo much guilt?

* "Qualis artifex pereo!" Sueton. *Nero.*

Was it for this that his ambition ſtrove
To equal Cæſar, firſt; and after, Jove?
Greatneſs is barren, ſure, of ſolid joys;
Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;
She could not elſe, ſure, ſo uncivil be,
To treat his univerſal majeſty,
His new-created Deity,
With nuts, and bounding-ſtones, and boys.

But we muſt excuſe her for this meager entertainment; ſhe has not really wherewithal to make ſuch feaſts as we imagine. Her gueſts muſt be contented ſometimes with but ſlender cates, and with the ſame cold meats ſerved over and over again, even till they become nauſeous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what ſolid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not ſo many ſervants or horſes; but a few good ones, which will do all the buſineſs as well: not ſo many choice diſhes at every meal; but at ſeveral meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleaſant: not ſo rich garments, nor ſo frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and ſo frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the maſter, though not for the taylor or valet de chambre: not ſuch a ſtately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the coſtlieſt ſorts of tapeſtry; but a convenient brick houſe, with decent wainſcot, and pretty foreſt-work hangings. Laſtly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love moſt in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vaſt parks, nor fountain

or

cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every bit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

"—sed quantum vertice ad auras
"Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit*."

As far as up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is in the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Manoipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex†.

* Virg. Georg. ii. 291. † Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.

This is the caſe of almoſt all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with ſlaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at eaſe, and to have been exempt from the preſſures of extreme poverty. But yet with moſt of them it was much otherwiſe; and they fell perpetually into ſuch miſerable penury, that they were forced to devour or ſqueeze moſt of their friends and ſervants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ranſack and pillage all their provinces. This faſhion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and ſubordinate ſorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They muſt be cheated of a third part of their eſtates, two other thirds they muſt expend in vanity; ſo that they remain debtors for all the neceſſary proviſions of life, and have no way to ſatisfy thoſe debts, but out of the ſuccours and ſupplies of rapine: "as riches increaſe" (ſays Solomon) "ſo do the mouths that devour "them *." The maſter mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an aſs at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of theſe inconveniences ariſes naturally one more, which is, that no greatneſs can be ſatisfied or contented with itſelf: ſtill, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that

* Eccl. v. 11.

point

it would obtain all its deſires; but yet at laſt,
t is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff,
ı very great danger of breaking its neck down-
but in no poſſibility of aſcending upwards into
ıt of tranquillity above the moon. The firſt
ous men in the world, the old giants, are ſaid
: made an heroical attempt of ſcaling heaven in
of the gods: and they caſt Oſſa upon Olym-
ınd Pelion upon Oſſa: two or three mountains
they thought, would have done their buſineſs:
e thunder ſpoilt all the work, when they were
ıp to the third ſtory:

And what a noble plot was croſt!
And what a brave deſign was loſt!

amous perſon of their offspring, the late giant
: nation, when, from the condition of a very
iderable captain, he had made himſelf lieutenant-
l of an army of little Titans, which was his
ıountain, and afterwards general, which was
:ond, and after that, abſolute tyrant of three
ɔms, which was the third, and almoſt touched
ıven which he affected, is believed to have died
rief and diſcontent, becauſe he could not attain
honeſt name of a king, and the old formality of
vn, though he had before exceeded the power
ricked uſurpation. If he could have compaſſed
he would perhaps have wanted ſomething elſe
ı neceſſary to felicity, and pined away for want
title of an emperor or a god. The reaſon of
this

this is, that greatneſs has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that conſiſts only in relation and compariſon: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no riſing or meridian of the ſun, but only in reſpect to ſeveral places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diverſely compared. There may be perhaps ſome village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that caſe I ſhould be like Cæſar (you would wonder how Cæſar and I ſhould be like one another in any thing); and chooſe rather to be the firſt man of the village, than ſecond at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a leſſer of the ſame name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we conſider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in compariſon of the whole earth beſides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account ſo immenſe a body, is but one point or atom in relation to thoſe numberleſs worlds that are ſcattered up and down in the infinite ſpace of the ſky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have ſpoken of diſperſedly in ſeveral chapters; and ſhall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated,

HORACE,

HORACE, Lib. III. Ode I.

"Odi profanum vulgus, &c."

HENCE, ye profane; I hate you all;
Both the great vulgar, and the ſmall.
virgin minds, which yet their native whiteneſs hold,
t yet diſcolour'd with the love of gold
(That jaundice of the ſoul,
ıich makes it look ſo gilded and ſo foul),
you, ye very few, theſe truths I tell;
e Muſe inſpires my ſong; hark, and obſerve it well.

: look on men, and wonder at ſuch odds
'Twixt things that were the ſame by birth;
: look on kings as giants of the earth,
eſe giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humbleſt buſh and proudeſt oak
e but of equal proof againſt the thunder-ſtroke.
ıuty, and ſtrength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
Have their ſhort flouriſhing hour;
And love to ſee themſelves, and ſmile,
d joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
Ev'n ſo in the ſame land,
ɔr weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together ſtand;
ıs! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And

Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that ſtate
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
Happy the merchant, the old ſoldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempeſtuous ſkies,
Happy the ſoldier! one half-hour to thee
Gives ſpeedy death, or glorious victory:
The lawyer, knockt up early from his reſt
By reſtleſs clients, calls the peaſant bleſt:
The peaſant, when his labours ill ſucceed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you 'll ſay) that I want ſtore
Of inſtances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at leaſt a mile,
Beyond long orator Fabius's ſtyle.
But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove ſo often cruel call,
Behold, Jove 's now reſolv'd to pleaſe you all.
Thou ſoldier, be a merchant: merchant, thou
A ſoldier be: and, lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your ſtations ſtrait: why do they ſtay?
The devil a man will change, now, when he may
Were I in general Jove's abuſed caſe,
By Jove I 'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he 's too good; be all, then, as ye were;
However, make the beſt of what ye are,
And in that ſtate be chearful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
No, they muſt labour yet, and ſweat, and toil,
And very miſerable be awhile;

But 'tis with a deſign only to gain
What may their age with plenteous eaſe maintain.
The prudent piſmire does this leſſon teach,
And induſtry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and ſweat,
Nor does he ſtrait devour all he can get;
But in his temperate mouth carries it home
A ſtock for winter, which he knows muſt come.
And, when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong-ſide of the year,
And ſhuts him in, with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
He chearfully does his paſt labours eat:
O, does he ſo? your wiſe example, th' ant,
Does not, at all times, reſt and plenty want.
But, weighing juſtly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee, neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
To th' Indies thou would'ſt run, rather than ſee
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond man! what beauty can be found
In heaps of treaſure, buried under ground?
Which rather than diminiſh'd e'er to ſee,
Thou would'ſt thyſelf, too, buried with them be:
And what's the difference? is 't not quite as bad
Never to uſe, as never to have had?
In thy vaſt barns millions of quarters ſtore;
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread:
What then? He's with no more, than others, fed.

Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive;
One hundred acres will no leſs for you
Your life's whole buſineſs, than ten thouſand, do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great ſtore.
What, man! though you 're reſolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a ſmall one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To ſome great river for it muſt you go,
When a clear ſpring juſt at your feet does flow?
Give me the ſpring, which does to human uſe
Safe, eaſy, and untroubled ſtores produce;
He who ſcorns theſe, and needs will drink at Nile,
Muſt run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream itſelf, which may,
At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
In a full flood Tantalus ſtands, his ſkin
Waſh'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within:
He catches at the ſtream with greedy lips,
From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent ſlips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but what 's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy ſtory,
Thou in a flood of uſeleſs wealth doſt glory,
Which thou canſt only touch, but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want, does laſt.
The treaſures of the gods thou would'ſt not ſpare:
But when they 're made thine own, they ſacred are,
And muſt be kept with reverence; as if thou
No other uſe of precious gold didſt know,

But

But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair ſtamp, thy virtuoſo ſight.
The only true and genuine uſe is this,
To buy the things, which nature cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort; oil and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live:
All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear;
If a new poverty grow out of ſtore;
The old plain way, ye gods! let me be poor.

Paraphraſe on HORACE, B. III. Od. xvi.

A TOWER of braſs, one would have ſaid,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as ſtrict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought, he well might ſpare
All further jealous care;
And, as he walk'd, t' himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And, when he ſlept, his reſt was deep:
But Venus laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep.
She taught the amorous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ſhip before.

She taught him love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert:
No guards did then his paſſage ſtay,
He paſs'd with eaſe; gold was the word;
Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns, a golden mine did ſpring.
He broke through gates with his petar;
'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war;
And fleets and armies follow it afar:
The enſign 'tis at land, and 'tis the ſeaman's ſtar.

Let all the world ſlave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed deity,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me.
A guard of virtues will not let it paſs,
And wiſdom is a tower of ſtronger braſs.
The Muſes' laurel, round my temples ſpread,
Does from this lightning's force ſecure my head:
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
The vaſt Xerxean army, I retreat,
And to the ſmall Laconic forces fly,
Which holds the ſtraits of poverty.

Cella

llars and granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous ſummer's ſtore,
the mind thirſt and hunger ſtill:
The poor rich man 's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
e maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by nature underſtood.
ıe monarch, on whom fertile Nile beſtows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf, if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his ſhare.
hatever an eſtate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord;
ıt is a tax illegal and unjuſt,
:acted from it by the tyrant luſt.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much deſires. Thrice happy he
› whom the wiſe indulgency of Heaven,
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thouſand naked Americans were not able to reſiſt the aſſaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I ſee little poſſibility for one honeſt man to defend himſelf againſt twenty thouſand knaves who are all furniſhed *cap à pé*, with the defenſive arms of worldly prudence, and the offenſive too of craft and malice. He will find no leſs odds than this againſt him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be ſure not to venture his perſon any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himſelf, to ſtop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges againſt ſo numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much buſineſs muſt either make himſelf a knave, or elſe the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wiſe man would content himſelf with the revenge of retaliation; but the caſe is much worſe, for theſe civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about ſuch a taken ſtranger, but at laſt devour him. A ſober man cannot get too ſoon out of drunken company, though they be never ſo kind and merry among themſelves; it is not unpleaſant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man ſhould love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwiſe; he is ſo, when he is among ten thouſand: neither is the ſolitude ſo uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midſt of wild beaſts. Man is to man all kind of beaſts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a diſſembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civiliſt, methinks, of all nations, are thoſe whom we account the moſt barbarous; there is ſome moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilſt we learned and polite and Chriſtian Europeans, like ſo many pikes and ſharks, prey upon every thing that we can ſwallow. It is the great boaſt of eloquence and philoſophy, that they firſt congregated men diſperſed, united them into ſocieties, and built up the houſes and the walls of cities. I wiſh they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, inſtead of our caſtles and our policies. They have aſſembled many thouſands of ſcattered people into one body: it is true, they have done ſo; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fiſhers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fiſhers of their brethren: they boaſt to have reduced them to a ſtate of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I muſt confeſs, wholeſome laws for the reſtraint of vice, but they raiſed firſt that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there

were before no puniſhments for wickedneſs, yet there was leſs committed, becauſe there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praiſe philoſophy from this topic, are much deceived; let oratory anſwer for itſelf, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a ſwarm: it never was the work of philoſophy to aſſemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were aſſembled; to make the beſt of an evil, and bring them, as much as is poſſible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the firſt builders of towns, and founders of empire; they ſaid, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whoſe top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, leſt we be ſcattered abroad upon the face of the earth *." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourſe of thieves, and a ſanctuary of criminals? It was juſtly named by the augury of no leſs than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the firſt town too in the world, and ſuch is the original ſin of moſt cities: their actual, increaſe daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion; which becomes at laſt ſo univerſal and ſo ſtrong, that no precepts can be ſufficient preſervatives, nor

* Gen. xi. 4,

any

thing ſecure our ſafety, but flight from among infected.

We ought, in the choice of a ſituation, to regard ve all things the healthfulneſs of the place, and the lthfulneſs of it for the mind, rather than for the ly. But ſuppoſe (which is hardly to be ſuppoſed) had antidote enough againſt this poiſon; nay, ſup- e further, we were always and at all points armed provided, both againſt the aſſaults of hoſtility, and mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncom- able life to be ever in alarms; though we were paſſed round with fire, to defend ourſelves from d beaſts, the lodging would be unpleaſant, becauſe muſt always be obliged to watch that fire, and to no leſs the defects of our guard, than the dili- ces of our enemy. The ſum of this is, that a vir- us man is in danger to be trod upon and deſtroyed he crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worſe, to changed and corrupted by them; and that it is im- ible to eſcape both theſe inconveniencies, without ſo ch caution as will take away the whole quiet, that he happineſs of his life.

'e ſee then, what he may loſe; but, I pray, what he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri neſcio *.

at ſhould a man of truth and honeſty do at Rome? can neither underſtand nor ſpeak the language of

* Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

the

that they had all (as the ſcripture ſpeaks) "ſold themſelves to ſin:" the difference only is, that ſome are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I firſt went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I ſhould have met there with the ſimplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but ſuch as the ſhepherds of Sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monſieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to conſider with myſelf, which way I might recommend no leſs to poſterity the happineſs and innocence of the men of Chertſea: but, to confeſs the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonſtrations, that I was ſtill in Old England, and not in Arcadia, or La Forreſt; that, if I could not content myſelf with any thing leſs than exact fidelity in human converſation, I had almoſt as good go back and ſeek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Weſtminſter-hall. I aſk again, then, whither ſhall we fly, or what ſhall we do? The world may ſo come in a man's way, that he cannot chooſe but ſalute it; he muſt take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or juſt neceſſity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, "the time is ſhort; it remains, that they, that have "wives, be as though they had none.—But I would "that all men were even as I myſelf *."

In all caſes, they muſt be ſure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They muſt retain the

* 1 Cor. vii. 29. 7.

ſuperiority

ſuperiority and headſhip over it: happy are they, who can get out of the ſight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led ſo much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abſtain from ever ſeeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

"FELIX, qui patriis," &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' incloſure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the ſame humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gently bending down,
With natural propenſion, to that earth
Which both preſerv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no falſe diſtant lights, by fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wanderings get.
He never dangers either ſaw, or fear'd:
The dreadful ſtorms at ſea he never heard.
He never heard the ſhrill alarms of war,
Or the worſe noiſes of the lawyers' bar.
No change of conſuls marks to him the year,
The change of ſeaſons is his calendar.

The

The cold and heat, winter and ſummer ſhows;
Autumn by fruits, and ſpring by flowers, he knows.
He meaſures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himſelf, he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-ſea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and ſtrength he to a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of boys.
About the ſpacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longeſt made at home.

IX.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

IF you ſhould ſee a man, who were to croſs from Dover to Calais, run about very buſy and ſolicitous, and trouble himſelf many weeks before in making proviſions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and diſcreet perſon, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is exceſſive in his pains and diligence, and who conſumes the greateſt part of his time in furniſhing the remainder with all conveniences and even ſuperfluities, is to angels

gels and wiſe men no leſs ridiculous; he does as little conſider the ſhortneſs of his paſſage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, ſo narrow a ſtrait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all ἐφήμεροι (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our deſires to that little ſpace; as if it were very probable that every day ſhould be our laſt, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The ſun ought not to ſet upon our covetouſneſs, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thouſand years are as one day, ſo, in direct oppoſition, one day to the covetous man is as a thouſand years; "tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa," ſo far he ſhoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for ſo long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almoſt ſuch a life, made, we are ſure, leſs ſtores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, ſcarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at leaſt for nine hundred years. What a ſtrange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we ſee an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half ſpent, and ſtill increaſe them, as that decreaſes.

What is there among the actions of beaſts ſo illogical and repugnant to reaſon? When they do any thing, which ſeems to proceed from that which we call reaſon, we

we diſdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural inſtinct: and are not we fools, too, by the ſame kind of inſtinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we ſhould adjuſt much better our other accounts; but, whilſt we never conſider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace adviſes very wiſely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi
Spem longum reſeces—*

from a ſhort life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They muſt be pruned away like ſuckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the ſame ſenſe,

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam †;

which Seneca does not mend, when he ſays, "Oh! quanta dementia eſt ſpes longas inchoantium!" but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great induſtry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a ſudden after having ſupped merrily, "In ipſo actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipſo procurrentis fortunæ impetu," in the full courſe of his good fortune, when ſhe had a high tide, and a ſtiff gale, and all her ſails on; upon which occaſion he cries, out of Virgil ‡,

* 1 Carm. xi. 6. † Ibid. iv. 15. ‡ Buc. i. 74.
"Inſere

fere nunc, Melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites!"

——Go, Melibæus, now,
raff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
ld the fruit!

r this Senecio I have no compaſſion, becauſe he taken, as we ſay, *in ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring in work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. e (whoſe caſe was not like this) I could pity, me-es, if the Scripture would permit me; for he ſeems ive been ſatisfied at laſt, he confeſſes he had enough nany years, he bids his ſoul take its eaſe; and yet. ll that, God ſays to him, "Thou fool, this night y ſoul ſhall be required of thee; and the things ou haſt lain up, who ſhall they belong to *?" ere ſhall we find the cauſes of this bitter reproach terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; God, perhaps, ſaw more. Firſt, that he did not id true reſt to his ſoul, but only to change the em-ments of it from avarice to luxury; his deſign is, at and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that vent on too long before he thought of reſting; the neſs of his old barns had not ſufficed him, he would till he was forced to build new ones: and God ed out to him in the ſame meaſure; ſince he would e more riches than his life could contain, God de-yed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another. Thus God takes away ſometimes the man from his

* Luke xii. 20.

riches, and no leſs frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of ſuch a marriage, where both parties are ſo fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can ſuch a couple be kept long together?

Why doſt thou heap up wealth, which thou muſt quit,
Or, what is worſe, be left by it?
Why doſt thou load thyſelf, when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why doſt thou build up ſtately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou ſow'ſt and planteſt, but no fruit muſt ſee,
For death, alas! is ſowing thee.

Suppoſe, thou fortune could'ſt to tameneſs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppoſe, thou could'ſt on fate ſo far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that ſubtilty will laugh;
Death will that fooliſh gardener mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual plant engraff
Upon a laſting ſtock.

Thou doſt thyſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem;
A mighty huſband thou would'ſt ſeem;
Fond man! like a bought ſlave, thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs muſt meddling be
In buſineſs, that concerns not thee!

For

For when to future years thou' extend'ſt thy cares,
Thou deal'ſt in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Proviſions for long travel they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort line.

Wiſely the ant againſt poor winter hoards
The ſtock, which ſummer's wealth affords:
In graſhoppers, that muſt at autumn die,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,
If it of life the whole ſmall time would ſtay,
And be our ſunſhine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though ſhining bright, and ſpeaking loud)
Whilſt it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh ſcene of fortune, which doſt fair appear
Only to men that ſtand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinſel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep;
In a weak boat truſt not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying riſe;
Pity great men, great things deſpiſe.

——utere velis,
Totos pande ſinus— *

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his qu
were beaten up by the enemy, was taken priſone
loſt his life afterwards, only by ſtaying to pu
band, and adjuſt his periwig: he would eſcape
perſon of quality, or not at at all, and died the
martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your
ſel of "Feſtina lente" is as ill to a man who is
from the world, as it would have been to that
tunate, well-bred gentleman, who was ſo cauti
not to fly undecently from his enemies; and the
I prefer Horace's advice before yours,

——ſapere aude,
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greate
of the journey. Varro † teaches us that Latir
verb, "portam itineri longiſſimam eſſe;" but to
to Horace,

"—Sapere aude:
"Incipe vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
"Ruſticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille
"Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum ‡."

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,

* Juv. i. 150. † Lib. 1. Agric. ‡ 1 Ep. i

Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopt him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæſar (the man of expedition above all others) was ſo far from this folly, that whenſoever, in a journey, he was to croſs any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himſelf into it immediately, and ſwam over: and this is the courſe we ought to imitate, if we meet with any ſtops in our way to happineſs. Stay, till the waters are low; ſtay, till ſome boats come by to tranſport you; ſtay, till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good ſtay, till the river be quite paſt. Perſius (who, you uſe to ſay, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, becauſe you cannot underſtand him, and whom therefore, I ſay, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expreſſion of theſe procraſtinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

" Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
" Egerit hos annos,"
Our yeſterday's to-morrow now is is gone,
And ſtill a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our ſtore,
Till the exhauſted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your " Otium cum dignitate," and " Feſtina lente," and three or four other more of your new Latin ſentences: if I ſhould draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this ſubject, I ſhould overwhelm you; but I leave thoſe, as *Triarii*, for your next

charge. I ſhall only give you now a light ſkirmiſh out of an epigrammatiſt, your ſpecial good friend; and ſo, *vale*.

MARTIAL, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.

"Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Poſthume, ſemper;" &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis ſo mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis ſo far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does ſay:
To-day itſelf 's too late; the wiſe liv'd yeſterday.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.

"Quinctiliane, vagæ moderator ſumme juventæ," &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown)
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haſte enough to live.
Let him defer it, whoſe prepoſterous care
Omits himſelf, and reaches to his heir;

Who

Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own too never can ſuffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with aught but conſtant fire.
I well content the avarice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad, the ſport of nature yields
Her living fountains, and her ſmiling fields;
And then at home, what pleaſure is 't to ſee
A little, cleanly, chearful, family!
Which if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wiſe, ſhe ſhould not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With ſleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice ſubject for a man to write of himſelf; it grates his own heart to ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praiſe from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for

and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which ſtampt firſt, or rather engraved, theſe characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree ſtill grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me ſo early, is a hard queſtion: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head firſt with ſuch chimes of verſe, as have never ſince left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take ſome pleaſure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for ſhe herſelf never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenſer's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the ſtories of the knights, and giants, and monſters, and brave houſes, which I found every where there (though my underſtanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; ſo that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With theſe affections of mind, and my heart wholly ſet upon letters, I went to the univerſity; but was ſoon torn from thence by that violent public ſtorm, which would ſuffer nothing to ſtand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyſſop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in ſuch a tempeſt; for I was caſt by it into the family of one of the beſt perſons, and into the

the court of one of the beſt princeſſes, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways moſt contrary to the original deſign of my life, that is, into much company, and no ſmall buſineſs, and into a daily ſight of greatneſs, both militant and triumphant (for that was the ſtate then of the Engliſh and French courts); yet all this was ſo far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reaſon to that which was before but natural inclination. I ſaw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I ſaw that it was adulterate. I met with ſeveral great perſons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatneſs was to be liked or deſired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a ſtorm, though I ſaw many ſhips which rid ſafely and bravely in it: a ſtorm would not agree with my ſtomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I was in buſineſs of great and honourable truſt; though I eat at the beſt table, and enjoyed the beſt conveniences for preſent ſubſiſtence that ought to be deſired by a man of my condition in baniſhment and public diſtreſſes; yet I could not abſtain from renewing my old ſchool-boy's wiſh, in a copy of verſes to the ſame effect:

Well

Well then *; I now do plainly ſee
This buſy world and I ſhall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propoſed to myſelf any other advantage from his majeſty's happy Reſtoration, but the getting into ſome moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that caſe I might eaſily have compaſſed, as well as ſome others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a ſhrewd prophecy againſt myſelf; and I think Apollo inſpired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

" Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
" Nor at th' exchange, ſhalt be, nor at the wrangling
" bar.
" Content thyſelf with the ſmall barren praiſe,
" Which neglected verſe does raiſe."
She ſpake; and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their ſeveral ways of life let others chuſe,
Their ſeveral pleaſures let them uſe;
But I was born for Love, and for a Muſe.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, ſuch am, and ſo muſt end.
The ſtar, that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,

* We have theſe verſes, under the name of *The Wiſh*, in the MISTRESS, Vol. I. p. 249.

And

And ſome ſmall light it did diſpenſe,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune ſee,
That thou canſt her deſpiſe, no leſs than ſhe does thee.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, luſt, and flattery,
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocriſy.
Do thou not grieve nor bluſh to be,
As all th' inſpired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the deſign which I had reſolved on; I caſt myſelf into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counſel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who ſays to his ſoul, "Take thy eaſe:" I met preſently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with ſo much ſickneſs (a new misfortune to me) as would have ſpoiled the happineſs of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my courſe. "Non ego perfidum dixi ſacramentum:" nothing ſhall ſeparate me from a miſtreſs which I have loved ſo long, and have now at laſt married; though ſhe neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet ſo quietly with me as I hoped from her;

— "Nec

—— " Nec vos, dulciſſima mundi
" Nomina, vos Muſæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
" Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam."

Nor by me e'er ſhall you,
You, of all names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You, Muſes, books, and liberty, and reſt;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forſaken be,
As long as life itſelf forſakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation; becauſe I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verſes, I will maintain the humour to the laſt.

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.

" Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem," &c.

SINCE, deareſt friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true receipt of happineſs from me;
Theſe are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an eſtate neither too great or ſmall,
Which *quantum ſufficit* the doctors call:
Let this eſtate from parents' care deſcend;
The getting it too much of life does ſpend:
Take ſuch a ground, whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtry.
Let conſtant fires the winter's fury tame;
And let thy kitchen's be a veſtal flame.

Thee

Thee to the town let never ſuit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, buſineſs, draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let exerciſe a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition 's vain.
In the ſame weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the juſt mixture make.
But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Inſtead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them ſleep.
Let reſt, which nature does to darkneſs wed,
And not luſt, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be ſatisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act chearfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh, th' approaches of the laſt.

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.

"Sæpe loquar nimiùm gentes," &c.

ME, who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat:
And a retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return, when once I go.

Give me a country, how remote ſoe'er,
Where happineſs a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itſelf in plenty flows,
And all the ſolid uſe of riches knows.
The ground about the houſe maintains it, there;
The houſe mantains the ground about it, here:
Here even hunger's dear; and a full board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the lord.
The land itſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The land itſelf muſt here to market go.
Three or four ſuits one winter here does waſte,
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here every frugal man muſt oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires are to you ſold.
There fire 's an element, as cheap and free,
Almoſt, as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their ſports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you ſcore,
The place's bounty there ſhall give me more.

PITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS *.

" Hic, o viator, ſub lare parvulo
Couleius hic eſt conditus, hic jacet;
" Defunctis humani laboris
" Sorte, ſupervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
" Vanóque dilectis popello
" Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.

Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum;
En terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
" Exempta ſit curis, viator,
" Terra ſit illa levis, precare.

Hic ſparge flores, ſparge breves roſas
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
" Herbiſque odoratis corona
" Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

* See a tranſlation of this Epitaph among the poems Mr. Addiſon.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY *.

THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philoſophical college be ſituated within one, two, or (at fartheſt) three miles of London and, if it be poſſible to find that convenience, upon the ſide of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this college amount to ſo thouſand pounds a year.

* Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation — In comparing this *Propoſition* of Cowley, with *the* Milton, addreſſed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that theſe g poets had amuſed themſelves with ſome exalted, an the main, congenial fancies, on the ſubject of educat that, of the *two* plans propoſed, this of Mr. Cowle better digeſted, and is the *leſs* fanciful; if a prefer in this reſpect, can be given to either, when bo manifeſtly Utopian: and that our univerſities, ir preſent form, are well enough calculated to anſv the reaſonable ends of ſuch inſtitutions; provi allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when out into practice. H.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philoſophers or profeſſors. 2. Sixteen young ſcholars, ſervants to the profeſſors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the proviſions of the houſe. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A maſter-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A ſurgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chemical ſervants. 13. A library-keeper, who is likewiſe to be apothecary, druggiſt, and keeper of inſtruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beaſts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the ſtable. 16. A meſſenger, to ſend up and down for all uſes of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the houſe clean, and ſuch-like ſervices.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every profeſſor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the ſixteen ſcholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, beſides allowance for his journies. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the maſter-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the ſurgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beaſts, ſix

pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. T
the meſſenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the fo
neceſſary women, ten pounds. For the manciple
table, at which all the ſervants of the houſe are
eat, except the ſcholars, one hundred and fix
pounds. For three horſes for the ſervice of the colleg
thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thouſand two hundr
eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keep
ing of the houſe and gardens, and operatories, a
inſtruments, and animals, and experiments of a
ſorts, and all other expences, ſeven hundred and fifte
pounds.

Which were a very inconſiderable ſum for the gre
uſes to which it is deſigned, but that I conceive t
induſtry of the college will in a ſhort time ſo enri
itſelf, as to get a far better ſtock for the advance
enlargement of the work when it it once begu
neither is the continuance of particular men's liber
to be deſpaired of, when it ſhall be encouraged by
ſight of that public benefit which will accrue t
mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this fou
tion. Something likewiſe will ariſe from leaſe
other caſualties; that nothing of which may b
verted to the private gain of the profeſſors, o
other uſe beſides that of the ſearch of nature, an
the general good of the world; and that care
taken for the certain performance of all thi
dained by the inſtitution, as likewiſe for the

tion and encouragement of the company, it is propoſed:

That ſome perſon of eminent quality, a lover of ſolid learning, and no ſtranger in it, be choſen chancellor or preſident of the college; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which ſhall yearly be appointed viſitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the ſmalleſt, and of the true eſtate of their public treaſure, under the hands and oaths of the profeſſors reſident.

That the choice of profeſſors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that the profeſſors (who are likelieſt to know what men of the nation are moſt proper for the duties of their ſociety) direct their choice, by recommending two or three perſons to them at every election: and that, if any learned perſon within his majeſty's dominions diſcover, or eminently improve, any uſeful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body elſe.

That the governors have power to turn out any profeſſor, who ſhall be proved to be either ſcandalous or unprofitable to the ſociety.

That the college be built after this, or ſome ſuch manner: That it conſiſt of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, incloſed with good walls behind them. That the firſt court be built with a fair cloiſter; and the profeſſors' lodgings, or rather

little houſes, four on each ſide, at ſome diſtance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, juſt after the manner of the Chartreux beyond ſea. That the inſide of the cloiſter be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the ſecond quadrangle, juſt behind the firſt, be ſo contrived, as to contain theſe parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each ſide, for the ſcholars and officers of the houſe to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleaſant dining-room within the hall, for the profeſſors to eat in, and to hold their aſſemblies and conferences. 4. A public ſchool-houſe. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or ſtatues of all the inventors of any thing uſeful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and ſuch-like diſcoveries in any art, with ſhort elogies under the portraitures: as likewiſe the figures of all ſorts of creatures, and the ſtuft ſkins of as many ſtrange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with ſkeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for diſſection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furniſhed with all ſorts of mathematical inſtruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, ſurgeon, library-keeper, and

purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one ſide of theſe, very large, but meanly built, being deſigned only for uſe, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-houſe, bake-houſe, dairy, lardry, ſtables, &c. and eſpecially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-ſervants.

That behind the ſecond court be placed the garden, containing all ſorts of plants that our ſoil will bear; and at the end a little houſe of pleaſure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the ſecond incloſed ground be a garden, deſtined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conſervation, compoſition, tranſmutation, coloration, or whatſoever elſe can be produced by art, either for uſe or curioſity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in-convenient receptacles for all ſorts of creatures which the profeſſors ſhall judge neceſſary for their more exact ſearch into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uſes to us.

That there be likewiſe built, in ſome place of the college where it may ſerve moſt for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for obſervation of celeſtial bodies, adorned with all ſorts of dials, and ſuch-like curioſities;

curioſities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments moſt proper to ſuch places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generoſity of this age to extend to; and we do not deſign this after the model of Solomon's houſe in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propoſe it within ſuch bounds of expence as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty profeſſors four be always travelling beyond ſeas, and ſixteen always reſident, unleſs by permiſſion upon extraordinary occaſions; and every one ſo abſent, leaving a deputy behind him to ſupply his duties.

That the four profeſſors itinerant be aſſigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America, there to reſide three years at leaſt; and to give a conſtant account of all things that belong to the learning, and eſpecially natural experimental philoſophy, of thoſe parts.

That the expence of all diſpatches, and all books, ſimples, animals, ſtones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curioſities whatſoever, natural or artificial, ſent by them to the college, ſhall be defrayed out of the treaſury, and an additional allowance (above the 120 *l.*)

made

made to them as ſoon as the college's revenue ſhall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they ſhall take a ſolemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they ſhall fully believe to be true, and to confeſs and recant it as ſoon as they find themſelves in an error.

That the ſixteen profeſſors reſident ſhall be bound to ſtudy and teach all ſorts of natural experimental philoſophy, to conſiſt of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemiſtry, the hiſtory of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the myſteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture of all merchandizes; all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural hiſtories annexed to my Lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Eaſter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Eaſter, at the hours in the afternoon moſt convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there ſhall be a lecture read in the hall, upon ſuch parts of natural experimental philoſophy, as the profeſſors ſhall agree on among themſelves, and as each of them ſhall be able to perform uſefully and honourably.

That two of the profeſſors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, ſhall teach the public ſchools, according to the rules hereafter preſcribed.

That

That all the profeſſors ſhall be equal in all reſpects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and ſuch-like privileges, which ſhall belong to ſeniority in the college); and that all ſhall be maſters and treaſurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, ſhall take place of all the reſt, and ſhall be "arbitri "duarum menſarum."

That the maſter ſhall command all the officers of the college, appoint aſſemblies or conferences upon occaſion, and preſide in them with a double voice; and in his abſence the treaſurer, whoſe buſineſs is to receive and diſburſe all monies by the maſter's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after conſent of the other profeſſors.

That all the profeſſors ſhall ſup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and ſhall dine ther twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thurſdays) at tw round tables, for the convenience of diſcourſe; whi ſhall be for the moſt part of ſuch matters as may i prove their ſtudies and profeſſions; and to keep th from falling into looſe or unprofitable talk, ſhall the duty of the two *arbitri menſarum*, who may l wiſe command any of the ſervant-ſcholars to rea them what he ſhall think fit, whilſt they are at t that it ſhall belong likewiſe to the ſaid *arbitri ſarum* only, to invite ſtrangers; which they ſhall ly do, unleſs they be men of learning or great and ſhall not invite above two at a time to one nothing being more vain and unfruitful than rous meetings of acquaintance.

That the profeſſors reſident ſhall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they ſhall have once a week an aſſembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progreſs of their experimental philoſophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of conſequence, he ſhall communicate it to the aſſembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring-in profit, the third part of it ſhall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the ſociety; and beſides, if the thing be very conſiderable, his ſtatue or picture, with an elogy under it, ſhall be placed in the gallery, and made a deniſon of that corporation of famous men.

That all the profeſſors ſhall be always aſſigned to ſome particular inquiſition (beſides the ordinary courſe of their ſtudies), of which they ſhall give an account to the aſſembly; ſo that by this means there may be every day ſome operation or other made in all the arts, as chemiſtry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college ſhall furniſh for the charge of the operation.

That there ſhall be kept a regiſter under lock and key, and not to be ſeen but by the profeſſors, of all the experiments that ſucceed, ſigned by the perſons who made the trial.

That

already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and ſome authors.

That none, though never ſo rich, ſhall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any profeſſor ſhall be convicted to have taken any money in conſideration of his pains in the ſchool, he ſhall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any perſons of great eſtate and quality, finding their ſons much better proficients in learning here, than boys of the ſame age commonly are at other ſchools, ſhall not think fit to receive an obligation of ſo near concernment without returning ſome marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they pleaſe, (for nothing is to be demanded) beſtow ſome little rarity or curioſity upon the ſociety, in recompence of their trouble.

And, becauſe it is deplorable to conſider the loſs which children make of their time at moſt ſchools, employing, or rather caſting away, ſix or ſeven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a method be here eſtabliſhed, for the infuſing knowledge and language at the ſame time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeſhip in natural philoſophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of ſome parts of nature, and who may be underſtood with as much eaſe and pleaſure, as thoſe which are commonly taught; ſuch are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celſus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and ſeveral

ſcattered

ſcattered pieces, Virgil's Georgics, Grotius, Nemeſianus, Manilius: And, becauſe the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purpoſely treated of ſolid and learned, that is, natural matters (the moſt part indulging to the weakneſs of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the ſcattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might ſerve for the advancement of natural ſcience, and which would make no ſmall or unuſeful or unpleaſant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the inſtitutions of Quinctilian; and for the comedians, from whom almoſt all that neceſſary part of common diſcourſe, and all the moſt intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made maſters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their taſk, if once a month, or at leaſt once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the moſt advanced) ſome of Plautus's; and this is for many reaſons one of the beſt exerciſes they can be enjoined, and moſt innocent pleaſures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may ſtudy Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himſelf, and place next to his adored Virgil), Ariſtotle's hiſtory of animals, and other parts, Theophraſtus and Dioſcorides of plants, and a collection made out of ſeveral both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Ariſtotle may ſuffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the hiſtory of

animals they ſhould be ſhewed anatomy as a divertiſement, and made to know the figures and natures of thoſe creatures which are not common among us, diſabuſing them at the ſame time of thoſe errors which are univerſally admitted concerning many. The ſame method ſhould be uſed to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this muſt be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the underſtanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and aſtronomy. They ſhould likewiſe uſe to declaim in Latin and Engliſh, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by ſeverity, puniſhment, and terror. Upon feſtivals and play-times, they ſhould exerciſe themſelves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, muſtering, and training, after the manner of ſoldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all diſorder, there ſhould always be two of the ſcholars with them, to be as witneſſes and directors of their actions; in foul weather, it would not be amiſs for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn juſt ſo much (for beyond is ſuperfluous, if not worſe) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all theſe ends, the college ſo order it that there may be ſome convenient and pleaſant houſe thereabouts, kept by religious, diſcreet, and choice perſons, for the lodging and boarding of young ſcholars; that they have a conſtant eye over them, to ſee that they be bred up there piouſly, cleanly, and

fully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it ſhall pleaſe God, either by their own induſtry and ſucceſs, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them ſo far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, ſhall, at their own charges, erect and maintain ſome houſe or houſes for the entertainment of ſuch poor men's ſons, whoſe good natural parts may promiſe either uſe or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at ſchool; and ſhall take care that it ſhall be done with the ſame conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cauſe), there being nothing of eminent and illuſtrious to be expected from a low, ſordid, and hoſpital-like education.

CONCLUSION.

IF I be not much abuſed by a natural fondneſs to my own conceptions (that σοφίη of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon, which deſerves to meet with ſo few adverſaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of twenty well-ſelected perſons in ſuch a condition of life, that their whole buſineſs and ſole profeſſion may be to ſtudy the improvement and advantage of all other profeſſions, from that of the higheſt general even to the loweſt artiſan? who ſhall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and induſtry, to theſe four, the moſt uſeful that can be imagined, and to no other ends;

firſt, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and ſtrike a cenſure through, all falſe monies with which the world has been paid and cheated ſo long; and (as I may ſay) to ſet the mark of the college upon all true coins, that they may paſs hereafter without any farther trial: ſecondly, to recover the loſt inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and laſtly, to diſcover others which we yet have not: and who ſhall, beſides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the beſt education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as ſhall think fit to make uſe of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a ſtate or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good inſtitutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things conſidered, I will ſuppoſe this propoſition ſhall encounter with no enemies: the only queſtion is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from diſcourſe and deſign to reality and effect; the neceſſary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itſelf well enough afterwards) being ſo great (though I have ſet them as low as is poſſible, in order to ſo vaſt a work), that it may ſeem hopeleſs to raiſe ſuch a ſum out of thoſe few dead relics of human charity and public generoſity which are yet remaining in the world.

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